GOSPEL HYMNS
Nos. 1 to 6

W. G. Prunger

GOSPEL HYMNS

Nos. 1 to 6

BY

IRA D. SANKEY

JAMES McGRANAHAN AND GEO. C. STEBBINS

(EXCELSIOR EDITION)

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PREFACE.

GOSPEL HYMNS Nos. 1 and 2, by P. P. BLISS and IRA D. SANKEY; Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6, by IRA D. SANKEY, JAMES MCGRANAHAN, and GEO. C. STEBBINS, are now compiled in this volume under the title of

GOSPEL HYMNS Nos. 1 TO 6.

All duplicate pieces have been omitted and the Hymns re-numbered in consecutive order from 1 to 739.

In addition to the large number of Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs in this collection there will also be found over 125 of the most useful and popular STANDARD HYMNS AND TUNES OF THE CHURCH.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

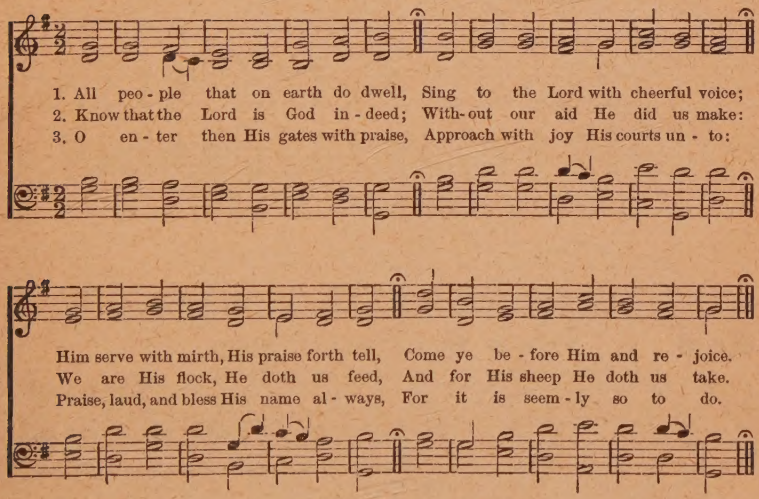
GOSPEL HYMNS

NOS. 1 TO 6 COMPLETE.

No. 1. All People that on Earth.

"Come before his presence with singing."—PSA. 100 : 2.

Rev. WM. KETHE. (OLD HUNDRED. L. M.) L. BOURGEOIS.



4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 2. Doxology. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thos. Ken.

Grace.

May be sung before and after meat.

No. 3. BLESSING INVOKED.

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and every where adored;
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

No. 4. THANKS RETURNED.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life, and health, and every good:
Let manna to our souls be given,—
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

No. 5. Hallelujah, 'tis Done!

"Should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN 3: 10.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God, full sal-va-tion to give Un-to him who on
2. Tho' the path-way be lone-ly, and dan-ger-ous too, Sure-ly Je-sus is
3. Ma-ny loved ones have I in yon heav-en-ly throng, They are safe now in
4. Lit-tle chil-dren I see stand-ing close by their King, And He smiles as their

Je-sus, his Son, will be-lieve.
a-ble to car-ry me through.
glo-ry, and this is their song:
song of sal-va-tion they sing:
Hal-le-lu-jah, 'tis done! I be-lieve on the

1 2

Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru-ci-fied One; cru-ci-fied One.

5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold;
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

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No. 6. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. 33: 27.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je-sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-
2. Safe in the arms of Je-sus, Safe from cor-rod-ing care, Safe from the world's temp-
3. Je-sus, my heart's dear ref-uge, Je-sus has died for me; Firm on the Rock of

CHO.—*Safe in the arms of Je-sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-*

rit. FINE.

shad-ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an-gels,
ta-tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor-row,
A-ges Ev-er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with pa-tience,

shad-ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

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D. C. Chorus.

Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the Jas-per sea.....
Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!.....
Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn-ing Break on the golden shore. .....

No. 7. The Lord will Provide.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 PETER 5: 7.

Mrs. M. A. W. COOK. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will pro- vide: It may not be *my* way, It
2. At some time or oth - er the Lord will pro- vide: It may not be *my* time, It
3. De - spond then no lon - ger: the Lord will pro- vide; And this be the to - ken—No
4. March on then right bold-ly; the sea shall di - vide The path-way made glorious, With

may not be *thy* way; And yet, in His *own* way, "The Lord will pro - vide."
may not be *thy* time; And yet, in His *own* time, "The Lord will pro - vide."
word He hath spo - ken Was ev - er yet bro - ken: "The Lord will pro - vide."
shoutings vic - to - rious, We'll join in the cho - rus, "The Lord will pro - vide."

CHORUS.

Then, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will provide; Yes, we'll trust in the Lord, and He will pro - vide.

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No. 8. Where are the Nine?

P. P. BLISS. Read LUKE 17: 12-19. P. P. BLISS.

Moderato.

1. Wand'ring a - far from the dwellings of men, Hear the sad cry of the lep - ers—the ten;
2. Loud - ly the stranger sang praise to the Lord, Knowing the cure had been wrought by His word,
3. "Who is this Naz - a-rene?" Phari - sees say; "Is He the Christ? tell us plain - ly, we pray."
4. Je - sus on tri - al to-day we can see, Thousands de- rid - ing - ly ask, "Who is He?"

"Je - sus, have mercy!" brings healing divine; One came to wor-ship, but where are the nine?
Grate - ful - ly own-ing the Heal - er Di-vine; Je - sus says ten - derly, "Where are the nine?"
Mul - ti-tudes fol- low Him seek-ing a sign, Show them His mighty works–Where are the nine?
How they're re-ject-ing Him, your Lord and mine! Bring in the witnesses–Where are the nine?

CHORUS.

rit.

Where are the nine? Where are the nine? Were there not ten cleans'd? Where are the nine?

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No. 9. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK 10: 47.

EMMA CAMPBELL. THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng, Which moves with bus - y haste a - long,
2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should He The cit - y move so might - i - ly?

These won - drous gath-'rings day by day? What means this strange com-mo - tion pray?
A pass - ing stran - ger, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?

In ac - cents hush'd the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."
A - gain the stir - ring tones re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."

In ac - cents hush'd the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."
A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."

Used by per.

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out the sick, and deaf, and lame,
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by*."

No. 10. Calling Now.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. 3: 15.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. This lov - ing Sav - iour Stands pa - tient - ly; Tho' oft re - ject - ed,
2. Oh, bound-less mer - cy, Free, free to all! Stay, child of er - ror,
3. Tho' all un- wor - thy, Come, now, come home— Say, while He's wait - ing,

Chorus.

Calls a- gain for thee.
Heed the ten - der call.
"Je- sus, dear, I come."
Call- ing now for thee, prod - i - gal, Call- ing now for thee; Thou hast wan- dered far a - way, But He's call - ing now for thee.

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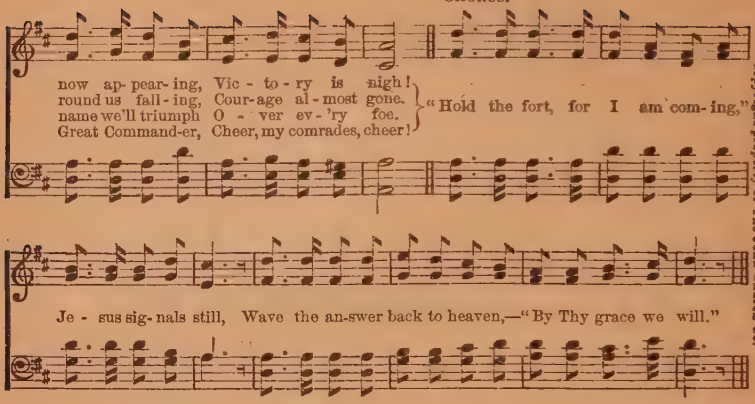
No. 11. Hold the Fort.

"That which ye have, hold fast till I come."—Rev. 2: 25.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. Ho! my comrades, see the sig - nal Wav- ing in the sky! Re - in- forcements
2. See the might- y host ad-vanc- ing, Sa - tan lead - ing on: Might-y men a -
3. See the glorious ban - ner wav- ing, Hear the bu - gle blow; In our Lead- er's
4. Fierce and long the bat - tle rag - es, But our Help is near; On-ward comes our

Hold the Fort.



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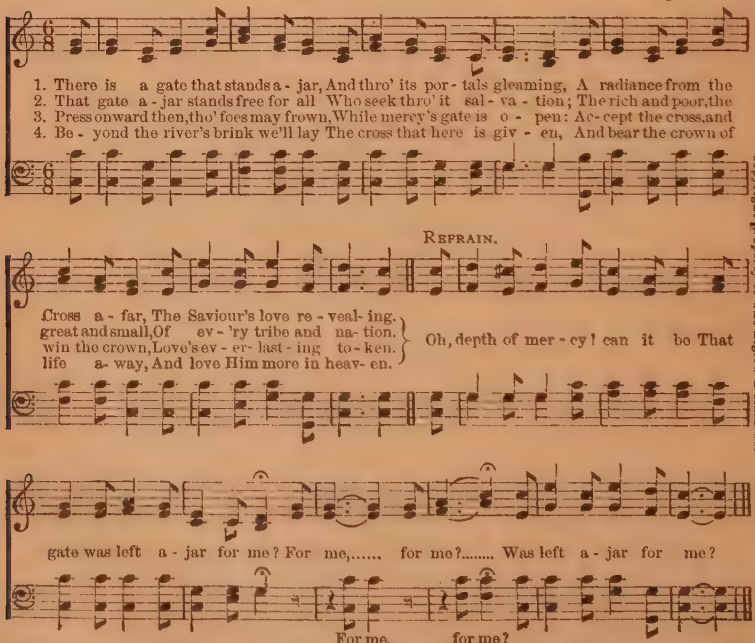
No. 12. The Gate Ajar for Me.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."
REV. 21: 25.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. S. J. VAIL.



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No. 13. Once for All.

"Justified by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—ROMANS 3: 24.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

1. Free from the law, oh, hap - py con - di - tion, Je - sus hath bled, and *there* is re - mis - sion, Curs'd by the law and bruised by the fall, Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

2. Now are we free—there's no con - dem - na - tion, Je - sus pro - vides a per - fect sal - va - tion; "Come un - to *Me*," oh, hear His sweet call, Come, and He saves us once for all.

3. "Chil-dren of God," oh, glo - ri - ous call - ing, Sure - ly His grace will keep us from fall - ing; Pass - ing from death to life at His call, Bless - ed sal - va - tion once for all.

CHORUS.

Once for all, oh, sin-ner re - ceive it, Once for all, oh, broth - er, be - lieve it; Cling to the Cross, the bur - den will fall, Christ hath re-deemed us once for all.

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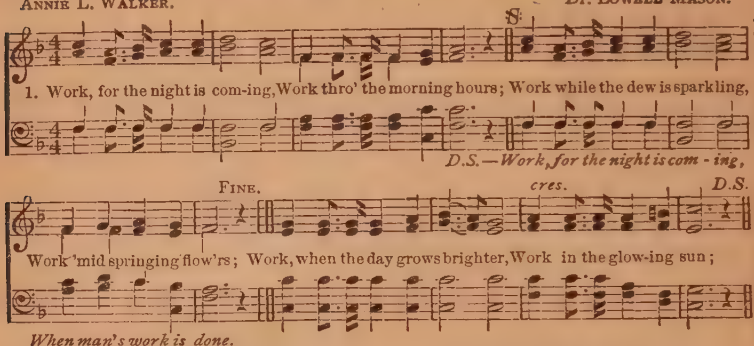
No. 14. Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER. DR. LOWELL MASON.



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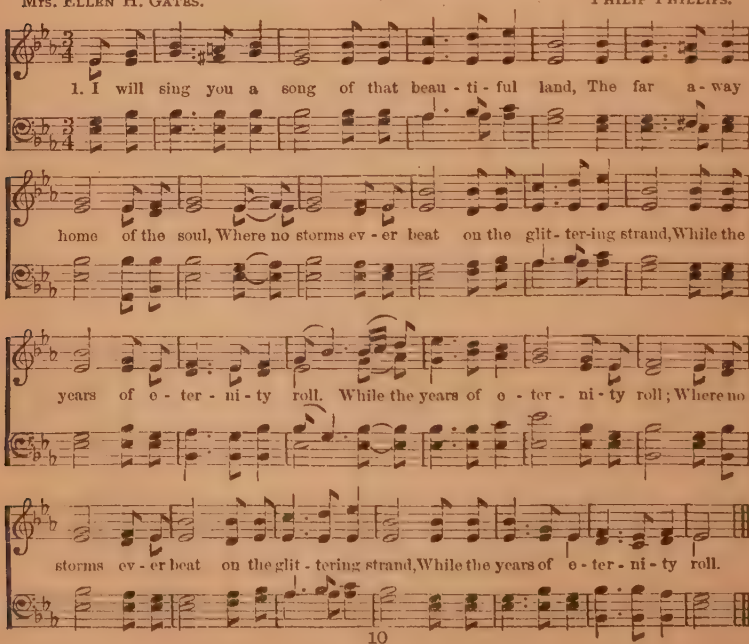
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 15. Home of the Soul.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



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2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
‖: Between the fair city and me. :‖
Till I fancy, etc.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands,
The King of all kingdoms forever, is He,
‖: And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. :‖
The King of, etc.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
‖: To meet one another again. :‖
With songs on, etc.

No. 16. There is a Land.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

Isaac Watts. (Varina. C. M. D.) Geo. F. Root.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green,

1. E-ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
2. So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.

There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with-'ring flowers;
Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,

Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heaven-ly land from ours.
Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 17. We're Going Home To-morrow.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. 5: 8.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. P. P. Bliss.

1. We're go-ing home, No more to roam, No more to sin and sor-row; No more to wear The
2. For wea-ry feet Awaits a street Of wondrous pave and gold-en; For hearts that ache, The
3. For those who sleep, And those who weep, Above the portals nar-row, The mansions rise Be-
4. Oh, joy-ful song! Oh, ransomed throng! Where sin no more shall sever; Our King to see, And,

Chorus.

brow of care, We're go-ing home to-mor-row.
an-gels wake The sto-ry, sweet and old-en.
yond the skies—We're go-ing home to-mor-row.
oh, to be With Him at home for-ev-er.

We're go - - ing home, we're
We're going home, we're going home, we're

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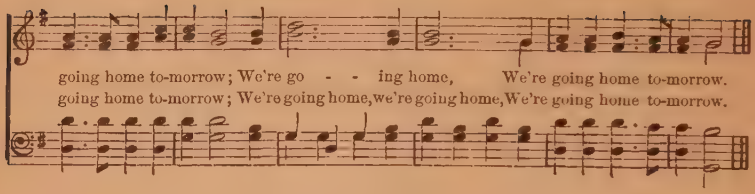
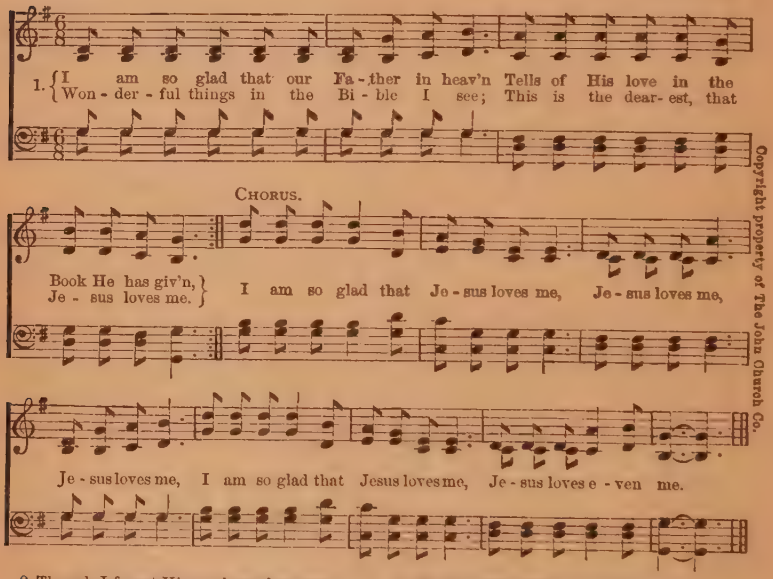


No. 18. Jesus Loves Even Me.

"God is love."—1 John 4: 8.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.



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2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the Great King,
This shall my song in eternity be:
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."
I am so glad, etc.

---

1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem:
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell?
Glory to Jesus, I know very well:
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me. I am so glad, etc.

No. 19. Rejoice and be Glad.

The poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. 29: 19.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. John J. Husband.

1. Re - joice and be glad! The Re-deem - er has come! Go look on His cra - dle, His cross, and His tomb. Sound His prais - es, tell the Sto - ry Of.....
2. Re - joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de- part - ed, the shad- ows are past.
3. Re - joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Re - demp- tion is fin- ished, the price hath been paid.
4. Re - joice and be glad! Now the par - don is free! The Just for the un - just has died on the tree.
5. Re - joice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain O'er death is tri- umphant, and liv - eth a - gain.
6. Re - joice and be glad! For our King is on high, He plead - eth for us on His throne in the sky. (*Cho. for 7th verse.*)
7. Re - joice and be glad! For He com - eth a - gain; He com - eth in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain. Sound His prais - es, tell the Sto - ry Of.....

Chorus.

Him who was slain; Sound His prais-es, tell with gladness, He liv - eth a - gain.
Him who was slain; Sound His prais-es, tell with gladness, He com - eth a - gain.

No. 20. Revive us Again.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—Hab. 3: 2.

1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.—*Cho.*

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and hath cleansed every stain.—*Cho.*

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us; and sought us, and guided our ways.—*Cho.*

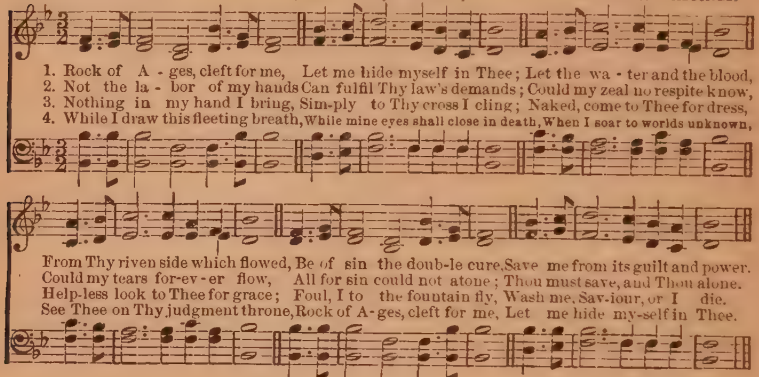
5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.—*Cho.*

Rev. Wm. Paton Mackay.

No. 21. Rock of Ages.

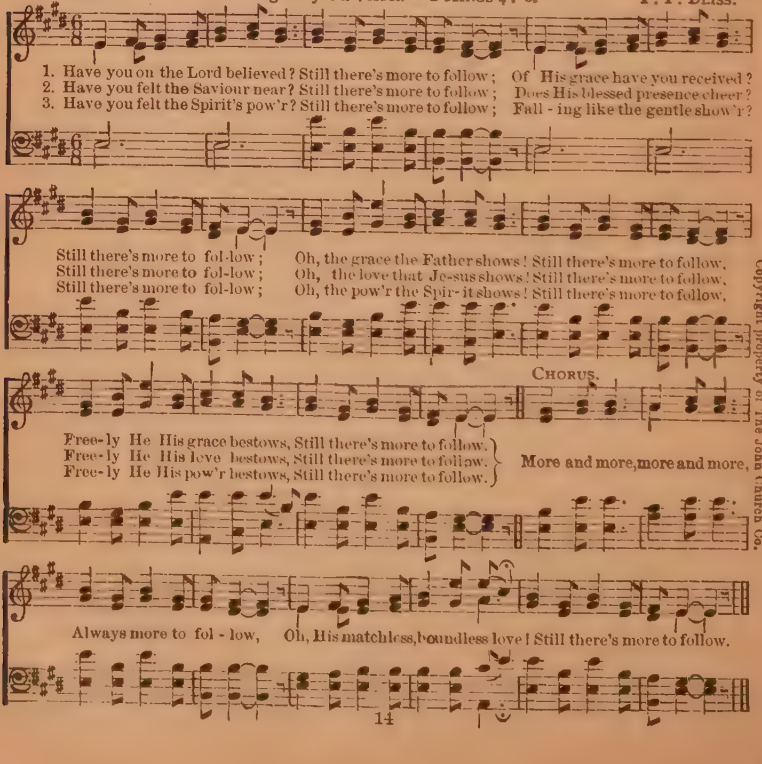
"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—PSA. 94 : 22.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY. (TOPLADY 7s. 6 lines.) Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



No. 22. "More to Follow."

P. P. BLISS. "Bring me yet a vessel."—2 KINGS 4 : 6. P. P. BLISS.



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No. 23. Bless Me Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

Rev. Alexander Clark. Rev. Robert Lowry.

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1. Heavenly Father, bless me now; At the cross of Christ I bow; Take my guilt and grief a-way;

Refrain.

Hear and heal me now, I pray. Bless me now, bless me now, Heavenly Fa-ther, bless me now.

2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,
Send Thy grace and show Thy power;
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord!—*Ref.*

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.—*Ref.*

4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before;
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show Thy grace—*Ref.*

No. 24. Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-Day?

"The field is the world * * * and the reapers are the angels."—Matt. 13: 38.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

Question.

1. Wea - ry glean-er, whence com - est thou, With emp - ty hands and cloud - ed brow?
2. Care - less glean-er, what hast thou here, These fad - ed flow'rs and leaf - lets sere?
3. Burden'd glean-er, thy sheaves I see; In - deed thou must a - wea - ry be!

Plodding a - long thy lone - ly way, Tell me, where hast thou glean'd to - day?
Hungry and thirst - y, tell me, pray, Where, oh, where hast thou glean'd to - day?
Sing-ing a - long the home-ward way, Glad one, where hast thou glean'd to - day?

Answer.

Late I found a barren field, The harvest past my search revealed, Others golden sheaves had gained,
All day long in shady bow'rs, I've gaily sought earth's fairest flow'rs; Now, alas! too late I see
Stay me not, till day is done I've gather'd handfuls one by one; Here and there for me they fall,

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Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-Day?

CHORUS.

On - ly stub-ble for me remained.
All I've gather'd is van - i - ty.
Close by the reap'rs I've found them all.
Forth to the harvest field a-way! Gather your handfuls

while you may; All day long in the field a-bide, Gleaning close by the reap-ers' side.

No. 25. Ah, My Heart.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—MATT. 11: 28.

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE. P. P. BLISS.

1st SOLO. 2d SOLO.

1. Ah, my heart is heav-y la - den, Wea - ry and oppressed! "Come to Me," saith One, "and
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide? "In His feet and hands are

CHORUS. *Repeat last two lines of each verse. rit.* *p*

com - ing, Be at rest!" "Come to Me," saith One, "and com-ing, Be at rest!"
wound-prints, And His side." "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"—*Cho.*

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What's my portion here?
"Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
Many a tear."—*Cho.*

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What have I at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"—*Cho.*

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"—*Cho.*

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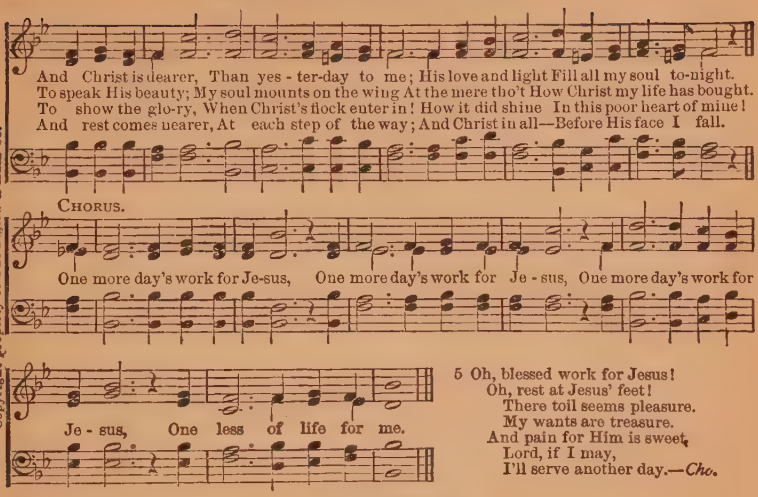
No. 26. One more Days's Work for Jesus.

"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day."—JOHN 9: 4.

Miss ANNA WARNER. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for me! But heav'n is near-er,
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo - rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not du - ty,
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto - ry,
4. One more day's work for Je - sus—Oh, yes, a wea - ry day; But heav'n shines clearer,



5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure.
My wants are treasure.
And pain for Him is sweet,
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.—*Cho.*

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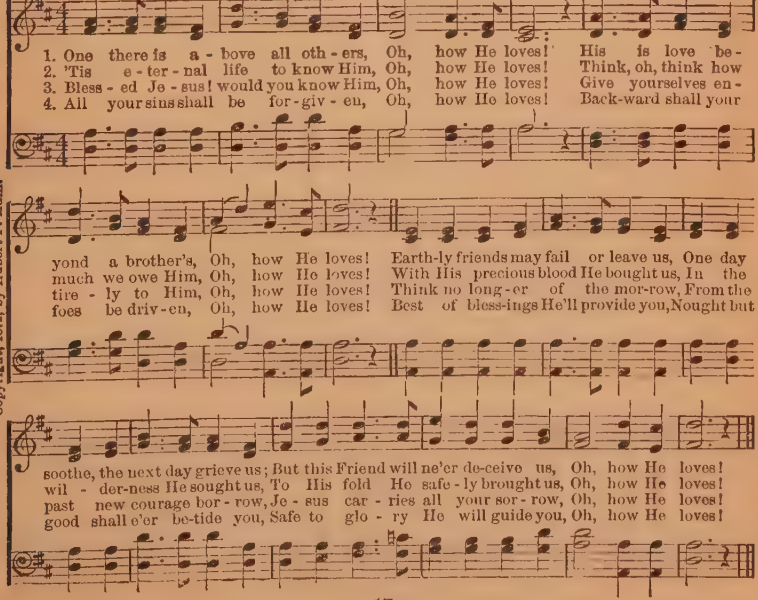
No. 27. Oh, how He Loves.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

Adp. by Miss MARIANNE NUNN. HUBERT P. MAIN.



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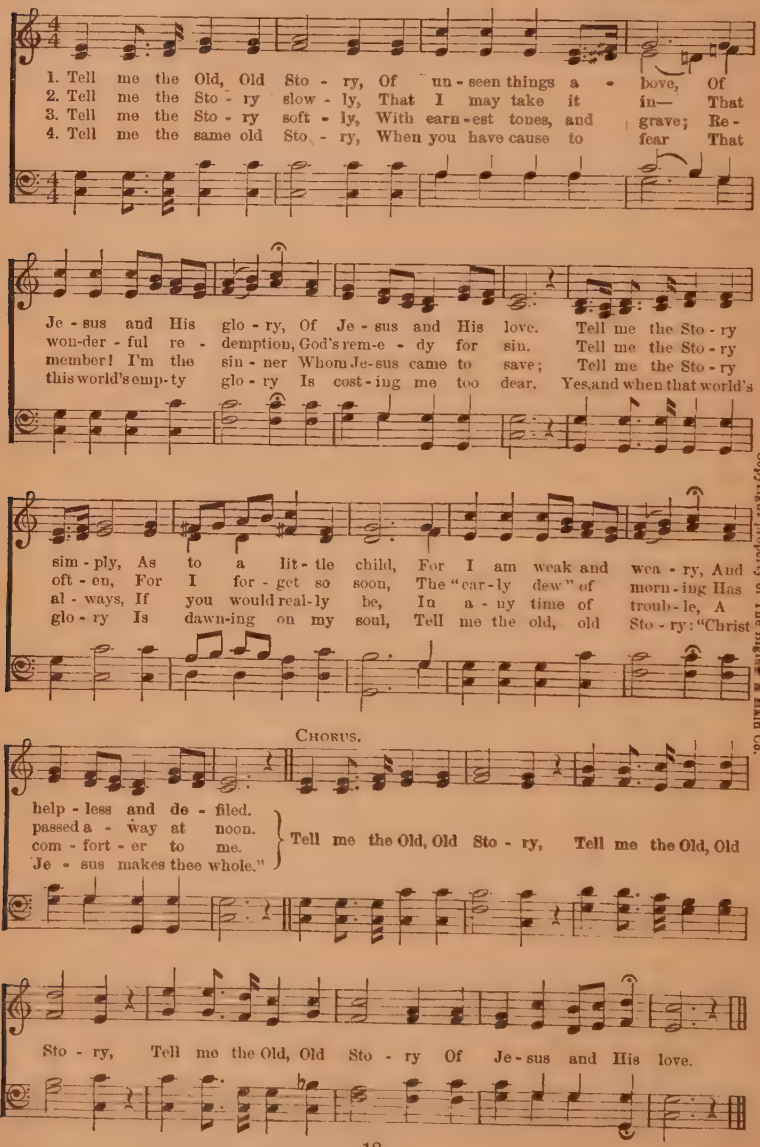
No. 28. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—MARK 5: 19.

Miss KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.



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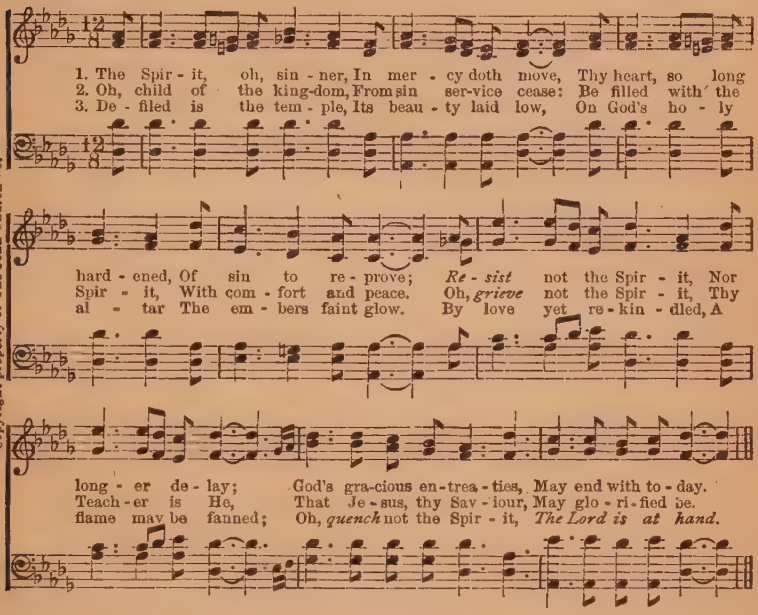
No. 29. The Holy Spirit.

Three warnings: Resist not, Grieve not, Quench not.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.



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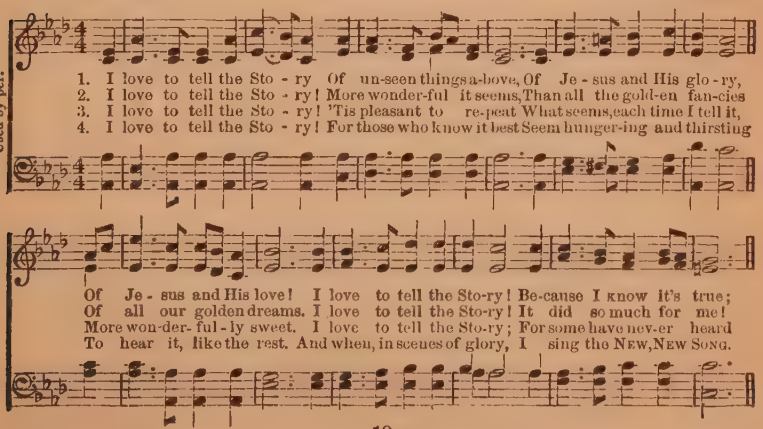
No. 30. I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will speak of thy wondrous work."—Psalm 145: 5.

Miss Kate Hankey. W. G. Fischer.



Used by per.

I Love to Tell the Story.

CHORUS.

It sat - is- fies my longings, As noth-ing else would do.
And that is just the rea- son, I tell it now to thee.
The message of sal- va- tion From God's own Holy Word.
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY That I have loved so long.

I love to tell the Sto- ry!

'Twill be my theme in glo- ry, To tell the Old, Old Sto- ry, Of Je- sus and His love.

No. 31. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—PSALM 32 : 8.

M. M. WELLS. M. M. WELLS.

1. Ho- ly Spir-it, faith-ful guide, Ever near the Christian's side; Gently lead us by the hand,

Used by per.

D.S.—Whisp'ring softly, "Wanderer, come!

FINE. D.S.

Pilgrims in a des- ert land; Wea-ry souls for e'er rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice

Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 32. The Cross of Jesus.

"His children shall have a place of refuge."—PROV. 14: 26.

Miss E. C. CLEPHANE. IRA D. SANKEY.

p

1. Be-neath the Cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand—The sha - dow of a

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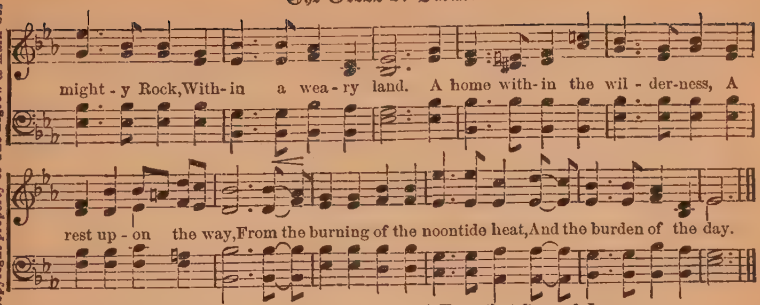

2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love,
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the Holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

5 I take, O Cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,—
My glory all the Cross.

No. 33. The New Song.

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev. 14: 3.

Rev. A. T. Pierson. P. P. Bliss.

Allegretto.

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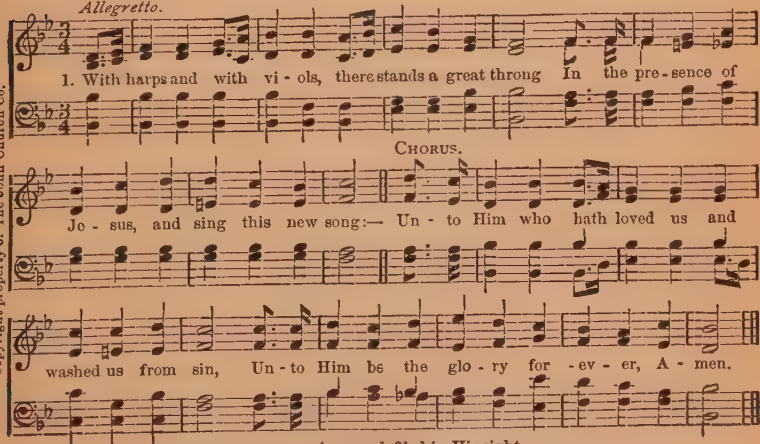


2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite.—*Cho.*

3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing.—*Cho.*

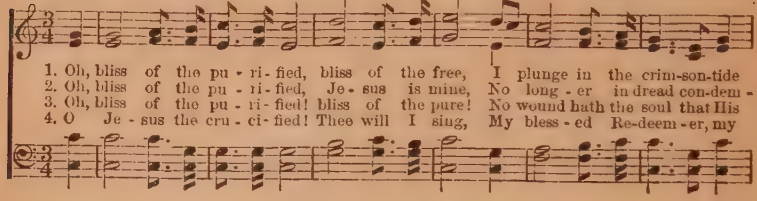
4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.—*Cho.*

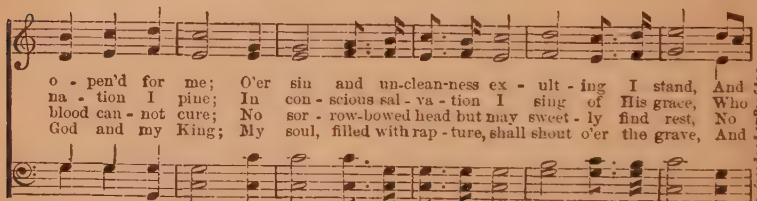
5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,
So that others believing, this new song shall sing.—*Cho.*

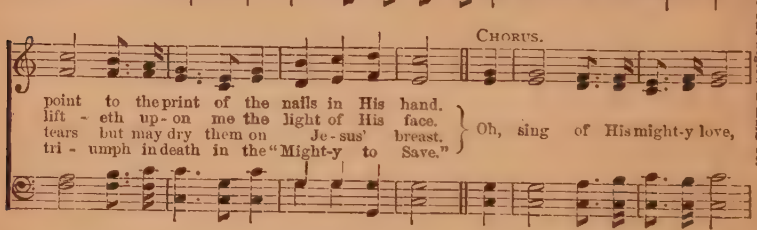
No. 34. Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

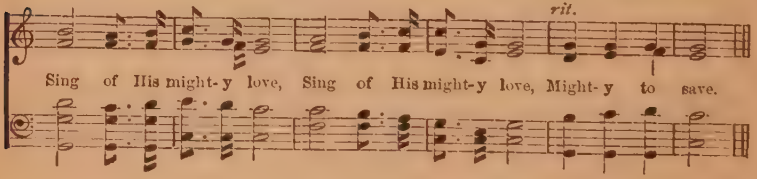
"Mighty to save."—ISAIAH 63: 1.

Rev. FRANK BOTTOME, D.D. WM. B. BRADBURY.









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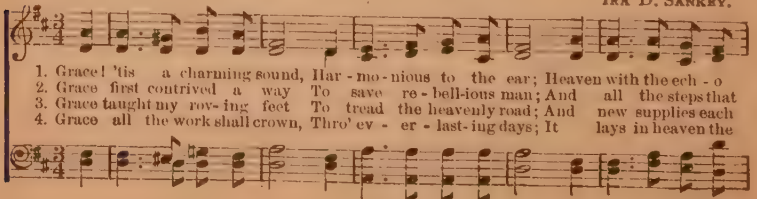
No. 35. The Wondrous Gift.

"By grace are ye saved."—EPH. 2: 8.

Dr. PHILIP DODDRIDGE. IRA D. SANKEY.



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REFRAIN.

shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
grace dis-play, Which drew the wondrous plan.
hour I meet, While press-ing on to God.
top-most stone, And well de-serves our praise.
} Saved by grace a-lone,

This is all my plea; Je-sus died for all mankind, And Je-sus died for me.

No. 36. Precious Promise.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 PET. 1: 4.

NATHANIEL NILES. P. P. BLISS.

1. Pre-cious prom-ise God hath giv-en To the wea-ry pass-er by,
2. When temp-ta-tions al-most win thee, And thy trust-ed watch-ers fly,
3. When thy se-cret hopes have per-ished, In the grave of years gone by,
4. When the shades of life are fall-ing, And the hour has come to die,

On the way from earth to heav-en, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this prom-ise ring with-in thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this prom-ise still be cher-ished, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Hear thy trust-y Pi-lot call-ing, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

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REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;

On the way from earth to heav-en, I will guide thee with mine eye.

No. 37. When Jesus Comes.

"Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—Heb. 9: 28.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. Down life's dark vale we wan-der, Till Je-sus comes; We watch and wait and won-der,
2. Oh, let my lamp be burn-ing When Je-sus comes; For Him my soul be yearning,
3. No more heart-pangs nor sad-ness, When Je-sus comes; All peace and joy and glad-ness,
4. All doubts and fears will van-ish, When Je-sus comes; All gloom His face will ban-ish,

Chorus.

Till Je-sus comes.
When Je-sus comes.
When Je-sus comes.
When Je-sus comes.
} All joy His loved ones bringing, When Je-sus comes;

All praise thro' heav-en ring-ing, When Je-sus comes. All beau-ty bright and ver-nal,

When Je-sus comes; All glo-ry, grand, e-ter-nal, When Je-sus comes.

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5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.—*Cho.*

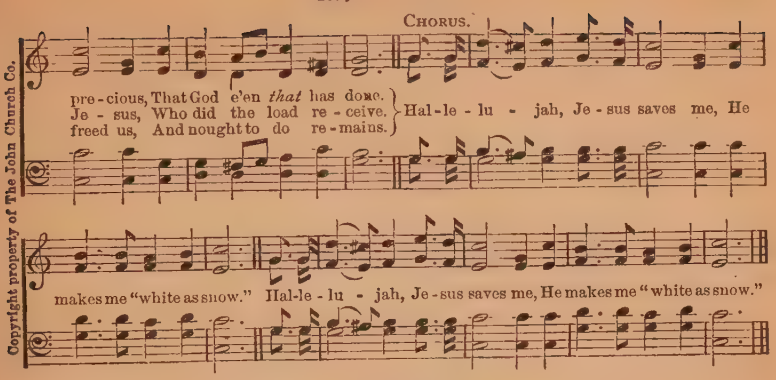
6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes.—*Cho.*

No. 38. White as Snow.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isa. 1: 18.

H. Bonar, arr. by L. N. P. P. Bliss.

1. What! "lay my sins on Je-sus?" God's well-be-lov-ed Son! No! 'tis a truth most
2. Yes, 'tis a truth most pre-cious, To all who do be-lieve, God laid our sins on
3. What? "bring our guilt to Je-sus?" To wash a-way our stains; The act is passed that



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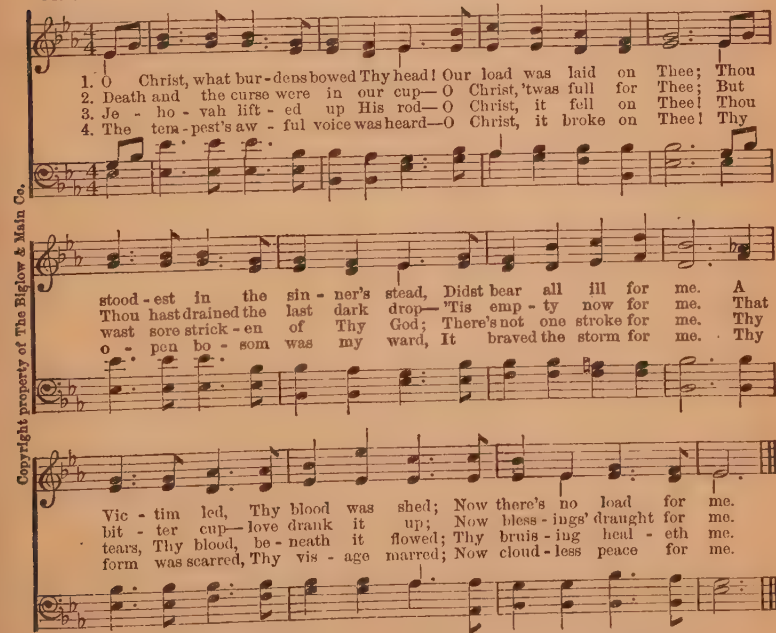
No. 39. Substitution.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."—ISAIAH 53: 5.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN. IRA D. SANKEY.



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5 Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me.

No. 40. In the Presence of the King.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—PSALM 16: 11.

Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG. English.

Moderato.

1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of wond - der, Where the
2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearn-ing heart grows fonder Of
3. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! Alas! I sigh and won - der Why
4. Oh, when shall I be dwell - ing Where angel voic-es, swell - ing In tri-

p

an - gel voic - es min - gle, and the an - gel harp - ers ring; To be
look-ing to the east, to see the bless-ed day - star bring Some
clings my poor, weak, sin - ful heart to a - ny earth-ly thing; Each
umphant hal - le - lu - jahs, make the vault-ed heav - ens ring? Where the

cres.

free from pain and sor - row, And the anx - ious, dread to - mor - row, To
tid - ings of the wak - ing, The cloud - less, pure day break - ing; My
tie of earth must sev - er, And pass a - way for - ev - er; But there's
pearl - y gates are gleam - ing, And the morn - ing star is beam - ing? Oh,

f *rit.* *tempo.*

rest in light and sun - shine in the pres - ence of the King.
heart is yearn - ing—yearn - ing for the com - ing of the King.
no more sep - a - ra - tion in the pres - ence of the King.
when shall I be yon - der in the pres - ence of the King.

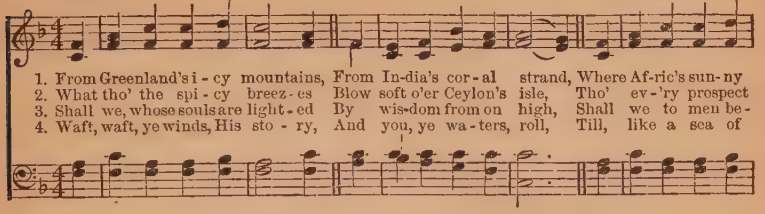
5 Oh, when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do sing
Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels vail their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.

6 Oh I shall soon be yonder,
And lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the bird's fleet wing,
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder, in the presence of the King.

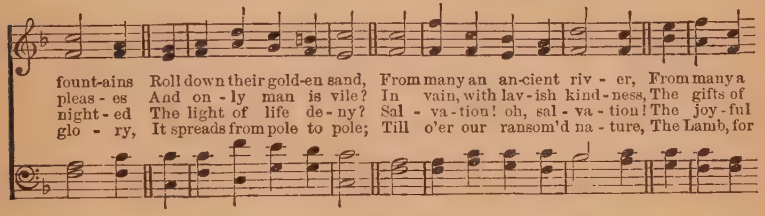
No. 41. Missionary Hymn. 7s, & 6s.

"Come over.....and help us."—Acts 16: 9.

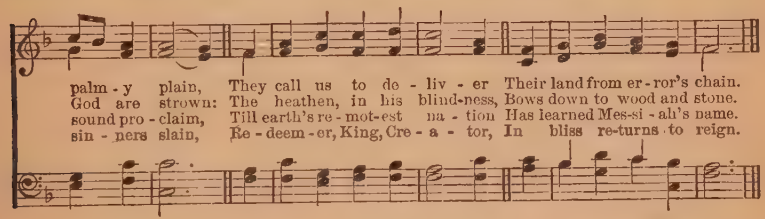
R. Heber. Dr. Lowell Mason.



1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's cor - al strand, Where Af-ric's sun-ny
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Tho' ev - 'ry prospect
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed By wis-dom from on high, Shall we to men be-
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of



fount-ains Roll down their gold-en sand, From many an an-cient riv - er, From many a
pleas - es And on - ly man is vile? In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of
night - ed The light of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransom'd na - ture, The Lamb, for

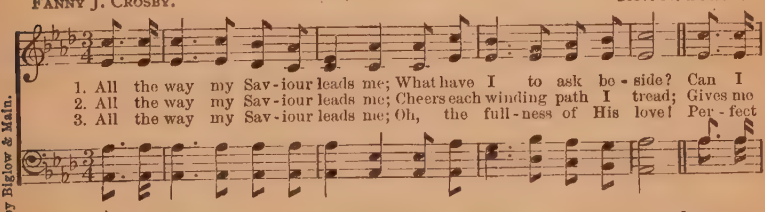


palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
God are strown: The heathen, in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
sin - ners slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

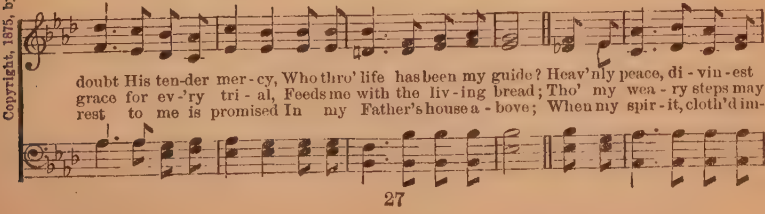
No. 42. All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

"The Lord alone did lead him."—Deut. 32: 12.

Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. R. Lowry.



1. All the way my Sav - iour leads me; What have I to ask be - side? Can I
2. All the way my Sav - iour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread; Gives me
3. All the way my Sav - iour leads me; Oh, the full - ness of His love! Per - fect



doubt His ten-der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my guide? Heav'nly peace, di - vin - est
grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread; Tho' my wea - ry steps may
rest to me is promised In my Father's house a - bove; When my spir - it, cloth'd im-

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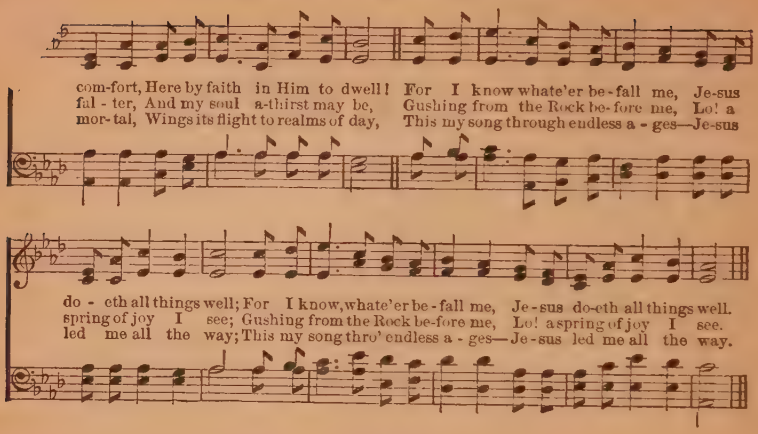
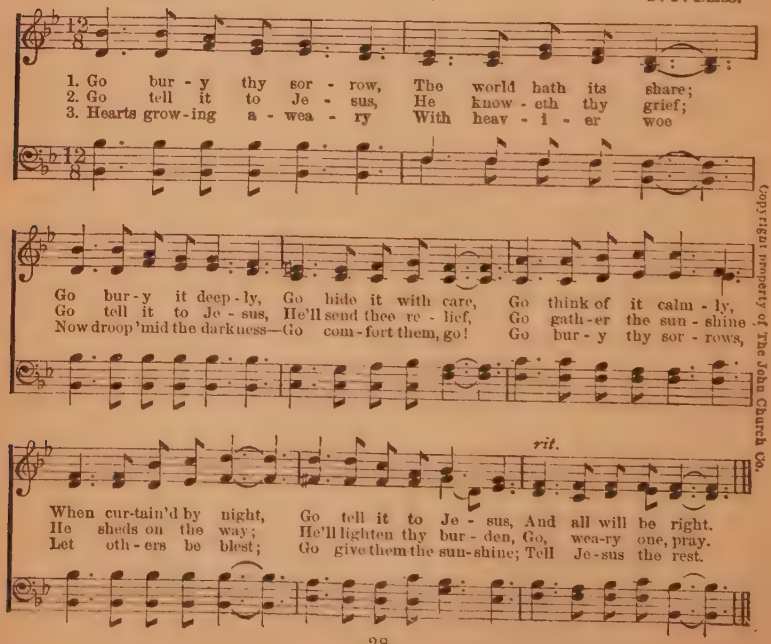


No. 43. Go Bury thy Sorrow.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH 35: 10.

MARY A. BACHELOR. P. P. BLISS.



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No. 44. A Sinner Forgiven.

"He said unto her, thy sins are forgiven."—LUKE 7: 48.

JEREMIAH J. CALLAHAN. Arr. by I. B. WOODBURY.

1. To the hall of the feast came the sin-ful and fair; She heard in the cit-y that
2. The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all, That one so un-hallowed should
3. She heard but the Saviour; she spoke but with sighs; She dare not look up to the
4. In the sky, aft-er tem-pest, as shin-eth the bow,—In the glance of the sunbeam, as

Je-sus was there; Un-heed-ing the splendor that blazed on the board, She si-lent-ly
tread in that hall; And some said the poor would be ob-jects more meet, As the wealth of her
heav'n of His eyes; And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast, As her lips to his
melt-eth the snow He looked on that lost one: "her sins were forgiv'n," And the sinner went

knelt at the feet of the Lord, She si-lent-ly knelt at the feet of the Lord.
perfume she shower'd on His feet, As the wealth of her perfume she shower'd on His feet.
san-dals were throbbingly pressed, As her lips to His san-dals were throbbing-ly pressed.
forth in the beau-ty of heav'n, And the sin-ner went forth in the beau-ty of heav'n.

No. 45. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. 5: 16.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or tem-pest-tost,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness *may be lost.*

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CHORUS.

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

Some poor faint - ing, struggling sea-man; You may res - cue, you may save.

No. 46. Wishing, Hoping, Knowing.

"My beloved is mine, and I am his."—SONGS OF SOLOMON 2: 16.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

1. A long time I wan-dered in dark - ness and sin, And won-dered if ev - er the
2. I heard the glad gos - pel of "good will to men;" I read "who-so - ev - er" a-
3. Oh, mer - cy sur-pris - ing, He saves e - ven me! "Thy por-tion for - ev - er," He

light would shine in; I heard Christian friends tell of rap - ture di - vine. And
gain and a - gain; I said to my soul, "Can that prom - ise be thine?" And
says, "will I be," On His word I'm rest - ing—as - sur - ance di - vine— I'm

CHORUS.

wish'd, how I wish'd, that their Sav-iour were mine. I wish'd He were mine, yes, I
then be - gan hop - ing that Je - sus was mine. I hoped He was mine, yes, I
"hop - ing" no long - er— I know He is mine! I know He is mine, yes, I

wish'd He were mine; I wish'd, how I wish'd, that their Sav-iour were mine.
hoped He was mine; I then be - gan hop - ing that Je - sus was mine.
know He is mine; I'm "hop - ing" no long - er— I know He is mine!

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No. 47. The Precious Name.

"And blessed be his glorious name for ever."—Psa. 72: 19.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. W. H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. Oh! the pre-cious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros- trate at His feet,

It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta - tions 'round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
When His lov - ing arms re- ceive us, And His songs our tongues em- ploy!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour- ney is com- plete.

Chorus.

Pre- cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
Precious name, O how sweet!
Pre- cious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

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No. 48. Oh, to be Nothing.

"Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth."—1 Cor. 3: 7.

Georgiana M. Taylor. R. Geo. Halls. Arr. by P. P. Bliss.

Very slow.

1. Oh, to be noth - ing, noth - ing, On - ly to lie at His feet,.....
2. Oh, to be noth - ing, noth - ing, On - ly as led by His hand;.....
3. Oh, to be noth - ing, noth - ing, Pain- ful the humbling may be,.....

Cho.—*Oh, to be noth - ing, noth - ing, On - ly to lie at His feet,.....*

FINE.

A bro - ken and emp - tied ves - sel, For the Mas - ter's use made meet.
A mes - sen - ger at His gate - way, On - ly wait - ing for His com - mand,
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me That the world might my Sav - iour see,

A bro - ken and emp - tied ves - sel, For the Mas - ter's use made meet.

Emp-tied that He might fill me As forth to His ser - vice I go;
On - ly an in - strument read - y His prais - es to sound at His will,
Rath - er be noth - ing, noth - ing, To Him let our voi - ces be raised,

D.C. Chorus.

Bro - ken, that so un - hin - dered, His life through me might flow.....
Will - ing, should he not re - quire me, In si - lence to wait on Him still.....
He is the Fountain of bless - ing, He on - ly is meet to be praised.....

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No. 49. Fully Persuaded.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS 16: 31.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Ful - ly per-suad - ed, Lord, I be - lieve! Ful - ly per-suad - ed, Thy Spir - it give;
2. Ful - ly per-suad - ed—Lord, hear my cry! Ful - ly per-suad - ed—pass me not by;
3. Ful - ly per-suad - ed, no more op - prest, Ful - ly per-suad - ed, now I am blest:
4. Ful - ly per-suad - ed, Je - sus is mine; Ful - ly per-suad - ed, Lord, I am Thine!

rit.

I will o - bey Thy call; Low at Thy feet I fall; Now I sur-render all, Christ to re - ceive.
Just as I am I come, I will no longer roam, O make my heart Thy home; Save, or I die!
Je - sus is now my Guide, I will in Christ abide; My soul is sat - is-fied In Him to rest!
O make my love to Thee Like Thine own love to me, So rich, so full and free, Saviour di-vine!

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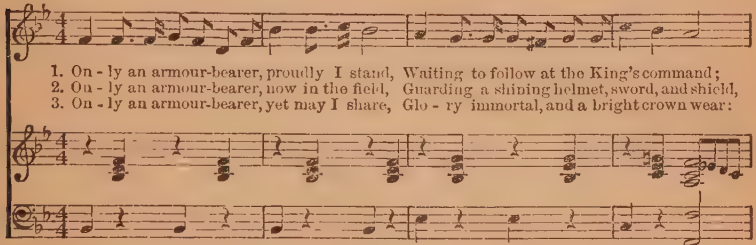
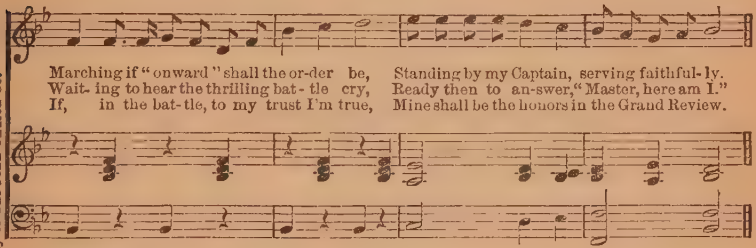
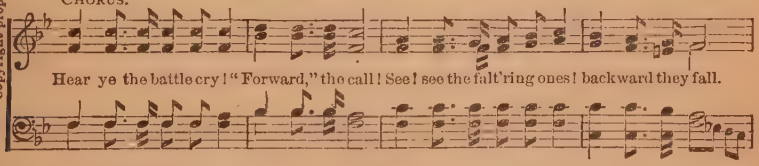
No. 50. Only an Armour-Bearer.

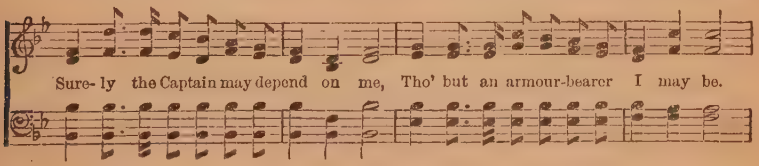
"Now it came to pass upon a day, that Jonathan the son of Saul said unto the young man that bare his armour, Come, and let us go over to the Philistines' garrison that *is* on the other side; it may be that the LORD will work for us: for *there is* no restraint to the LORD to save by many or by few. And his armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that *is* in thine heart: turn thee; behold, I *am* with thee according to thine heart. And Jonathan climed up upon his hands and upon his feet, and his armour-bearer after him: and they fell before Jonathan; and his armour-bearer slew after him. So the LORD saved Israel that day; and the battle passed over unto Beth-aven." —1 SAM. 14: 1, 6, 7, 13, 23.

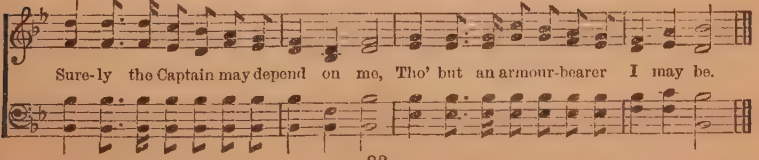
P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.











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No. 51. Pull for the Shore

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become NEW."—2 COR. 5: 17.

"Therefore, my beloved, * * ork out your own salvation with fear and trembling."—PHIL. 2: 12.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

1. Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand! See o'er the foaming billows fair Haven's land,
2. Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail, Stronger the surges dash and fiere- er the gale,
3. Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye; Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!

Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er, Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.
Heed not the stormy winds, tho' loudly they roar, Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing ev- er- more, "Glo-ry, glo- ry, hal-le-lujah!" pull for the shore.

CHORUS.

Pull for the shore, sail - or, pull for the shore! Heed not the roll- ing waves, but bend to the oar, Safe in the life - boat, sail - or, cling to self no more! Leave the poor old strand - ed wreck, and pull for the shore.

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No. 52. No Other Name.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—ACTS 4: 12.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

1. One of - fer of sal - va - tion, To all the world make known; The on - ly sure foun-
2. One on - ly door of heav-en Stands o - pen wide to - day, One sac - ri - fice is
3. My on - ly song and sto - ry Is— Je - sus died for me; My on - ly hope of

CHORUS.

da - tion Is Christ, the Cor - ner-Stone.
giv - en, 'Tis Christ, the liv - ing way.
glo - ry, The Cross of Cal - va - ry.
} No oth - er name is giv - en, No oth - er way is known, 'Tis Je- sus Christ, the First and Last, He saves, and He a - lone.

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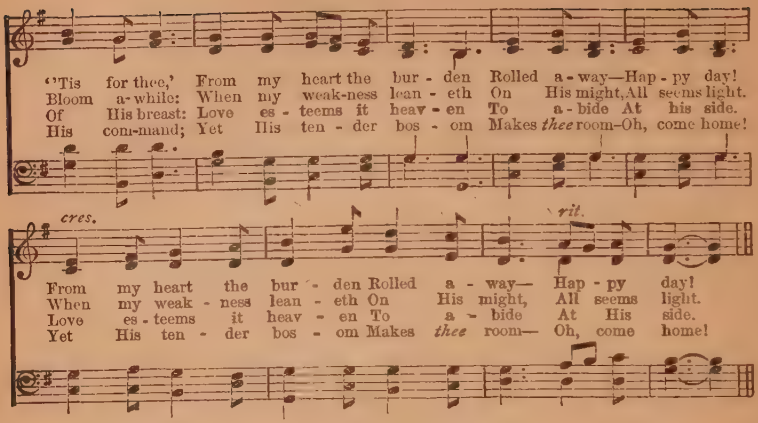
No. 53. I Left it All with Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—1 PETER 5: 7.

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS. Miss H. M. WARNER.

1. I left it all with Je - sus Long a - go; All my sins I brought Him,
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows How to steal the bit - ter
3. I leave it all with Je - sus, Day by day; Faith can firm - ly trust Him
4. Oh, leave it *all* with Je - sus, Droop-ing soul! Tell not *half* thy sto - ry,

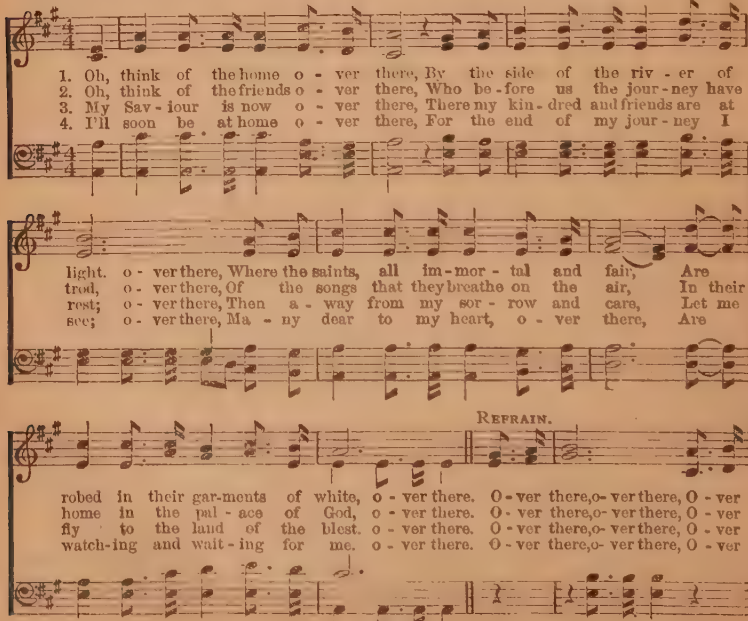
And my woe. When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard His small, still whisper,
From life's woes; How to gild the tear - drop With His smile, Make the des - ert gar - den
Come what may. Hope has dropp'd her an - chor, Found her rest In the calm, sure ha - ven
But the whole. Worlds on worlds are hang - ing On His hand, Life and death are wait - ing



No. 54. The Home Over There.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—PSALM 55: 6.

Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. TULLIUS C. O'KANE.



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there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there, o - ver there; O - ver
there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, o - ver there; O - ver
there, o - ver there, My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, o - ver there; O - ver
there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, o - ver there; O - ver

there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, My Sav - iour is now o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.

No. 55. Yes, There is Pardon for You.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55: 17.

Fanny J. Crosby. Hubert P. Main.

Slowly.

1. Oh, come to the Sav-iour, believe in His name, And ask Him your heart to re - new;
2. The way of trans-gression that leads un-to death, Oh, why will you long-er pur- sue?
3. Be warned of your dan-ger; es-cape to the cross; Your on - ly sal - va-tion is there;

He waits to be gracious, O turn not a - way, For now there is par-don for you.
How can you re - ject the sweet message of love That of - fers full par-don for you?
Be-lieve, and that moment the Spir- it of grace Will an - swer your pen - i - tent prayer.

Chorus.

Yes, there is par - don for you,..... Yes, there is par-don for you;.....
for you, for you,

For Je - sus has died to re-deem you, And of - fers full par - don to you.

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No. 56. Go Work in My Vineyard.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

T. C. O'KANE. T. C. O'KANE.

1. "Go work in My vineyard," there's plenty to do, The har-vest is great and the
2. "Go work in My vineyard," I claim thee as Mine, With blood did I buy thee, and

lab-rer's are few; There's weeding and fenc-ing and clear-ing of roots, And
all that is thine; Thy time and thy tal-ents, thy loft-iest pow-ers, Thy

D.S.—I've sheep to be tend-ed, and lambs to be fed, The
D.S.—In pain and temp-ta-tion, in an-guish and shame, I

ploughing, and sow-ing, and gath'ring the fruits. There are fox-es to take, there are
warm-est af-fec-tions, thy sun-ni-est hours. I will-ing-ly yield-ed My

lost must be gathered, the wea-ry ones led. [*Go to Chorus.*]
paid thy full ran-som; My purchase I claim. [*Go to Chorus.*]

D.S.

wolves to de-stroy, All a-ges and ranks I can ful-ly em-ploy.
king-dom for thee, The song of arch-an-gels—to hang on the tree;

CHORUS. work,..... go work,.....

Go work in My vineyard, go work in My vineyard, go work in My vineyard; there's

Go work,..... go work,

plen-ty to do, Go work, work, work, work, The harvest is great and the lab'rers are few.

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Go Work in My Vineyard.

3 "Go work in My vineyard;" oh, "work while 'tis day,"
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away;
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast;
Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.
Begin in the morning, and toil all the day,
Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay;
And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent few,
Who finish the labor I've given them to do.

No. 57. Seymour. 7s.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. 51: 17.

Rev. Chas. Wesley. C. M. Von Weber.

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me?
2. I have long with-stood His grace; Long pro - voked Him to His face;
3. Now, in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment;

Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not heark- en to His calls, Grieved Him by a thous- and falls.
Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.

No. 58. When the Comforter Came.

William Moore. "He shall give you another Comforter."—John 14: 16. Rev. R. Lowry.

1. My heart, that was heav - y and sad, Was made to re-joice and be glad,
2. To sin and to e - vil in - clined, With darkness per - vad - ing my mind,
3. The voice of thanksgiv- ing I raised, The Lord, my Re- deem- er, I praised;

And peace with- out meas- ure I had, When the Com- fort - er came.
No rest I could an - y - where find, Till the Com- fort - er came.
I was at His mer - cy a - maz'd, When the Com- fort - er came.

Refrain.

Peace, sweet peace, Peace when the Com - fort - er came! My

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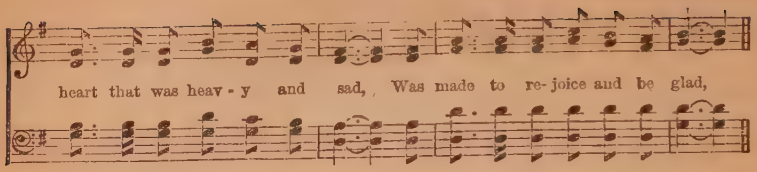
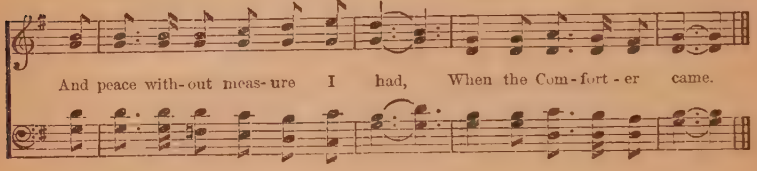
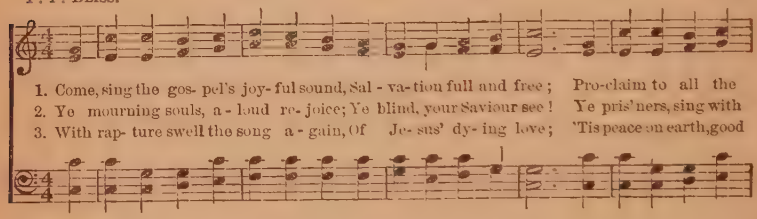


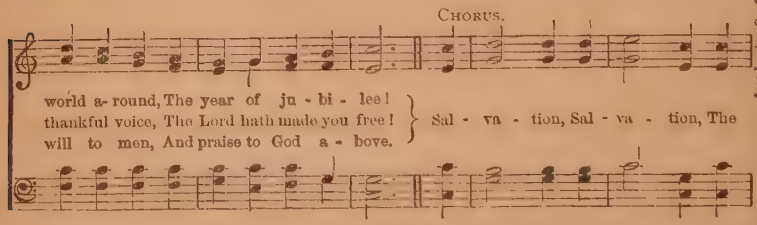


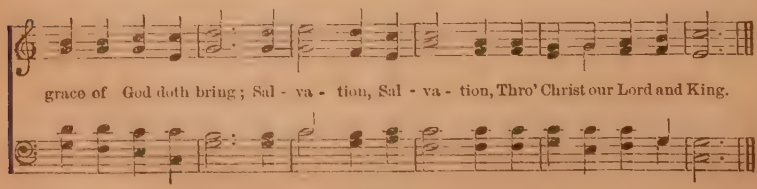
No. 59. Salvation.

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared."—TITUS 2 : 11.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.







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No. 60. Onward, Upward.

"Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3: 11.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

1. On-ward! up-ward! Christian sol - dier, Turn not back nor sheath thy sword, Let its
2. On-ward! up-ward! do - ing, dar - ing All for Him who died for thee; Face the
3. On-ward! till thy course is fin-ished, Like the ran- somed ones be - fore; Keep the

blade be sharp for con-quest, In the bat - tle for the Lord. From the great white throne e-
foe and meet with bold-ness Danger what- so- e'er it be. From the bat - tlements of
faith thro' per - se- cu - tion, Nev- er give the bat - tle o'er. On- ward! up- ward! till vic-

ter - nal, God him- self is look- ing down; He it is who now commands thee, Take the
glo - ry, Ho - ly ones are look- ing down, Thou canst almost hear them shouting: "On! let
to - rious, Thou shalt lay thy ar- mor down, And thy lov- ing Sav-iour bids thee At His

cres.

cross and win the crown. He it is who now commands thee, Take the cross and win the crown.
no one take thy crown." Thou canst almost hear them shouting: "On! let no one take thy crown."
hand receive thy crown. And thy lov- ing Saviour bids thee At His hand receive thy crown.

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No. 61. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

"Continue ye in my love."—John 15: 9.

Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss. W. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the pray'r I make On bended knee;
2. Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee alone I seek, Give what is best:
3. Let sorrow do its work, Send grief or pain; Sweet are Thy messengers, Sweet their refrain,
4. Then shall my latest breath, Whisper Thy praise, This be the parting cry My heart shall raise;

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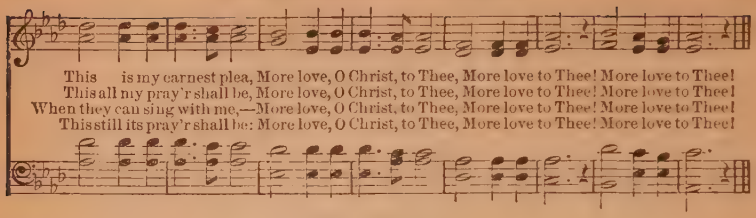
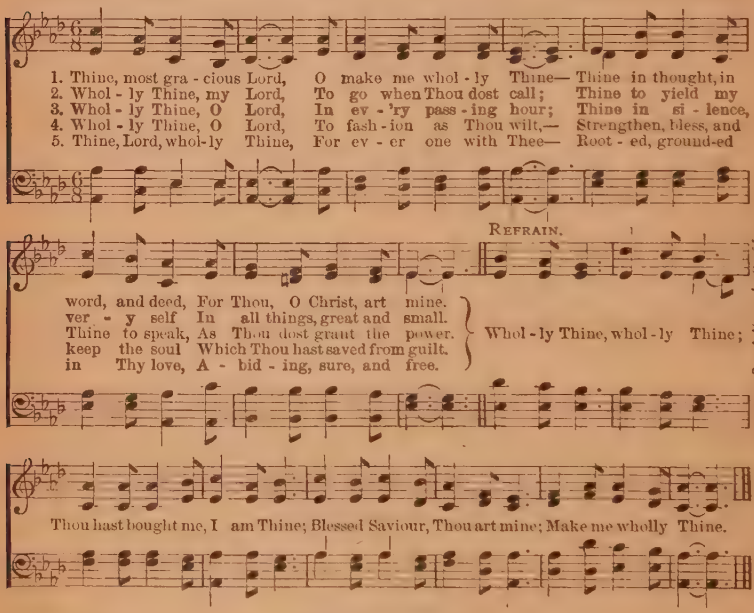


No. 62. Wholly Thine.

"The God of peace sanctify you wholly."—Thes. 5: 23.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Rev. Robert Lowry.



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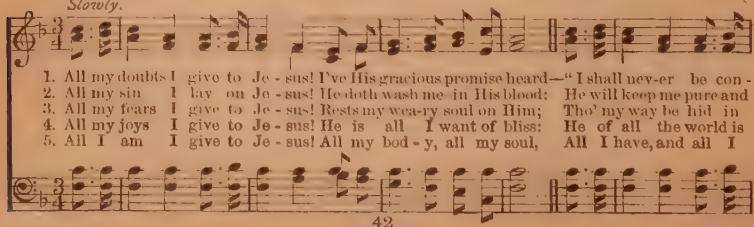
No. 63. Fully Trusting.

J. C. Morgan. "Fully I trust in thy word."—Ps. 119: 42. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.



Fully Trusting.

CHORUS.

found - ed"—I am trust-ing in that word.
ho - ly, He will bring me home to God.
dark - ness, Nev-er can His light grow dim.
Mas - ter— He has all I need in this.
hope for, While e-ter - nal a - ges roll.

I am trust-ing, ful-ly trusting, Sweetly trusting in His word; I am trusting, Ful-ly trusting, Sweetly trusting in His word.

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No. 64. Jesus Shall Reign.

"The Lord is King forever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

ISAAC WATTS. KARL WILHELM. Arr.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive journeys run; His king-dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the princ - es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet; While west-ern em - pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at - tend His word.

2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made And end - less prais-es crown His head; His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice. Peo-ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song, And in-fant voic - es shall pro - claim Their ear-ly bless - ings on His Name.

No. 65. My Song shall be of Jesus.

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. 34: 1.

Mrs. Van Alstyne. W. H. Doane.

1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days, He fills my cup with bless - ings, And tunes my heart to praise; My song shall be of Je - sus, The
2. My song shall be of Je - sus, When, sit - ting at His feet, I call to mind His good - ness, In med - i - ta - tion sweet; My song shall be of Je - sus, What-
3. My song shall be of Je - sus, While pressing on my way To reach the bliss - ful re - gion Of pure and per - fect day. And when my soul shall en - ter The

ritard.

pre - cious Lamb of God, Who gave Himself my ran - som, And bought me with His blood.
ev - er ill be - tide; I'll sing the grace that saves me, And keeps me at His side.
gate of E - den fair, A song of praise to Je - sus I'll sing for - ev - er there.

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No. 66. Only a Step to Jesus.

"Then come thou, for there is peace."—1 Sam. 20: 21.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, To Him thy Sav - iour bow.
2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live; Lov - ing - ly now He's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace; What hast thy heart de - cid - ed? The mo - ments fly a - pace.
4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come, and say, Glad - ly to Thee, my Sav - iour, I give my - self a - way.

Refrain.

On - ly a step, On - ly a step;

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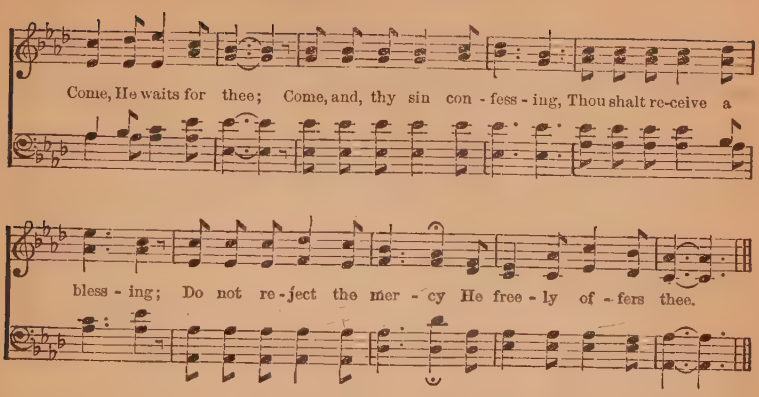
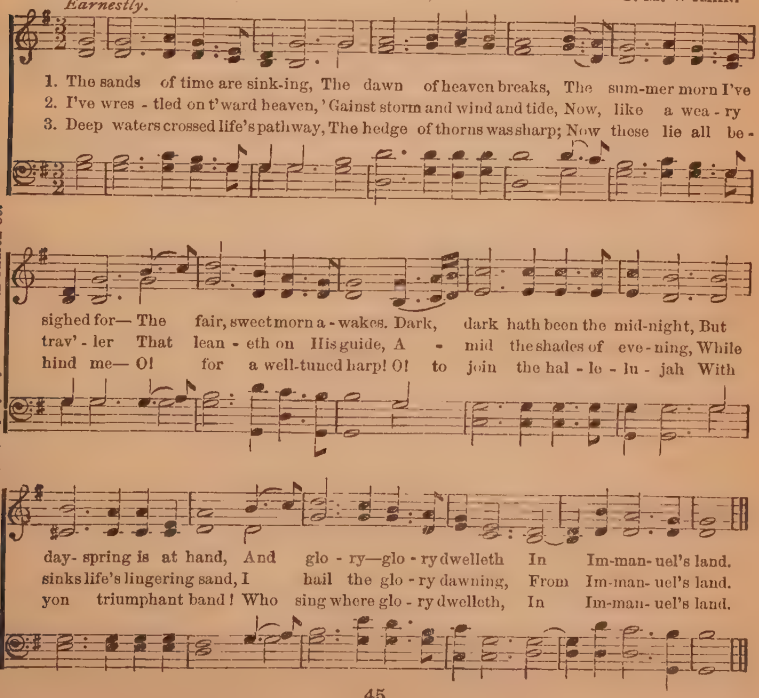


No. 67 Immanuel's Land.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. 22 : 5.

Annie R. Cousin. C. M. Wyman.

Earnestly.



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No. 68. Dark is the Night.

"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Ps. 32: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. T. E. PERKINS.

1. { Dark is the night, and cold the wind is blow-ing, Near-er and nearer comes the
Whereshall I go, or whith-er fly for ref-uge? Hide me, my Father, till the

CHORUS.

breaker's roar; } { With His lov-ing hand to guide, let the clouds a-bove me roll, And the
storm is o'er; } { I can brave the wild-est storm, with His glo-ry in my soul, I can

1 2

bil-lows in their fu-ry dash a-round me. }
(*Omit*..... } sing amidst the tempest—Praise the Lord!

2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise;
He will go with me o'er the troubled wave;
Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters,
Jesus, the mighty one, and strong to save.

3 Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking,
Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail;
Now at the helm I see my Father standing,
Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.

Used by per.

No. 69. Hear the Call.

"Put on the whole armour of God."—EPH. 6: 11.

W. F. S. WM. F. SHERWIN.

March movement.

1. Lo! the day of God is break-ing; See the gleam-ing from a-far!
2. Trust in Him who is your Cap-tain; Let no heart in ter-ror quail;
3. On-ward march-ing, firm and stead-y, Faint not, fear not Sa-tan's frown,
4. Conq-'ring hosts with ban-ners way-ing, Sweep-ing on o'er hill and plain,

Sons of earth from slum-ber wak-ing, Hail the Bright and Morn-ing Star.
Je-sus leads the gath-'ring le-gions, In His name we shall pre-vail.
For the Lord is with you al-ways, Till you wear the vic-tor's crown.
Ne'er shall halt till swells the an-them, "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

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Hear the Call.

CHORUS.

Hear the call! O gird your ar-mour on, Grasp the Spir-it's might-y Sword:
Take the hel-met of sal-va-tion, Press-ing on to bat-tle for the Lord!

No. 70. Joy in Sorrow.

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—JOHN 16 : 20.

Mrs. JANE CREWDSON. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I've found a joy in sor-row, A se-cret balm for pain, A beau-ti-ful to-mor-row Of sun-shine af-ter rain; I've found a branch of heal-ing Near ev-ery bit-ter spring, A whis-pered prom-ise steal-ing O'er ev-ery bro-ken string, A whis-pered prom-ise steal-ing, O'er ev-ery bro-ken string.
2. I've found a glad ho-san-na For ev-'ry woe and wail; A man-na When grapes of Esh-col fail; I've found a Rock of A-ges When des-ert wells are dry; And af-ter wea-ry sta-ges, I've found an E-lim nigh. And af-ter wea-ry sta-ges, I've found an E-lim nigh.
3. An E-lim with its cool-ness, Its fountains and its shade; A bless-ing in its ful-ness, When buds of prom-ise fade. O'er tears of soft con-tri-tion I've seen a rain-bow light; A glo-ry and fru-i-tion, So near!—yet out of sight. A glo-ry and fru-i-tion, So near!—yet out of sight.
4. My Saviour, Thee pos-sess-ing, I have the joy, the balm, The heal-ing and the bless-ing, The sun-shine and the psalm; The prom-ise for the fear-ful, The E-lim for the faint; The rain-bow for the tear-ful, The glo-ry for the saint! The rain-bow for the tear-ful, The glo-ry for the saint!

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No. 71. The Heavenly Land.

"A better country, that is an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

Rev. Lewis Hartsough. Wm. B. Bradbury.

Refrain.

1. { I love to think of the heavenly land Where white-robed angels are; Where many a friend is gathered safe From fear and toil and care. } There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no part-ing there.

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2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.—*Ref.*

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.—*Ref.*

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.—*Ref.*

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs,
To be forever there.—*Ref.*

No. 72. Call Them in.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—Luke 14: 23.

Miss Anna Shipton. Ira D. Sankey.

Moderato.

1. "Call them in"—the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wand'rers from the fold; Peace and pardon freely offer; Can you weigh their worth with gold? "Call them in"—the weak, the weary, La-den with the doom of sin; Bid them come and rest in Jesus; He is waiting—"Call them in."
2. "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gen-tile, Bid the stran-ger to the feast; "Call them in"—the rich, the no-ble, From the highest to the least; Forth the Father runs to meet them, He hath all their sorrows seen; Robe, and ring, and royal sandals, Wait the lost ones—"Call them in."
3. "Call them in"—the mere pro-fess-ors, Slumbering, sleeping on death's brink; Nought of life are they possessors, Yet of safe-ty vain-ly think; Bring them in—the careless scoffers, Pleasure seekers of the earth; Tell of God's most gracious offers, And of Jesus' priceless worth.
4. "Call them in"—the bro-ken-hearted, Cowering 'neath the brand of shame; Speak Love's mes-sage low and ten-der, 'Twas for sinners Jesus came: See, the shadows lengthen round us, Soon the day-dawn will be gin; Can you leave them lost and lonely? *Christ is coming*—"Call them in."

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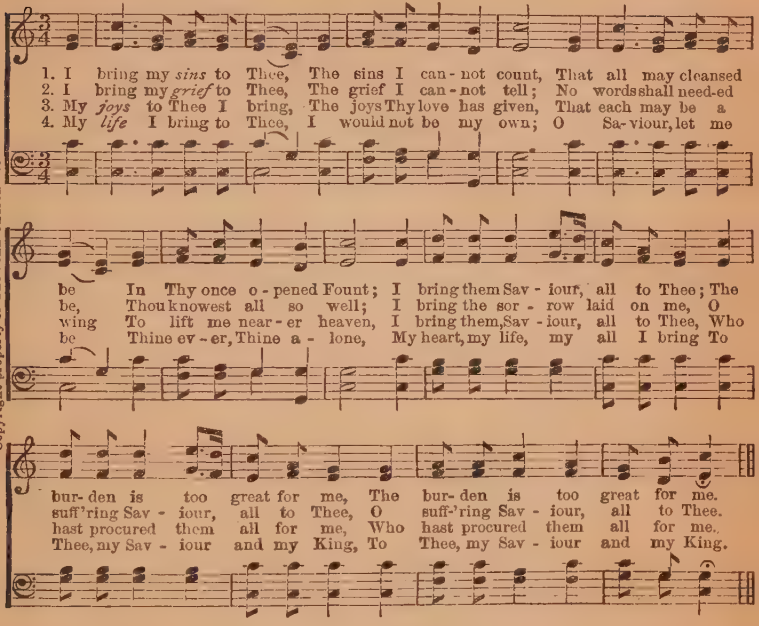
No. 73. I Bring my Sins to Thee.

"In returning and rest ye shall be saved."—Isa. 30 : 15.

Frances Ridley Havergal. P. P. Bliss.



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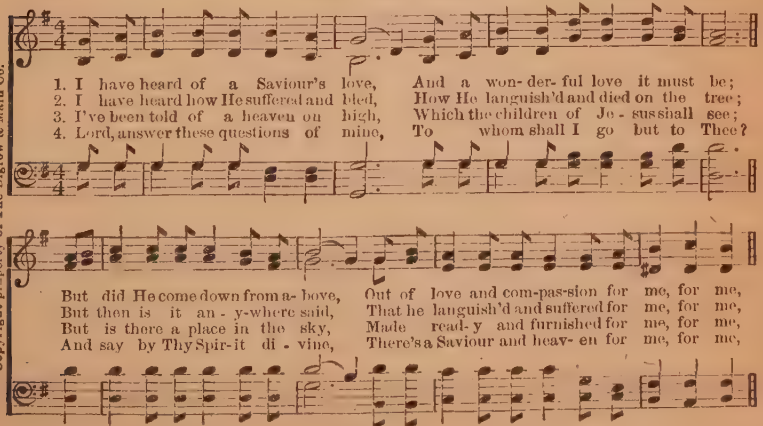
No. 74. Song of Salvation.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11 : 28.

Anon. Philip Phillips.



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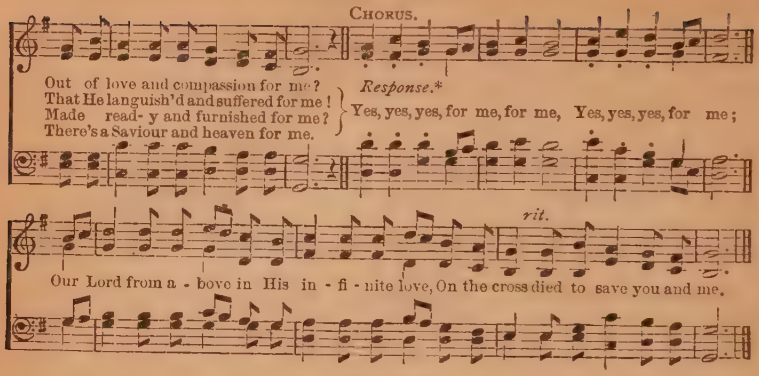
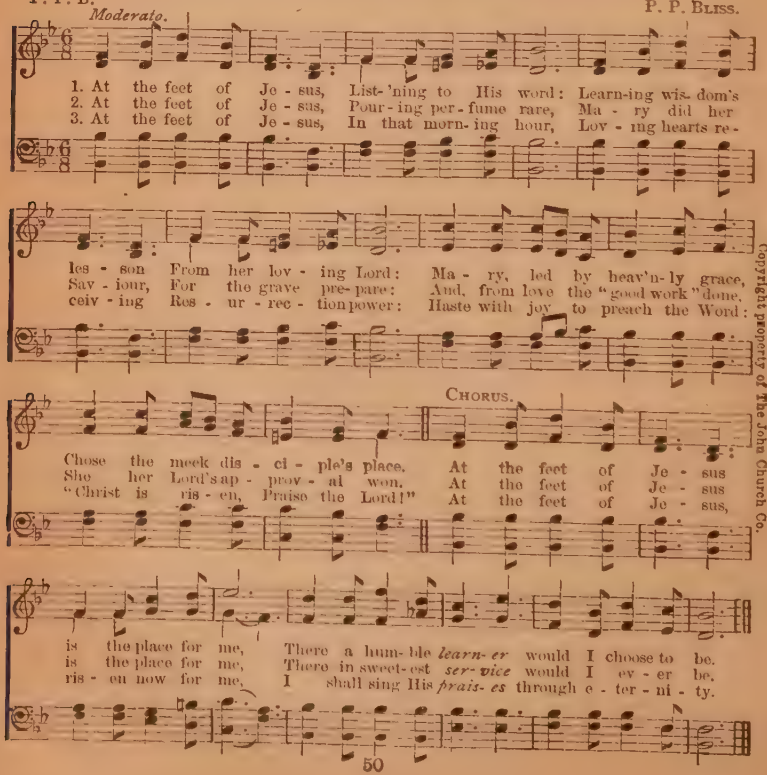


No. 75. At the Feet of Jesus.

"Mary which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word."—Luke 10: 39.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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No. 76. A Little While.

"What is this that he saith a little while."—JOHN 16: 17.

MRS. JANE CREWDSON. IRA D. SANKEY.

Slowly.

1. Oh, for the peace that floweth as a riv - er, Making life's desert places bloom and smile;
2. "A lit- tle while" for patient vig-il-keeping, To face the storm and wrestle with the strong;
3. "A lit- tle while" the earthen pitcher taking, To wayside brooks, from far off fountains fed;
4. "A little while" to keep the oil from failing, "A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim;

rit.

Oh, for the faith to grasp "Heav'n's bright forever," A-mid the shadows of earth's "little while."
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping, Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.
Then the parched lip its thirst forev-er slaking Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing, We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

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No. 77. Just a Word for Jesus.

"Wilt thou not tell."—EZEK. 24: 19.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Now just a word for Je - sus; Your dear-est Friend so true, Come, cheer our hearts and
2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins for-given, And by His grace are
3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can - not be To say, "I love my

REFRAIN.

tell us What He has done for you.
striv- ing To reach a home in heaven.
Sav - iour Who gave His life for me."
} Now just a word for Je - sus—'Twill

help us on our way; One lit - tle word for Je - sus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

4 Now just a word for Jesus;
Let not the time be lost;
The heart's neglected duty
Brings sorrow to its cost.—*Ref.*

5 Now just a word for Jesus;
And if your faith be dim,
Arise in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to Him.—*Ref.*

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No. 78. Who's on the Lord's Side?

"Who is on the Lord's side."—Ex. 32: 26.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. P. P. Bliss.

1. We're march-ing to Ca - naan with ban - ner and song, We're sol - diers en-
2. The sword may be burn-ished, the ar - mor be bright, For Sa - tan ap-
3. Who is there a-mong us yet un - der the rod, Who knows not the
4. Oh, heed not the sor - row, the pain and the wrong, For soon shall our

list - ed to fight 'gainst the wrong; But, lest in the con - flict our
pears as an an - gel of light; Yet dark - ly the bo - som may
par - don - ing mer - cy of God? Oh, bring to Him hum - bly the
sigh - ing be changed in - to song; So, bear - ing the cross of our

strength should di-vide, We ask, who a-mong us is on the Lord's side?
treach - er - y hide, While lips are pro-fess - ing, "I'm on the Lord's side."
heart in its pride; Oh, haste, while He's wait - ing and seek the Lord's side.
cov - e - nant Guide, We'll shout, as we tri - umph, "*I'm on the Lord's side.*"

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Chorus.

Oh, who is there a-mong us, the true and the tried, Who'll stand by his

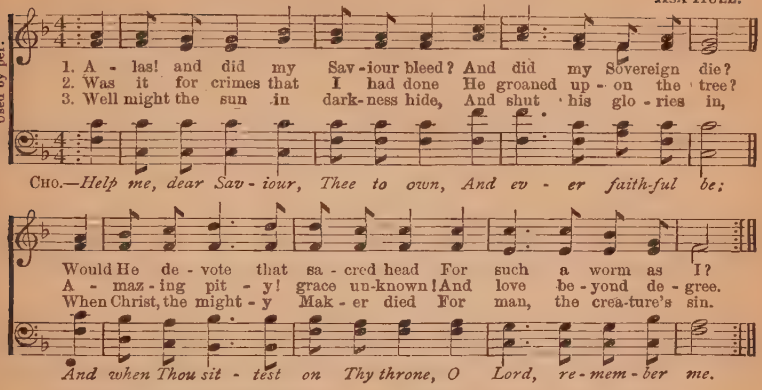
col - ors—who's on the Lord's side? Oh, who is there a-mong us, the

true and the tried, Who'll stand by his col - ors—who's on the Lord's side?

No. 79. Remember Me.

"O Lord, thou knowest; remember."—JER. 15: 15.

ISAAC WATTS. ASA HULL.

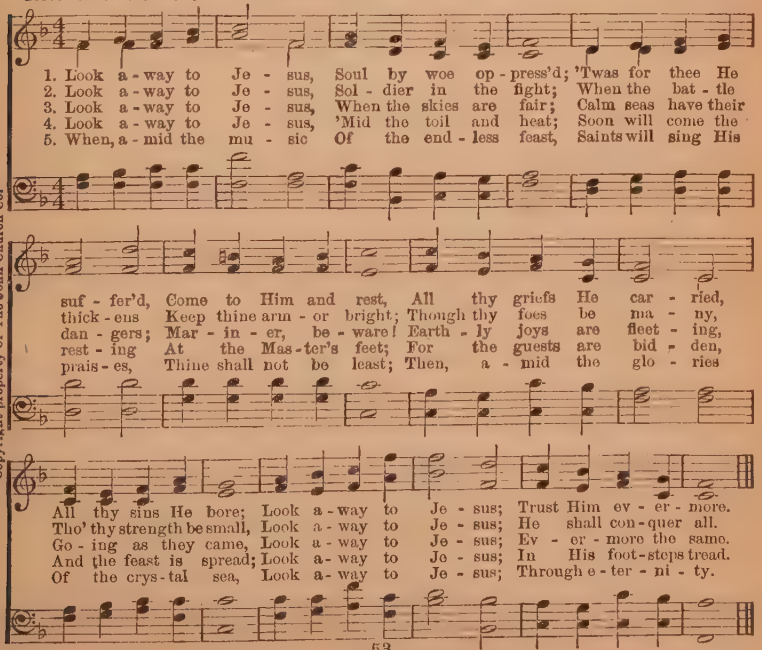


4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
Whilst His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Cho.*

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.—*Cho.*

No. 80. Look Away to Jesus.

Rev. HENRY BURTON. "Looking unto Jesus."—HEB. 12: 2. P. P. BLISS.



No. 81. Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh.

"At midnight there was a cry made, behold the Bridegroom cometh."—MATT. 25: 6.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Our lamps are trimm'd and burn-ing, Our robes are white and clean, We've
2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him, The way is o - pen now, All
3. We see the mar - riage splen-dor With - in the o - pen door; We

tar - ried for the Bridegroom, Oh, may we en - ter in? We know we've nothing
light-ed with the glo - ry That's streaming from His brow. Ac - cept the in - vi-
know that those who en - ter Are blest for - ev - er - more. We see He is more

wor-thy That we can call our own— The light, the oil, the robes we wear,
ta - tion Be - yond de - serv - ing kind; Make no de - lay, but take your lamps,
love-ly Than all the sons of men, But still we know the door once shut,

CHORUS.

Are all from Him a - lone.
And joy e - ter - nal find.
Will nev - er ope a - gain.
} Be-hold the Bridegroom cometh! And all may

en - ter in, Whose lamps are trimm'd and burning, Whose robes are white and clean.

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No. 82. Whiter than Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with-

ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast
make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
see Thy blood flow— Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
nev - er said'st No— Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

Used by per.

CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;

Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

No. 83. Blessed River.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. 22: 1.

Horatius Bonar, D.D. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry Bright in its crys - tal gleam, Bursts out the liv - ing
2. Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace, No harps by thee hang
3. Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Not now a - far, but near; My soul to thy still

fount - ain, Swells on the liv - ing stream; Bless - ed Riv - er, Let me ev - er
si - lent, Nor hap - py voic - es cease; Tran - quil Riv - er, Let me ev - er
wa - ters Hastes in its thirstings here; Ho - ly Riv - er, Let me ev - er

Feast my eyes on thee, Bless - ed Riv - er, Let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee.
Sit and sing by thee, Tran - quil Riv - er, Let me ev - er Sit and sing by thee.
Drink of on - ly thee, Ho - ly Riv - er, Let me ev - er Drink of on - ly thee.

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No. 84. My High Tower.

"The Lord is my Rock.....and my high Tower."—Ps. 18: 2.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

Firmly.

1. In Zi-on's Rock a - bid - ing, My soul her tri-umph sings; In His pa - vil - ion
2. Wild waves are round me swelling, Dark clouds a-bove I see; Yet, in my Fortress
3. My Tower of strength can nev - er In time of troub - le fail; No power of hell, for -

Chorus.

hid - ing, I praise the King of kings.
dwell - ing, More safe I can - not be.
ev - er, A - gainst it shall pre - vail.

My High Tower is He! To

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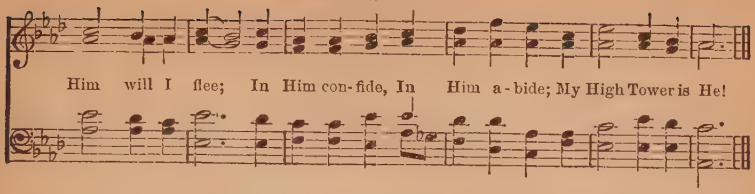
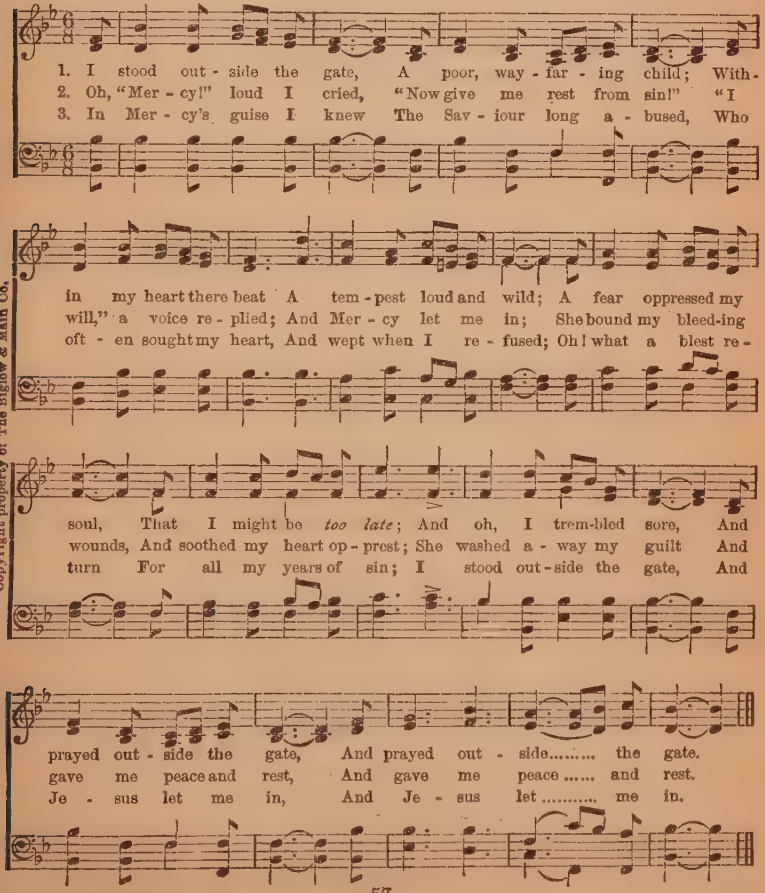


No. 85. I Stood Outside the Gate.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate."—MATT. 7: 13.

Miss JOSEPHINE POLLARD. HUBERT P. MAIN.



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No. 86. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12: 10.

Mrs. Albert Smith. S. J. Vail.

1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams, Ly-ing all a-round our path; Let us
2. Strange we nev-er prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that
3. If we knew the ba-by fin-gers, Pressed a-gainst the win-dow pane, Would be
4. Ah! those lit-tle ice-cold fin-gers, How they point our mem'ries back To the

keep the wheat and ros-es, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff, Let us find our sweet-est
we should slight the vio-lets Till the love-ly flowers are gone! Strange that summer skies and
cold and stiff to-mor-row-Nev-er troub-le us a-gain-Would the bright eyes of our
hast-y words and ac-tions Strewn a-long our backward track! How those lit-tle hands re-

com-fort In the bless-ings of to-day, With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the
sun-shine Nev-er seem one half so fair, As when win-ter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the
dar-ling Catch the frown up-on our brow?-Would the prints of ro-sy fin-gers Vex us
mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie, Not to scat-ter thorns-but ros-es- For our

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Chorus.

bri-ers from the way.
white down in the air.
then as they do now?
reap-ing by and by.

} Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of

ad lib.

kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by and by.

No. 87. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Take unto you the whole armor of God."—Eph. 6: 13.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould. Jos. Haydn, arr.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane But the Church of Je - sus
4. On - ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join the hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter Leads a-gainst the foe,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we;
Con - stant will re - main: Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail;
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King.

Chorus.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own prom-ise—And that can - not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
} On-ward, Christian sol - diers!

March-ing as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 88. Hold Fast till I Come.

"That which ye have already, hold fast till I come."—Rev. 2: 25.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. P. P. Bliss.

1. Oh, spirit, o'erwhelmed by thy failures and fears, Look up to thy Lord, tho' with trembling and tears:
2. Hold fast when the world would allure thee to sin; Hold fast when the tempter assails from within;
3. Thy Sav-iour is com-ing in ten-der-est love, To make up His jew-els and bear them a-bove:

Weak Faith, to thy call seem the heav'ns only dumb? To thee is the message, "Hold fast till I come."
In sunshine or sadness, in gain or in loss, To falter were madness; Oh, cling to the cross.
Oh, child, in thine anguish, despairing or dumb, Remember the message, "Hold fast till I come."

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Hold Fast till I Come.

CHORUS.

Hold fast till I come, Hold fast till I come; A bright crown awaits thee; Hold fast till I come.

No. 89. Seeking to Save.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19 : 10.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Tenderly the Shepherd, O'er the mountains cold, Goes to bring His lost one Back to the fold.
2. Patient-ly the own-er Seeks with earnest care, In the dust and darkness Her treasure rare.
3. Lovingly the Father Sends the news around: "He once dead now liveth—Once lost is found."

CHORUS.

Seek-ing to save, Seek-ing to save, Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek-ing to save.

Seek-ing to save, Seek-ing to save, Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek-ing to save.

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No. 90. Hallelujah, He is Risen!

"He is not here; for he is risen, as he said."—MATT. 23 : 6.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Je - sus is gone up on high!
2. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Our ex - alt - ed Head to be;
3. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Death for aye hath lost his sting,

Burst the bars of death a - sun - der, An - gels shout and men re - ply:
Sends the wit - ness of the Spir - it That our ad - vo - cate is He:
Christ, Him - self the Res - ur - rec - tion, From the grave His own will bring:

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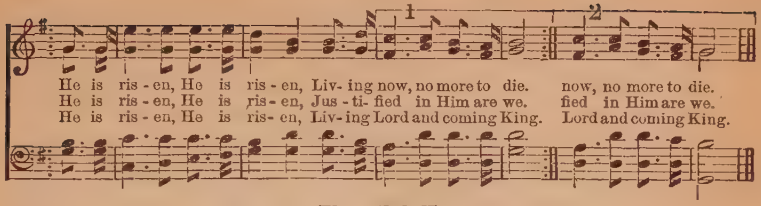
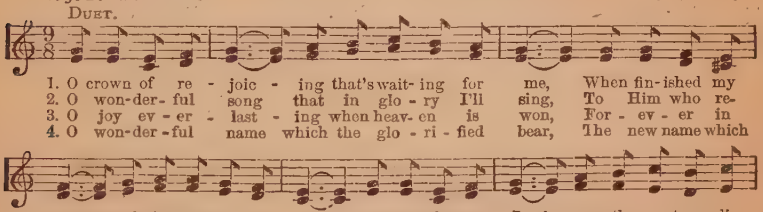


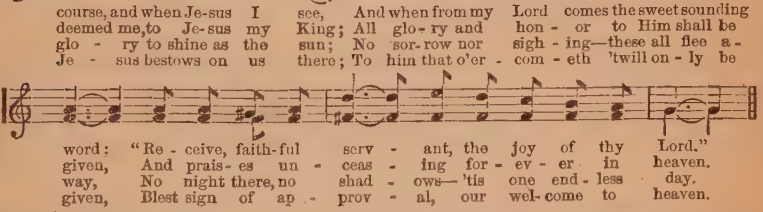
No. 91. O Crown of Rejoicing.

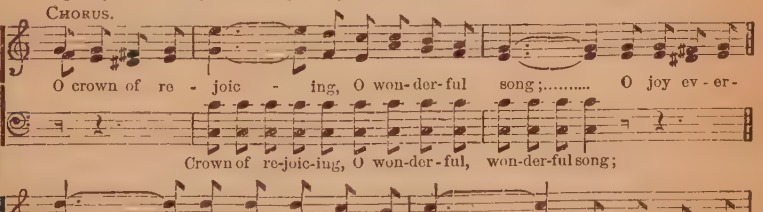
"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."—2 Tim. 4: 8.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. P. P. Bliss.

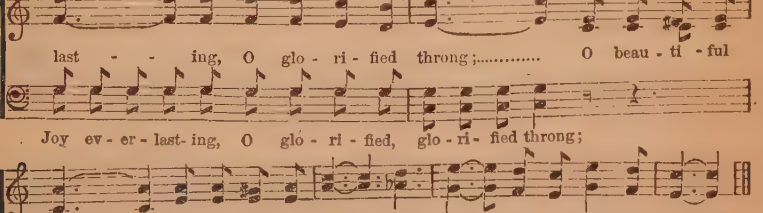
Duet.

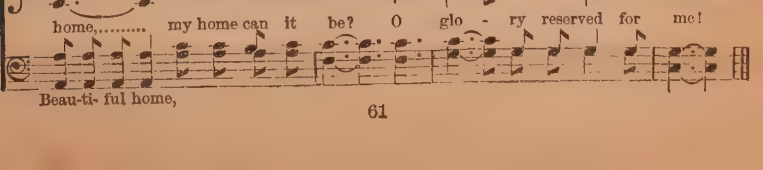






Chorus.





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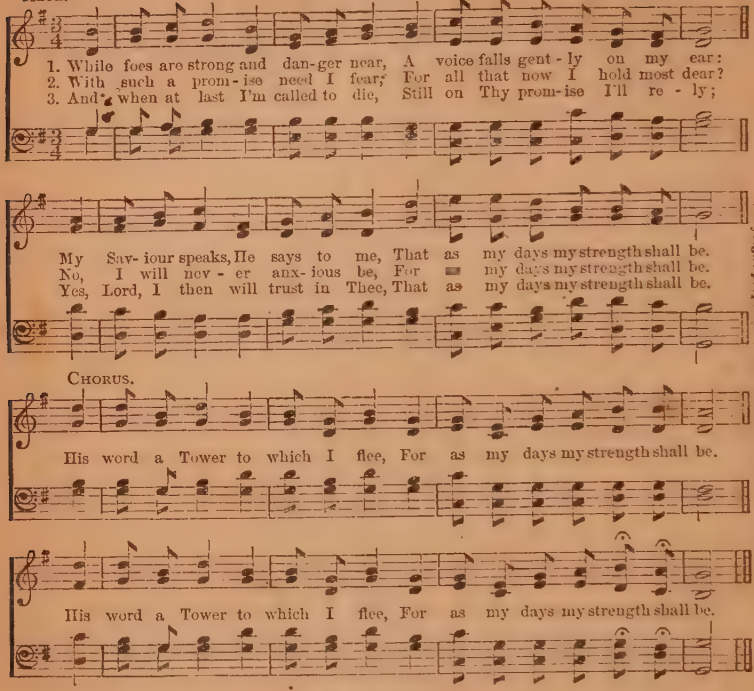
No. 92. His Word a Tower.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be?"—Deut. 33: 25.

Anon. P. P. Bliss.



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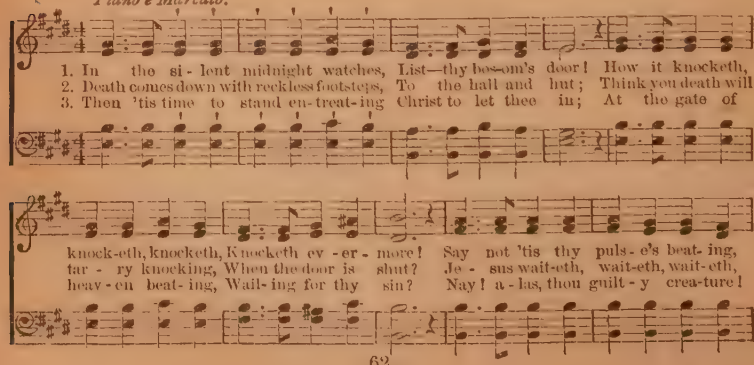
No. 93. In the Silent Midnight Watches.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

Rev. A. C. Coxe, D.D. Geo. F. Root.

Piano e Marcato.



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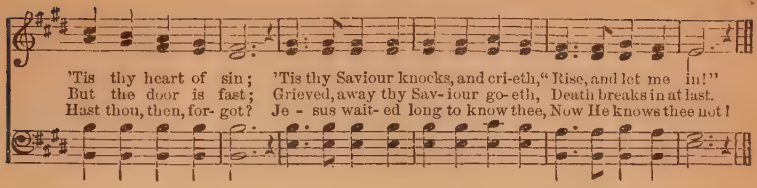
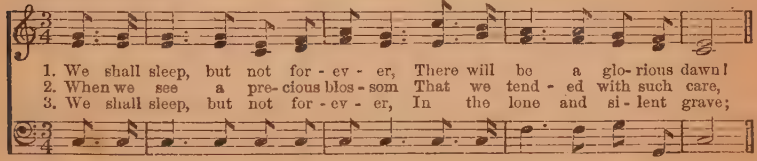
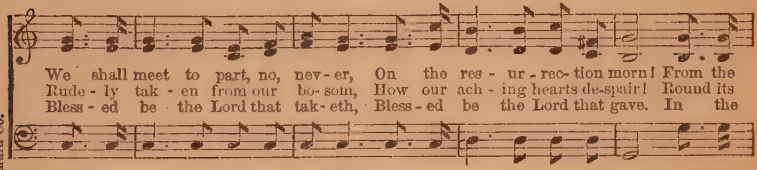


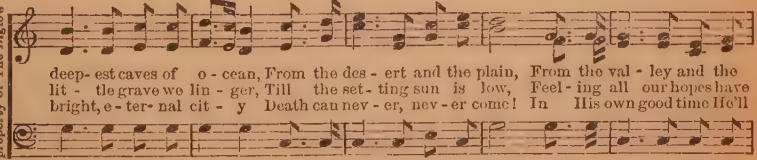
No. 94. We shall Sleep, but not Forever.

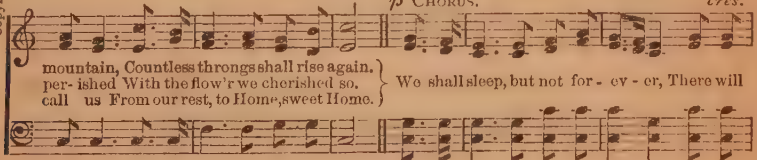
"Sown in corruption.....raised in incorruption."—1 Cor. 15: 42.

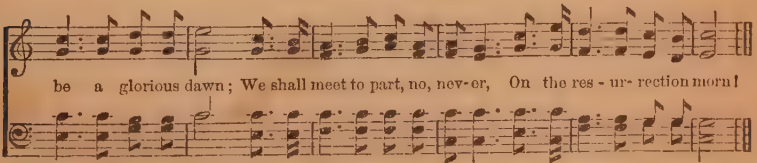
Mrs. M. A. Kidder. S. J. Vail.











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No. 95. Watchman, Tell Me.

"Watchman, what of the night."—Isa. 21: 11.

Rev. Sidney S. Brewer. Arr. by Wm. B. Bradbury.

Fine.

1. { Watchman, tell me, does the morn-ing Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn;
Have the signs that mark His com-ing, Yet up - on my pathway shone? }

2. { See the glo - rious light as - cend-ing Of the grand Sa - bat - ic year,
Hark! the voi - ces loud pro - claim-ing The Mes - si - ah's king-dom near; }

D.C.—Spurn the un - be - lief that bound thee, Morning dawns, a - rise, a - rise!
D.C.—Sa - lem, too, ap-pears in grandeur, Tow'ring 'neath her sun - lit skies!

D.C.

Pil - grim, yes, a - rise, look round thee, Light is break - ing in the skies;
Watchman, yes; I see just yon - der, Ca - naan's glo - rious heights a - rise;

3 Pilgrim in that golden city,
Seated in the jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There, on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day,
When the last loud trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from earth to sea,
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

No. 96. Give me the Wings of Faith.

"Here we have no continuing city."—Heb. 13: 14.

Rev. I. Watts. Arr. by Walter Kittredge.

Solo.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, With - in the vail, and see
2. Once they were mourn - ers here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears;
3. I asked them whence their vic - t'ry came: They, with u - ni - ted breath,

The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.
They wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
A - scribe their con - quest to the Lamb, Their tri - umph to His death.

Chorus.

Ma - ny are the friends who are wait-ing to-day, Hap-py on the gold - en strand,

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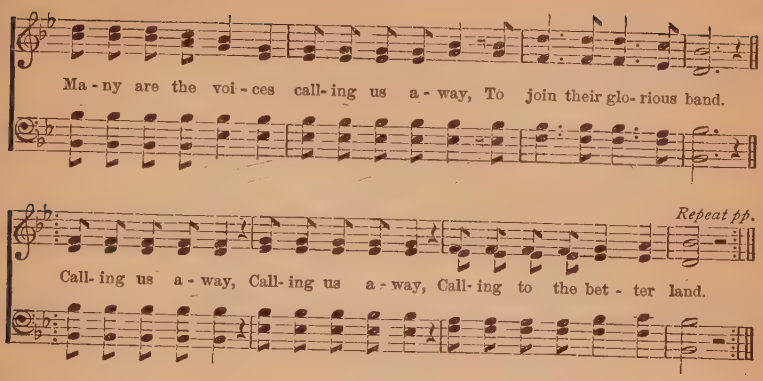
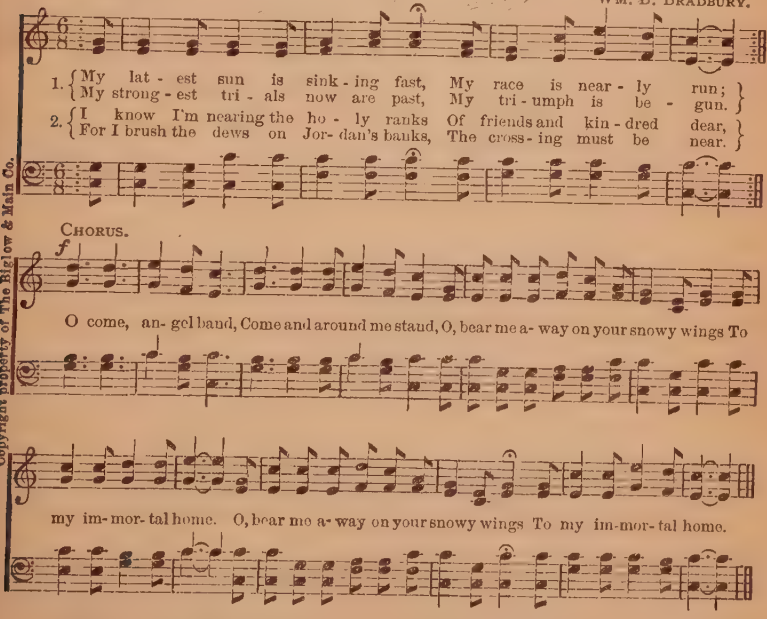


No. 97. The Land of Beulah.

"Thou shalt be called Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee."—Isa. 62 : 4.

Rev. Jefferson Hascall. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
Thy holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

No. 98. Room for Thee.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE 2: 7.

EMILY S. ELLIOTT. IRA D. SANKEY.

Slow.

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy king-ly crown, When Thou camest to earth for me; But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room, For Thy ho-ly na-tiv-i-ty.
2. Heav'n's arch-es rang when the an-gels sang, Of Thy birth, and Thy roy-al de-gree; But in low-ly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in greatest hu-mil-i-ty.
3. Fox-es found their rest, and the birds had their nests, In the shade of the ce-dar tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God, In the des-erts of Gal-i-lee.
4. Thou cam-est, O Lord, with Thy liv-ing word, That should set Thy peo-ple free; But with mocking and scorn and with crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Calva-ry.
5. Heaven's arch-es shall ring, and its choirs shall sing, At Thy com-ing to vic-to-ry; Thou wilt call me home, saying, "yet there is room," There is room at My side for thee.

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REFRAIN.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je-sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je-sus, come! There is room in my heart for Thee.

No. 99. Home at Last.

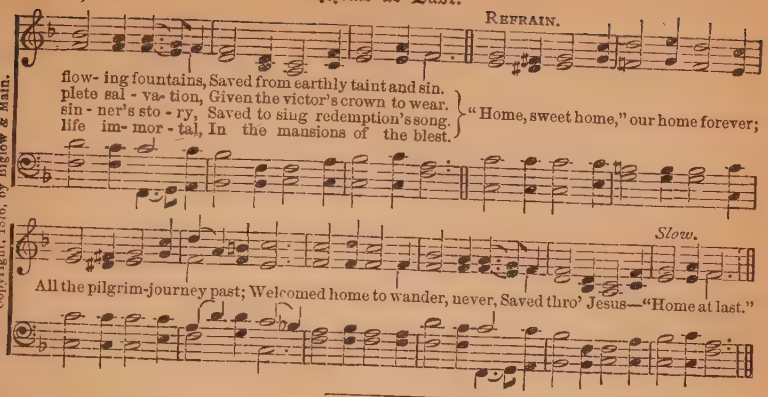
"In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14: 2.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."—REV. 21: 4.

Mrs. MARIA P. A. CROZIER. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "Home at last" on heavenly mountains, Heard the "Come and enter in;" Saved by life's fair
2. Free at last from all tempta-tion, No more need of watchful care; Joy-ful in com-
3. Saved to greet on hills of glo-ry Loved ones we have missed so long; Saved to tell the
4. Wel-comed at the pearl-y por-tal, Ev-er more a welcome guest; Welcomed to the

Home at Last.



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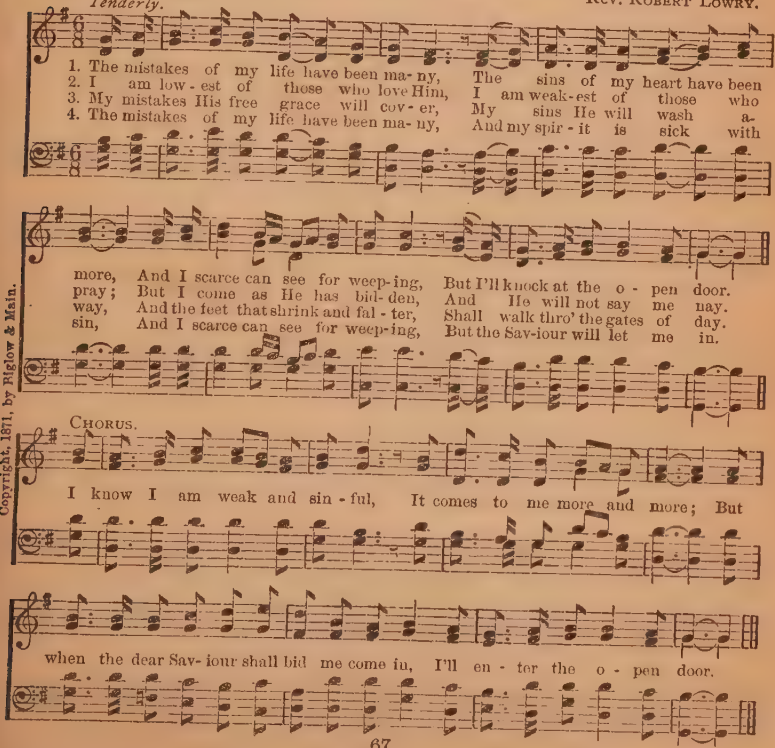
No. 100. The Mistakes of my Life.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—REV. 3: 8.

Mrs. URANIA LOCKE BAILEY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



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No. 101. Come; for the Feast is Spread.

"Come; for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14: 17.

Rev. HENRY BURTON. P. P. BLISS.

1. Come, for the feast is spread; Hark to the call! Come to the
2. Come where the fount-ain flows—Riv - er of life— Heal - ing for
3. Come to the throne of grace, Bold - ly draw near; He who would
4. Come to the Bet - ter Land, Pil - grim, make haste! Earth is a
5. Je - sus, we come to Thee, Oh, take us in! Set Thou our

Liv - ing Bread, Bro - ken for all; Come to His house of wine,
all thy woes, Doubt - ing and strife; Mill - ions have been sup - plied,
win the race Must tar - ry here; What - e'er thy want may be,
for - eign strand—Wil - der - ness waste! Here are the harps of gold,
spir - its free; Cleanse us from sin! Then, in yon land of light,

Low on His breast re - cline, All that He hath is thine; Come, sin - ner, come.
No one was e'er de - nied; Come to the crim-son tide, Come, sin - ner, come.
Here is the grace for thee, Je - sus thy on - ly plea, Come, Christian, come.
Here are the joys un - told—Crowns for the young and old; Come, pil - grim, come.
Clothed in our robes of white Rest - ing not day nor night, Thee will we sing.

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No. 102. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

"Now they desire a better country that is, an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

Miss PHOEBE CAREY. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near - er home to-
2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where ma-ny mansions be; Near-er the great white
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down; Near-er to leave the
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink; For I am near - er

CHORUS.

day, to-day, Than I have been be - fore.
throne to-day, Near-er the crys - tal sea.
cross to-day, And near-er to the crown.
home to-day, Per - haps, than now I think.

Near-er my home, Near-er my home,

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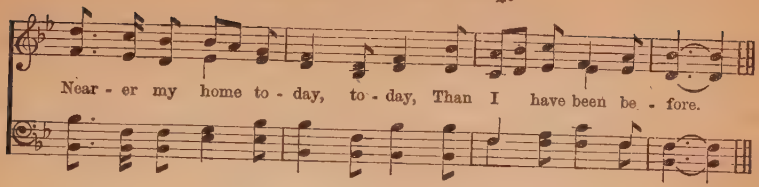
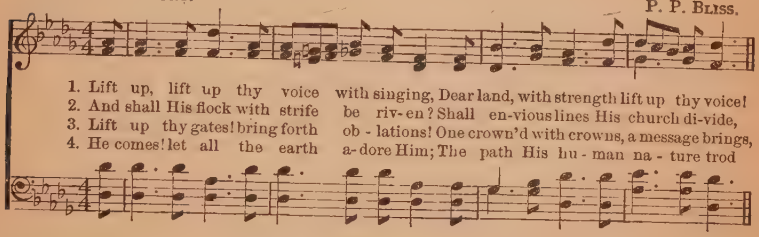
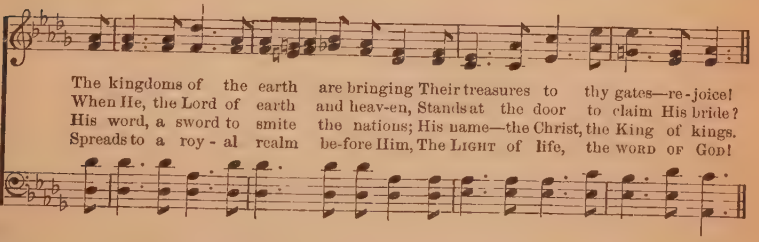


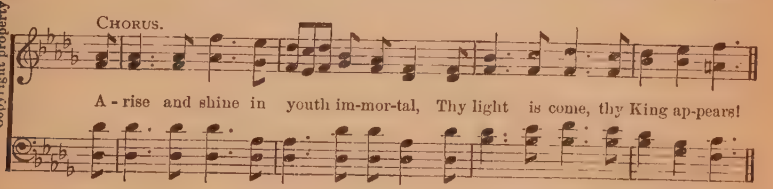
No. 103. Arise and Shine.

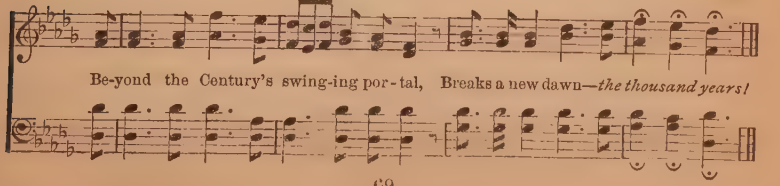
"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."—Isa. 60: 1.

Mary A. Lathbury. P. P. Bliss.









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No. 104. The Valley of Blessing.

"The valley of Berachah."—2 Chr. 20: 26.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. G. Fischer.

1 I have entered the val-ley of blessing so sweet, And Je-sus a-bides with me there;
2. There is peace in the val-ley of blessing so sweet, And plen-ty the land doth im-part,
3. These is love in the val-ley of blessing so sweet, Such as none but the blood-wash'd may feel,
4. There's a song in the val-ley of blessing so sweet, That an-gels would fain join the strain,

And His spirit and blood make my cleansing complete, And His perfect love cast-eth out fear.
And there's rest for the weary-worn trav-el-er's feet, And joy for the sor-row-ing heart.
When heaven comes down redeemed spir-its to greet, And Christ sets His cov-e-nant seal.
As with rap-tur-ous prais-es we bow at His feet, Crying, Worthy the Lamb that was slain.

Used by per.

Chorus.

Oh, come to this val-ley of blessing so sweet, Where Je-sus will fullness be-stow—
And be-lieve, and re-ceive, and con-fess Him, That all His sal-va-tion may know.

No. 105. I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. B. D. Shindler. Italian Air.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a
2. Of that cit-y, to which I jour-ney; My Re-deemer, my Redeemer is the
3. There the sun-beams are ev-er shin-ing, Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is

night! Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the streamlets are ev-er flowing.
light; There is no sor-row, nor an-y sigh-ing, Nor an-y tears there, nor an-y dy-ing:
there; Here in this country, so dark and drear-y, I long have wandered forlorn and wea-ry:

CHORUS.

I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night!

No. 106. Oh, what are You Going to Do?

"How long halt ye between two opinions."—1 KINGS 18: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Oh, what are you go-ing to do, brother? Say, what are you go-ing to do?
2. Oh, what are you go-ing to do, brother? The morn-ing of youth is past;
3. Oh, what are you go-ing to do, brother? Your sun at its noon is high;
4. Oh, what are you go-ing to do, brother? The twi-light ap - proach-es now;—

You have thought of some use - ful la - bor, But what is the end in view?
The vig - or and strength of man - hood, My broth-er, are yours at last:
It shines in me - rid - ian splen -dor, And rides through a cloud-less sky:
Al - read - y your locks are sil - vered, And win - ter is on your brow:

You are fresh from the home of your boy - hood, And just in the bloom of youth!
You are ris - ing in world - ly pros-pects, And prospered in world-ly things;—
You are hold-ing a high po - si - tion, Of hon - or, and trust, and fame;—
Your tal-ents, your time and your rich- es, To Je - sus, your Mas - ter, give;

Have you tast - ed the spark-ling wa - ter That flows from the fount of truth?
A..... du - ty to those less fa - vored, The smile of your for - tune brings.
Are you will - ing to give the glo - ry And praise to your Sav - iour's Name?
Then ask if the world a - round you Is bet - ter be - cause you live.

CHORUS.

1. Is your heart in the Sav-iour's keep-ing? Re - mem-ber, He died for you!
2. Go prove that your heart is grate-ful— The Lord has a work for you!
3. The re - gions that sit in dark-ness Are stretching their hands to you!
4. You are near-ing the brink of Jor-dan, But still there is work for you!

Then what are you go-ing to do, brother? Say, what are you go-ing to do?

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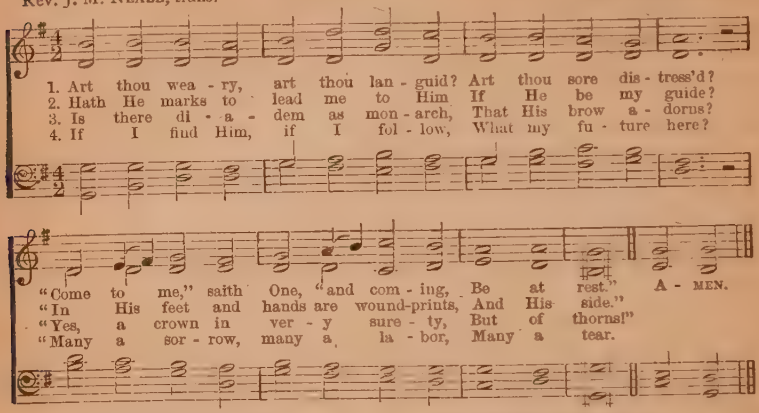
No. 107. Art Thou Weary?

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Rev. J. M. NEALE, trans. Rev. HENRY W. BAKER.



5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

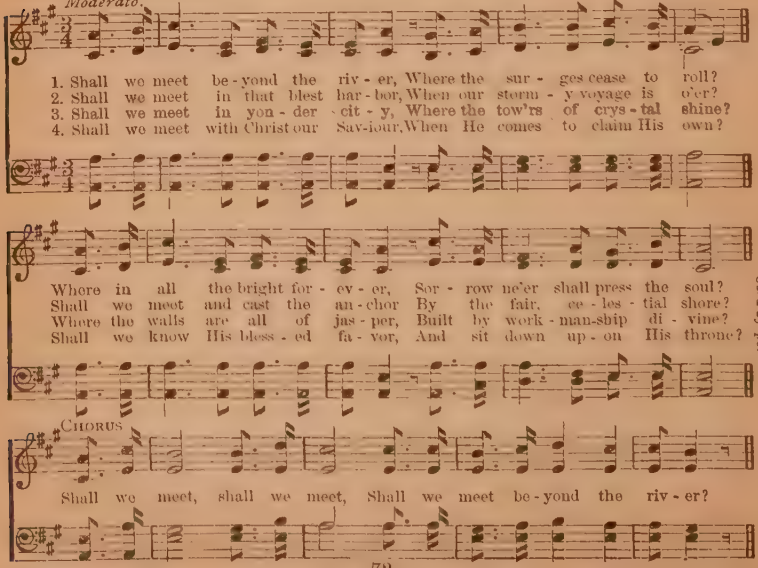
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

No. 108. Shall we Meet?

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISA. 30: 10.

HORACE L. HASTINGS. ELIHU S. RICE.

Moderato.



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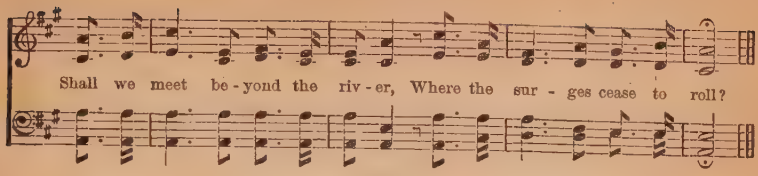
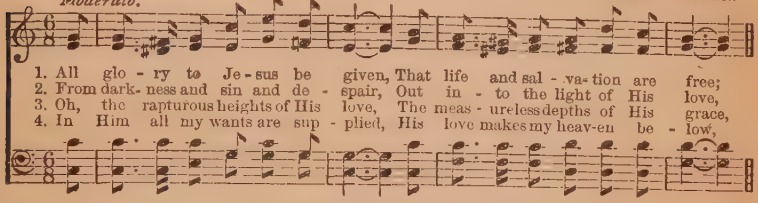
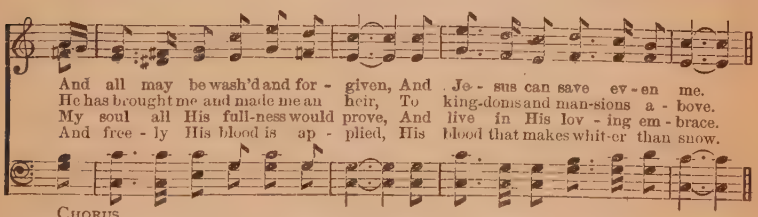


No. 109. Jesus is Mighty To Save.

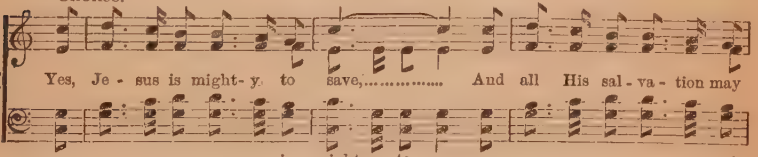
"Mighty to save."—Isa. 63: 1.

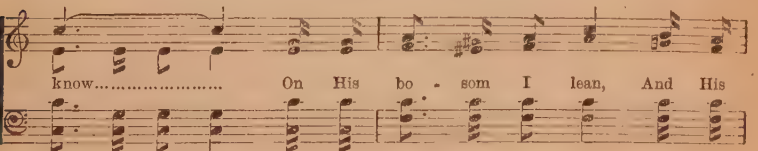
Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. *Moderato.* Wm. G. Fischer.

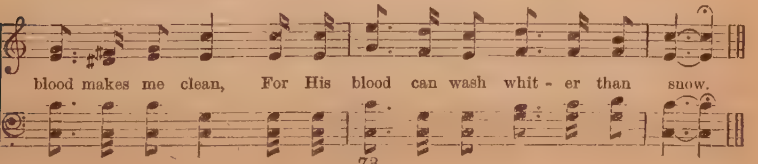




Chorus.







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No. 110. Sweet By-and-By.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 35: 10.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.

3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless - ings that hal - low our days.

Chorus.

In the sweet by and by, by - and - by, by - and - by, by - and - by, by - and - by, by - and - by, by, by - and - by, by, by - and - by,

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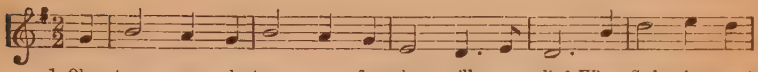
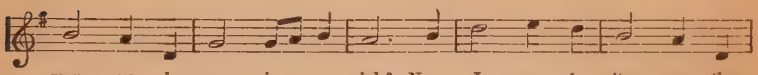
No. 111. Expostulation.

"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die?"—Eze. 33: 11.

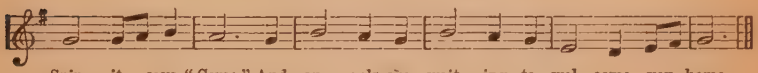
J. H. Rev. Josiah Hopkins.



1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will yo die? When God in great
2. How vain the de - lu - sion, that while you de - lay, Your hearts may grow
3. The con - trite in heart He will free - ly re - ceive, Oh! why will you



mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, the
bet - ter your chains melt a - way; Come guilt - y, come wretch - ed, come
not the glad mes - sage be - lieve? If sin be your bur - den, why



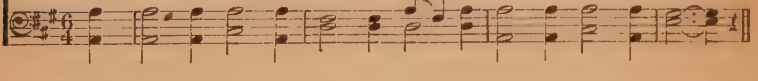
Spir - it says, "Come," And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.
just as you are All help - less and dy - ing, to Je - sus re - pair.
will you not come? 'Tis you He makes wel - come; He bids you come home.

No. 112. Cross and Crown.

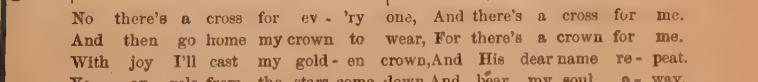
"And he bearing his cross, went forth."—John 19: 17.

Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free?
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
4. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!



No there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.



No. 113. There's a Light in the Valley.

"Though I walk through the valley * * * I will fear no evil."—PSA. 23 : 4.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

With expression.

1. Thro' the val-ley of the shadow I must go, Where the cold waves of Jor - dan roll;
2. Now the roll-ing of the billows I can hear, As they beat on the turf-bound shore;

But the promise of my Shepherd will I know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul.
But the beacon light of love so bright and clear, Guides my bark, frail and lone safely o'er.

Slower.

E- ven now down the val - ley as I glide, I can hear my Saviour say, "Follow me!"
I shall find down the val - ley no a - larms, For my Saviour's blessed smile I can see;

a tempo.

And with Him I'm not afraid to cross the tide, There's a light in the val - ley for me.
He will bear me in His lov-ing, mighty arms, There's a light in the val - ley for me.

CHORUS. *p* *f* *p*

There's a light in the valley, There's a light in the valley, There's a light in the valley for me,.....

for me,

Repeat pp.

And no evil will I fear, While my Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the valley for me, for me.

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No. 114. The Palace of the King.

"With gladness—they shall enter into the King's palace"—Ps. 48: 15.

Arr by FANNY J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL.

1. 'Tis a good-ly pleasant land that we pilgrims journey thro', And our Father's constant
2. Our Redeem-er is the King; what a sac-ri-fice He made, When He purchased our re-

bless-ings fall a-round us like the dew; But its sunshine and its beau-ty to our
demption, and His blood the ran-som paid; In His cross shall be our glo-ry, to that

hearts no joy can bring, Like the splendors that a-wait us in the pal-ace of the King.
bless-ed cross we'll cling, Till we reach the gates that o-pen to the pal-ace of the King.

REFRAIN.

In this goodly pleasant land on-ly strangers now are we, For we seek a bet-ter
We shall see Him bye and bye, hal-le-lu-jah to His name! Thro' the blood of His a-

D.C.—O the pal-ace of the King, roy-al palace of the King; Where our Father in His

coun-try, and 'tis there we long to be; Yes, we long to swell the an-them that for-
tonement, life e-ter-nal we may claim; We shall cast our crowns be-fore Him and our

mer-cy all the ransomed ones will bring; Where our sorrows and our tri-als like a

rit. D.C. for Refrain.

ev-er-more shall ring, From the pure in heart made perfect in the pal-ace of the King.
songs of vic-t'ry sing, When we en-ter in triumph-ant to the pal-ace of the King.

dream will pass away, And our souls shall dwell forever in the realms of endless day.

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No. 115. Out of the Ark.

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—GEN. 7: 1.

KATE HARRINGTON. P. P. BLISS.

1. They dream'd not of danger, those sinners of old, Whom No-ah was cho-sen to warn;
2. He could not arouse them, unheeding they stood, Un- mov'd by his warning and prayer;
3. O sin-ners, the her-alds of mer- cy implore, They cry like the pa-triarch, "Come;"

rit.

By frequent transgressions their hearts had grown cold, They laugh'd his entreaties to scorn:
The prophet passed in from the on- com- ing flood, And left them to hope-less de - spair:
The Ark of sal- va- tion is moored to your shore, Oh, en- ter while yet there is room!

Yet dai-ly he called them, "Oh, come, sinners, come, Be-lieve and pre-pare to em - bark!
The flood-gates were opened, the del-uge came on, The heavens as midnight grew dark,
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark o - ver head, And when by its fu- ry you're tossed,

rit.

Re- ceive ye the message, and know there is room For all who will come to the Ark!"
Too late, then they turned, ev'ry foothold was gone, They perished in sight of the Ark.
A - las, of your per- ish-ing souls 'twill be said," They heard—they refused—*and were lost!*

p CHORUS.

Then come, come, oh, come; There's ref- uge a - lone in the Ark, Re-

p

rit.

ceive ye the mes-sage, and know there is room For all who will come to the Ark.

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No. 116. Waiting and Watching for Me.

"I shall go to him * * * he shall not return to me."—2 Sam. 12: 23.

Marianne Hearn. P. P. Bliss.

Slowly.

1. When my fi - nal farewell to the world I have said, And glad-ly lie down to my rest;
2. There are lit - tle ones glancing a - bout in my path, In want of a friend and a guide;
3. There are old and for- sak- en who lin-ger a- while In homes which their dearest have left;
4. Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace Of Him who delights to for - give,

When soft-ly the watchers shall say, "He is dead," And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
There are dear lit- tle eyes look-ing up in- to mine, Whose tears might be easi - ly dried.
And a few gen-tle words or an ac- tion of love May cheer their sad spir-its be - reft.
Though I bless not the wea - ry a- bout in my path, Pray on- ly for self while I live,—

And when, with my glorified vis-ion at last The walls of "That Cit-y" I see,
But Je-sus may beckon the children a- way In the midst of their grief and their glee—
But the Reaper is near to the long standing corn, The wea-ry will soon be set free—
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neg-lect, If sor-row in heav-en can be,

Will an - y one then at the beau- ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
Will an - y of them, at the beau- ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
Will an - y of them, at the beau- ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
Should no one I love, at the beau- ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me!

Will an - y one then, at the beau-ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
Will an - y of them, at the beau- ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
Will an - y of them, at the beau- ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
Should no one I love, at the beau- ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me!

Repeat pp.

Chorus.

Be wait-ing and watching, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
Be waiting and watching,

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No. 117. What shall I do to be Saved?

"What must I do to be saved?"—Acts 16: 30.

J. W. Holman. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sor- rows that bur- den my soul?
2. O! what shall I do to be saved When the pleasures of youth are all fled?
3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sick-ness my strength shall sub-due?
4. O! Lord look in mer- cy on me, Come, O come and speak peace to my soul:

Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at war, Chill- ing floods of dis-
And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re- moved And I weep o'er the
Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll a - way, And e - ter - ni - ty
Un - to whom shall I flee, Dear- est Lord, but to Thee, Thou canst make my poor,

tress o'er me roll. What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
graves of the dead? What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
o - pens to view? What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
broken heart whole. That will I do! that will I do! To Je- sus I'll go and be saved!

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No. 118. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

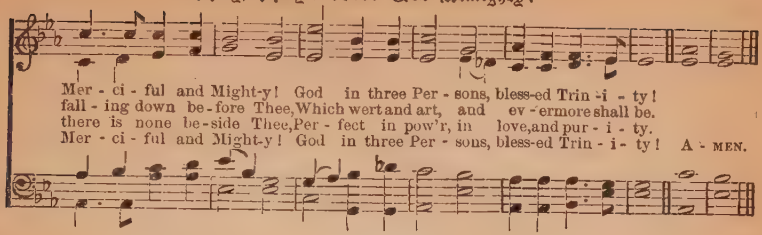
"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4: 8.

Reginald Heber, D.D. Rev. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al- might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast- ing down their
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Though the eye of
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al- might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
gold- en crowns a- round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

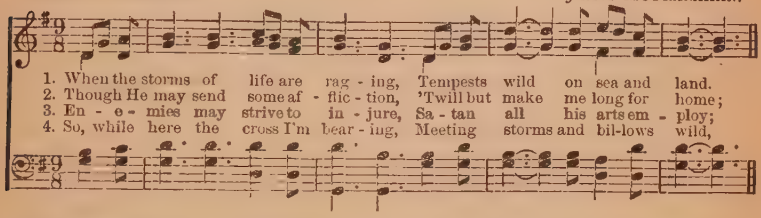
Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

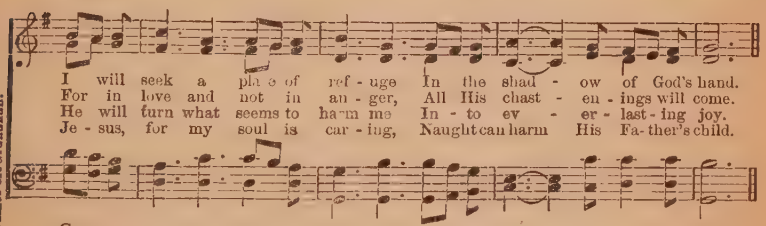


No. 119. He will Hide Me.

"In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me."—ISA. 49: 2.

Miss M. E. SERVOSS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.





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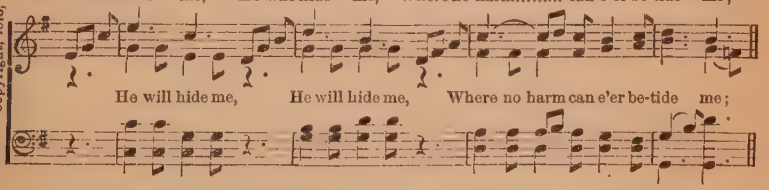
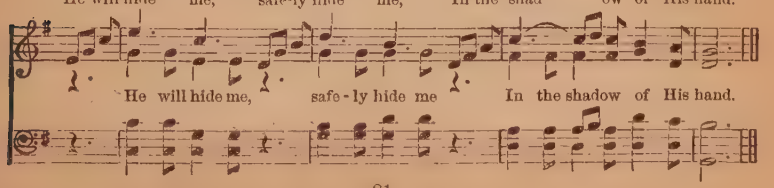
CHORUS.

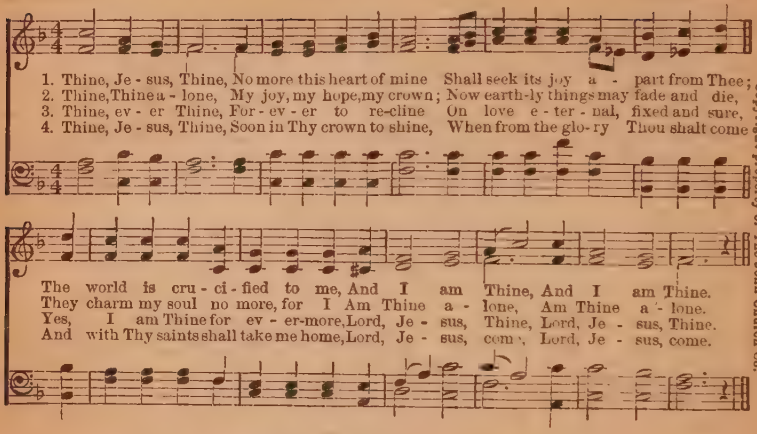




No. 120. Thine, Jesus, Thine.

"I am thine."—Ps. 119: 94.

ENGLISH. P. P. BLISS.



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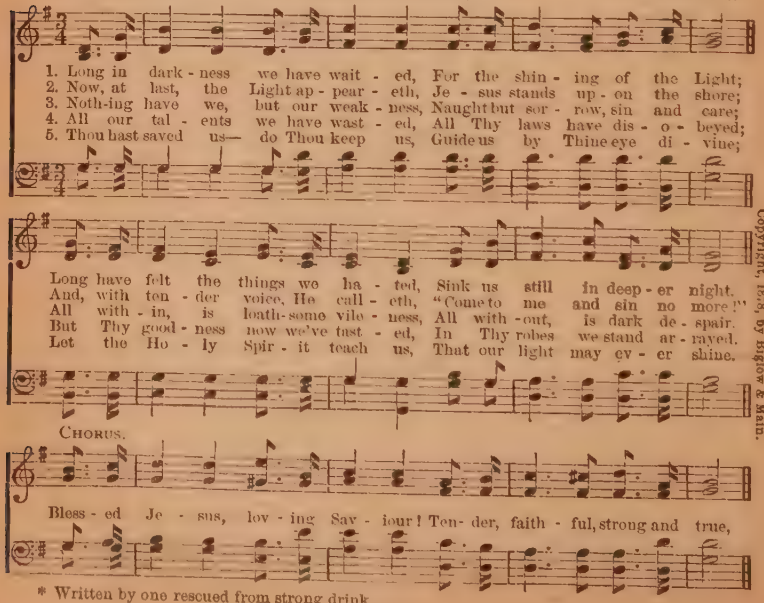
No. 121. Out of Darkness into Light.

"I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."—JOHN 8: 12.

W. O. LATTIMORE.* (TEMPERANCE HYMN.) IRA D. SANKEY.



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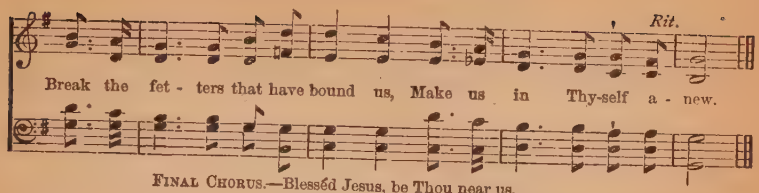
* Written by one rescued from strong drink.

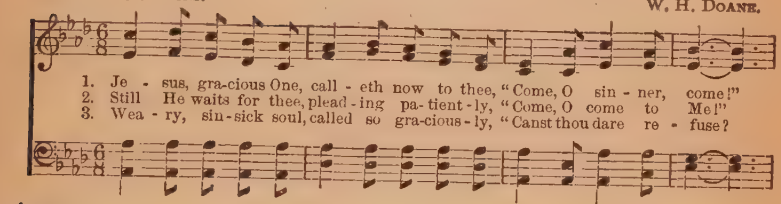


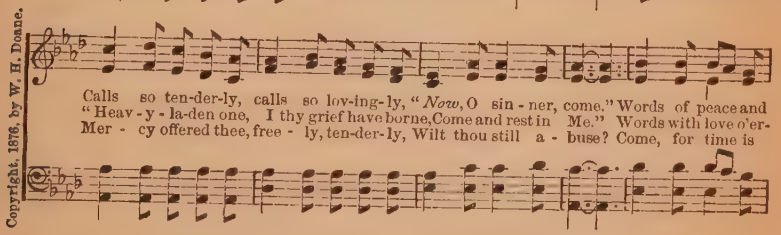
FINAL CHORUS.—Blessed Jesus, be Thou near us,
Give us of Thy grace to-day;
While we're calling, do Thou hear us,
Send us, now, Thy peace, we pray.

No. 122. Jesus Calls Thee.

"I the Lord have called thee."—ISA. 42 : 6.

Mrs. S. A. COLLINS. W. H. DOANE.





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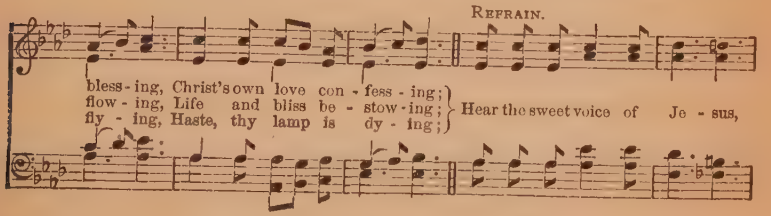

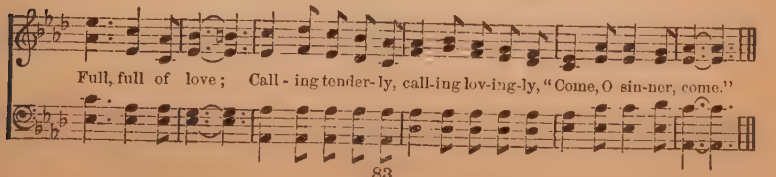

No. 123. A Light upon the Shore.

"No night there."—Rev. 21: 25.

Rev. Henry Burton, M.A. James McGranahan.

1. We've journey'd many a day Up - on an o - cean wide, A-
2. We've had our storms of doubt, Our rains of bit - ter tears, Our
3. O land of calm - est rest, Where suns no more go down! O

mid the mist and spray Of many a surg - ing tide; But,
fight-ings fierce with - out, With - in our anx - ious fears; But,
hav - en of the blest, With bliss and glo - ry crown'd! No

lo! the land is near! For just be - yond the foam I
lo! the storms are past, They can - not reach us more; We've
more the storm, the dark, The break - ers and the foam, No

see it bright and clear, The light of home, sweet home.
sight - ed land at last, The bless - ed storm - less shore.
more the wail, for hark! We hear the songs of home.

Refrain.

There's a light up - on the shore, broth - er, It flash - es from the

strand; The night is al - most o'er, broth - er, The ha - ven's just at hand.

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No. 124. Consecration.

"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. 6: 19.

Miss Frances R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa - ges from Thee;
4. Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
5. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;
6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure store;

Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways— on - ly— for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

Chorus, *after each stanza.*

All to Thee, all to Thee, Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee.

Also Tune, No. 32.

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No. 125. The Gospel Bells.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—John 3: 16.

S. W. M. S. Wesley Martin.

1. The Gos - pel bells are ring-ing, O - ver land, from sea to sea: Bless-ed news of
2. The Gos - pel bells in - vite us To a feast prepared for all; Do not slight the
3. The Gos - pel bells give warning, As they sound from day to day, Of the fate which
4. The Gos - pel bells are joy - ful, As they ech - o far and wide, Bringing notes of

free sal - va - tion Do they of - fer you and me. "For God so loved the world That His
in - vi - ta - tion, Nor re-ject the gra-cious call. "I am the bread of life; Eat of
doth a-wait them Who for-ev - er will de - lay. "Es - cape ye, for thy life; Tar - ry
per-fect par - don, Thro'a Sav-iour cru - ci - fied. "Good tid - ings of great joy To all

Used by per.

on - ly Son He gave, Who-so-e'er be - liev-eth in Him Ev - er - last - ing life shall have."
Me, thou hungry soul, Tho' your sins be red as crim-son, They shall be as white as wool."
not in all the plain, Nor behind thee look, oh, nev - er, Lest thou be consumed in pain."
peo-ple do I bring, Un - to you is born a Sav-iour, Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

CHORUS.

Gos - pel bells, how they ring; Gos - pel

Gos-pel bells, how they ring; O - ver land from sea to sea;

bells free - ly bring

Gos - pel bells free - ly bring Bless-ed news to you and me.

No. 126. Joy to the World.

"The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—ISA. 9: 6.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, arr. GEO. F. ROOT.

Joyfully. *Reverently.*

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; The might - y God, the Ev - er - last - ing
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns, The might - y God, the Ev - er - last - ing
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, The might - y God, the Ev - er - last - ing

Fa - ther, and the Prince of Peace. Let every heart pre - - - pare Him room,
Fa - ther, and the Prince of Peace. O praise Him, floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Fa - ther, and the Prince of Peace. And saves us by His righteous - ness,

The might - y God, the Ev - er - last-ing Fa - ther, and the Prince of Peace.

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No. 127. Ye Must be Born Again.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—JOHN 3: 3.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made an-swer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the ran-som'd the song of the blest; The life ev - er - last-ing if ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
4. A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau - ti - ful gate may be watch-ing for thee; Then list to the note of this sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."

a - gain.....

Copyright, 1877, by E. H. Revell.

CHORUS. a - gain,..... a - gain,.....

"Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain," Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain, I

a - gain.....

ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain.

No. 128. Cut it Down.

"Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground."—Luke 13: 7.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

Slow.

1. *Justice.* Cut it down, cut it down, Spare not the fruit-less tree!
2. *Mercy.* One year more, one year more, Oh, spare the fruit-less tree!
3. *Justice.* Cut it down, cut it down, And burn the worth-less tree!
4. *Mercy.* One year more, one year more, For mer-cy spare the tree!
5. Still it stands, still it stands, A fair, but fruit-less tree!

It spreads a harm-ful shade a-round, It spoils what else were use-ful ground,
Be-hold its branch-es broad and green, Its spread-ing leaves have hope-ful been,
For oth-er use the soil pre-pare, Some oth-er tree will flour-ish there,
An-oth-er year of care be-stow, On its fair form some fruit may grow,
The Mas-ter, seek-ing fruit there-on Has come—but, griev'd at find-ing none,

No fruit for years on it I've found, Cut it down, cut it down.
Some fruit there-on may yet be seen, One year more, one year more.
And in my vine-yard much fruit bear, Cut it down, cut it down.
If not—then lay the cum-b'rer low, One year more, one year more.
Now speaks to Jus-tice—Mer-cy flown—Cut it down, cut it down.

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No. 129. Come near Me.

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."—Ps. 34: 18.

Rev. G. G. Lloyd. J. W. Bischoff.

Tenderly.

1. Come near me, O my Sav-iour; Thy ten-der-ness re-veal;
2. Come near me, my Re-deem-er, And nev-er leave my side;
3. Come near me, bless-ed Je-sus, I need Thee in my joy.
4. Be near me, might-y Sav-iour, When comes the lat-est strife;

O, let me know the sym-pa-thy Which Thou for me dost feel,
My bark, when toss'd on troub-le's sea, The storm can-not out-ride,
No less than when the dir-est ills My hap-pi-ness do-stroy;
For Thou hast thro' death's shad-ows pass'd, And ope'd the gates of life;

Used by per.

f *mf*

I need Thee ev - 'ry mo - ment; Thine ab - sence brings dis - may;
Un - less Thy word of pow - er Ar - rest the surg - ing wave;
For when the sun shines o'er me And flow - ers strew my way,
And when a - mong the ran - som'd I stand with crown and palm,

cres. *dim.*

But when the tempt - er hurls his darts, 'Twere death with Thee a - way.
No voice but Thine its rage can quell, No arm but Thine can save.
With - out Thy wise and guid - ing hand More eas - i - ly I stray.
To Thee, Di - vine, un - fail - ing Friend, I'll raise e - ter - nal psalm.

No. 130. Why do You Wait?

"Arise, he calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv - ing with - in? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har - vest is pass-ing a - way, Your

Sav - iour is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin.
Sav - iour is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

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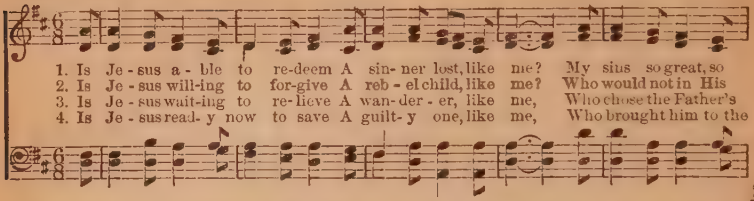
No. 131. Is Jesus able to Redeem?

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11: 28.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN. IRA D. SANKEY.



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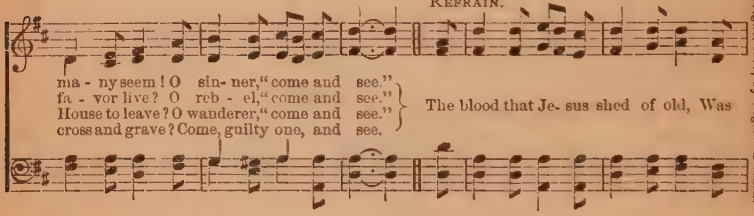

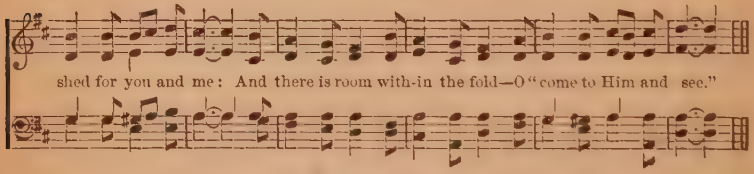

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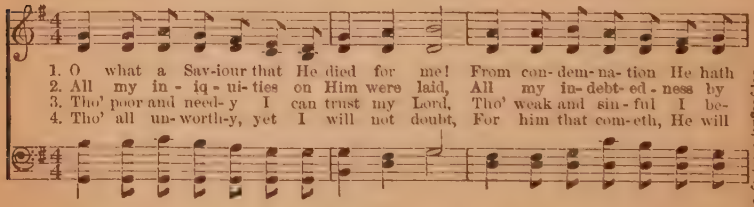
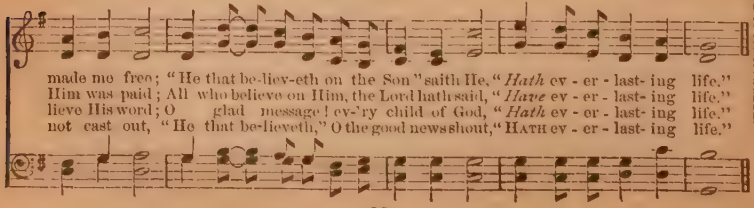
No. 132. Verily, Verily.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.





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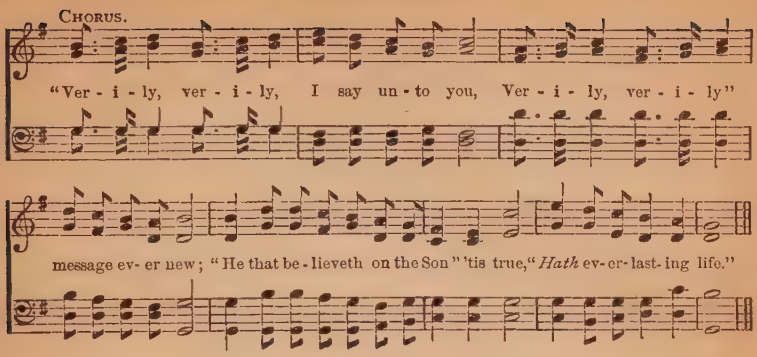
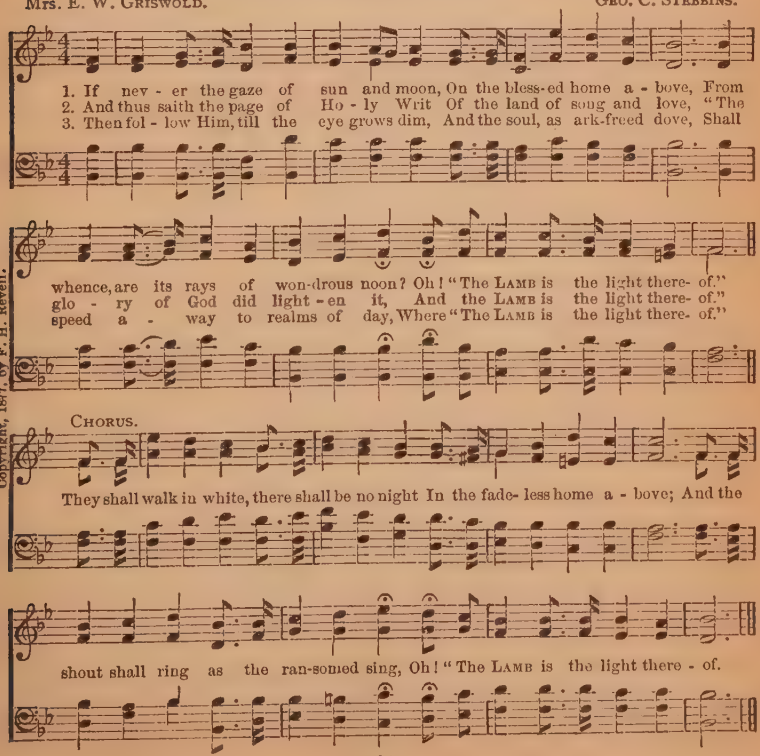


No. 133. The Lamb is the Light thereof.

"And the Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. 21: 23.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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No. 134. How Happy are We.

"He that keepeth the law, happy is he."—PROV. 29: 18.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Oh, how hap-py are we, Who in Je - sus a-gree, And expect His re- turn from a-bove;
2. When u- nit- ed to Him, We partake of the stream, Ev - er flowing in peace from the throne,
3. We remember the word Of our cru- ci-fied Lord, When He went to prepare us a place,
4. Come, Lord, from the skies And command us to rise To the mansions of glo- ry a- bove;

We sit 'neath His vine, and delight-ful- ly join In the praise of His ex - cellent love.
We in Je - sus be- lieve, and the Spir-it re-ceive, That proceeds from the Father and Son.
"I will come in that day and will take you a- way, And ad- mit to a sight of my face."
With Thee to as- cend and e - ter - ni-ty spend, In a rap-ture of heav- en - ly love.

CHORUS.

Oh, how hap- py are we Who in Je - sus a- gree, How hap- py, how hap- py are we.

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No. 135. Blessed Hope.

"That ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope."—1 THESS. 4: 13.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Bless-ed hope that in Je - sus is giv - en, In our sor- row to cheer and sus - tain,
2. Bless-ed hope in the word God has spo- ken, All our peace by that word we ob - tain,
3. Bless-ed hope! how it shines in our sor - row, Like the star o - ver Beth-lehem's plain,
4. Bless-ed hope! the bright star of the morning, That shall herald His com- ing to reign;

That soon in the mansions of Heav - en, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a- gain.
And as sure as God's word was ne'er bro-ken, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a- gain.
That it may be, with Him, ere the mor- row, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a- gain.
Oh, the glo- ry that waits its fair dawn-ing, When we meet with our lov'd ones a- gain.

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CHORUS.

Bless- ed hope,..... blessed hope,..... We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain,

Blessed hope, blessed hope,

Bless- ed hope,..... blessed hope,..... We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.

Blessed hope, blessed hope,

No. 136. Tempted and Tried.

"Knowing this that the trial of your faith worketh patience."—JAS. 1 : 3.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Tempted and tried! Oh! the ter - ri - ble tide May be rag - ing and deep, may be
2. Tempted and tried There is One at thy side, And nev - er in vain shall His
3. Tempted and tried What - e'er may be - tide, In His se - cret pa - vil - ion His
4. Tempted and tried! Yet the Lord will a - bide, Thy faith - ful Re - deem - er, thy

wrath-ful and wide! Yet its fu - ry is vain, For the Lord shall re-strain, And for-
chil - dren con - fide! He shall save and de - fend, For He loves to the end, A -
chil - dren shall hide, 'Neath the shadow - ing wing, Of E - ter - ni - ty's King, His
Keep - er, and Guide, Thy Shield and thy Sword, Thine exceed- ing Re - ward, Then e-

CHORUS.

ev - er and ev - er Je - ho-vah shall reign.
dor - a - ble Mas- ter and glo - ri-ous Friend!
children shall trust, and His servants shall sing.
nough for the ser- vant to be as his Lord.
} Tempted and tried, Yet the Lord at thy side, Shall

guide thee, and keep thee, Tho' tempted and tried.

5 Tempted and tried,
The Saviour who died,
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side;
His cross thou shalt bear,
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And forever and ever His glory shalt share.

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No. 137. I Cannot Tell how Precious.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Peter 2: 7.

Chas. H. Gabriel. James McGranahan.

1. I can-not tell how pre-cious The Sav-iour is to me, Since I have Him ac-cept-ed,
2. I can-not do for Je-sus As much as I should like; But I will e'er en-deav-or
3. Whene'er I think of Je-sus, I can-not but re-joice; To me He's ev-er pre-cious,

And He hath made me free; I can-not tell His goodness, E-nough to sat-is-fy;
To work with all my might; For, was not my dear Sav-iour For sin-ners cru-ci-fied?
For Him I raise my voice; I know He has in glo-ry A home pre-par'd for me,

Chorus.

And if you'll on-ly take Him, You'll see the rea-son why.
For me, then, surely, Je-sus Hung on the cross and died. } I cannot tell how pre-cious
Where I shall live for-ev-er So hap-py, and so free.

The Sav-iour is to me; I on-ly can en-treat you To come, and taste and see.

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No. 138. Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. "A rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9. Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den! Sweet is thy noontide calm; O-ver the hearts of the
2. O-ver the heart of the mourner Shin-eth thy gold-en day, Waft-ing the songs of the
3. There is the home of my Sav-iour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng, O-ver the highlands of

Refrain.

wea-ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.
an-gels Down from the far a-way.
glo-ry Roll-eth the great new song. } Beau-ti-ful val-ley of Eden, Home of the pure and

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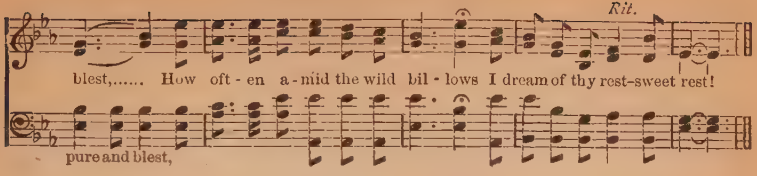
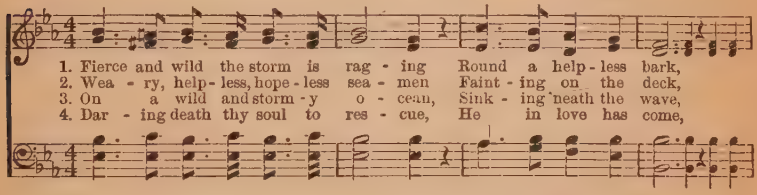
the

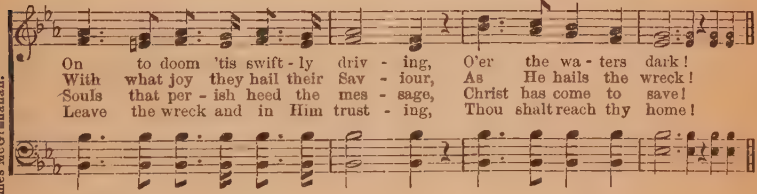


No. 139. I'll Stand by You.

This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.





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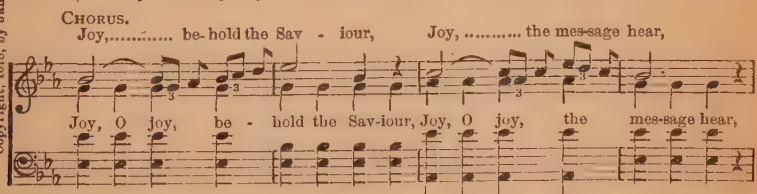

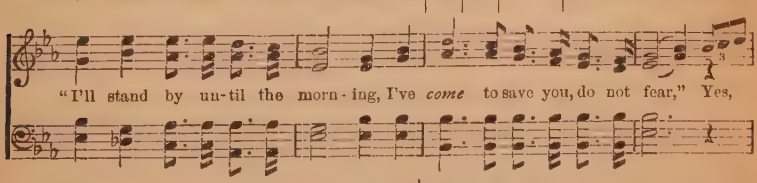

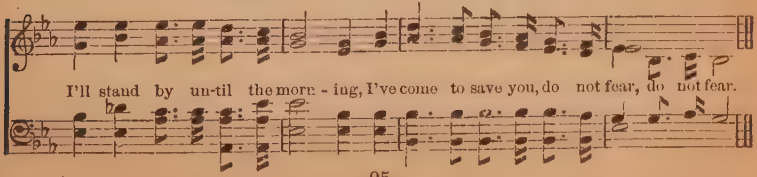

No. 140. Saved by the Blood.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1 : 7.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. We're saved by the blood That was drawn from the side Of Je - sus our
2. O yes, 'tis the blood Of the Lamb that was slain; He con-quered the
3. We're saved by the blood, We are sealed by its power; 'Tis life to the
4. That blood is a fount Where the vil - est may go, And wash till their
5. We're saved by the blood, Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain; We're saved by the

Refrain.

Lord, When He lan-guished and died.
grave, And He liv - eth a - gain.
soul, And its hope ev - 'ry hour.
souls Shall be whit - er than snow.
blood, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah to God, For re-

demp-tion so free; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Dear Sav-iour, to Thee.

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No. 141. Jesus Only.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—Matt. 17 : 8.

Hattie M. Conrey. Rev. R. Lowry.

1. What tho' clouds are hov - 'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a - lone—
2. What tho' all my earth - ly jour - ney Bringeth naught but wea - ry hours,
3. What tho' all my heart is yearn-ing For the lov'd of long a - go—
4. When I soar to realms of glo - ry, And an en - trance I a - wait,

Long-ing 'mid my cares and cross-es, For the joys that now are flown—
And, in grasp - ing for life's ros - es, Thorns I find in-stead of flow'rs—
Bit - ter les - sons sad - ly learn-ing, From the shad - owy page of woe—
If I whis - per, "Je - sus on - ly!" Wide will ope the pearl - y gate;

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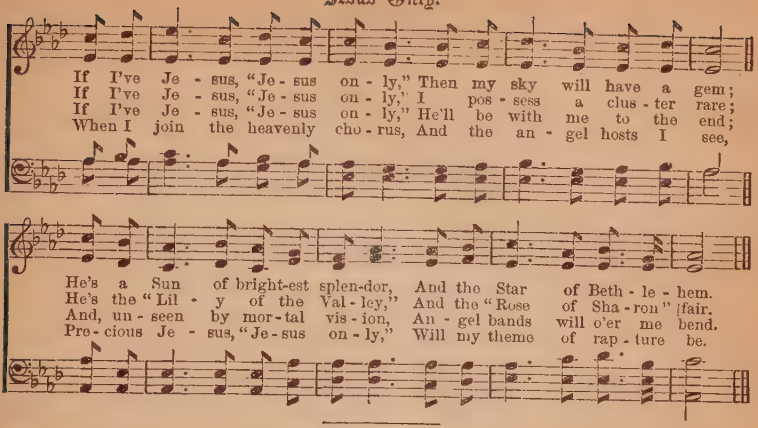
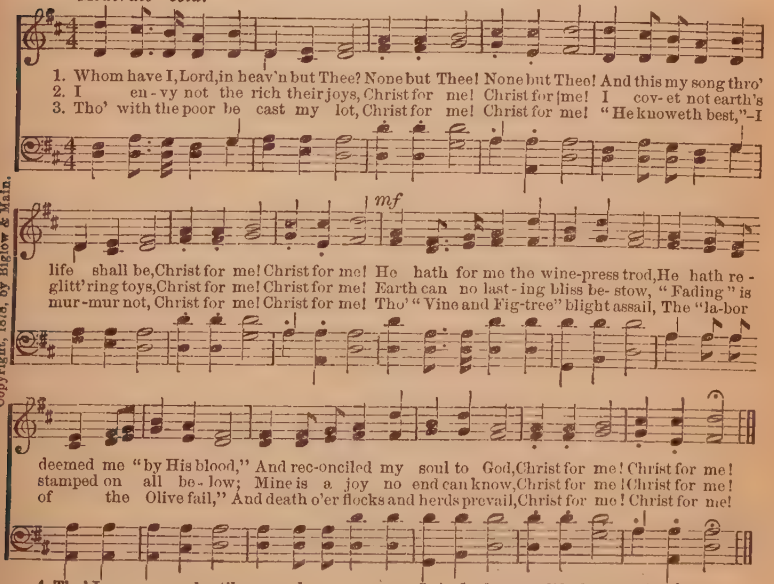


No. 142. Christ for Me.

"The Lord is my helper."—Heb. 13: 6.

R. G. H. *Moderato—bold.* R. Geo. Halls.



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4 Tho' I am now on hostile ground,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
And sin beset me all around,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Let earth her fiercest battles wage,
And foes against my soul engage,
Strong in His strength I scorn their rage,
Christ for me! Christ for me!

5 And when my life draws to its close,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Safe in His arms I shall repose,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
When sharpest pains my frame pervade,
And all the powers of nature fade,
Still will I sing thro' death's cold shade,
Christ for me! Christ for me!

No. 143. To be There.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."—PHIL. 1: 23.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have heard of a land far a - way, And its glo-ries no tongue can de - clare;
2. There are fore-tastes of heav-en be - low, There are mo-ments like joys of the blest;
3. In that noon-tide of glo - ry so fair, In the gleam of the riv - er of life,
4. There the ransomed with Je - sus a - bide In the shade of the shel-ter - ing fold;

But its beau - ty hangs o - ver the way, And with Je - sus I long to be there.
But the splen-dors no mor - tal can know, Of the land where the wea - ry shall rest.
There are joys that the faithful shall share; O how sweet-ly they rest from the strife!
Ev - er-more by Im - man-u - el's side, They shall dwell in the glo - ry un - told.

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REFRAIN.

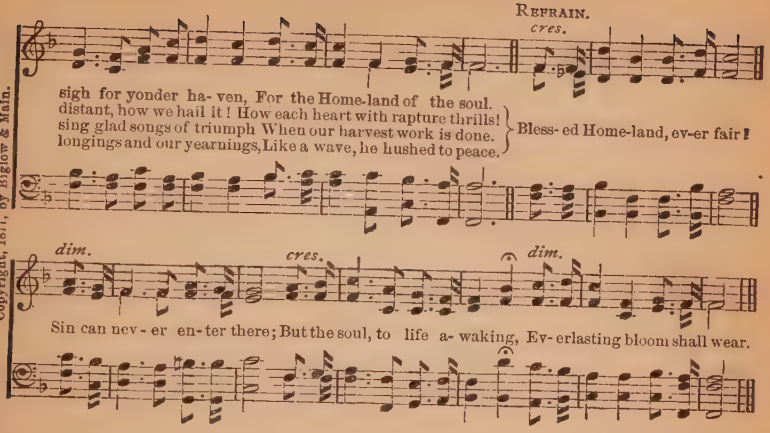
To be there, to be there, And with Je - sus I long to be
To be there, to be there,
there; To be there, to be there,..... And with Je-sus I long to be there.
to be there; To be there, to be there,

No. 144. Blessed Home-Land.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—HEB. 4: 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Glid- ing o'er life's fit - ful wa - ters, Heav - y surg - es sometimes roll; And we
2. Oft we catch a faint re- flec - tion Of its bright and ver- nal hills; And, tho'
3. To our Fa- ther, and our Sav - iour, To the Spir - it, Three in One, We shall
4. 'Tis the wea - ry pilgrim's Home-land, Where each throbbing care shall cease, And our



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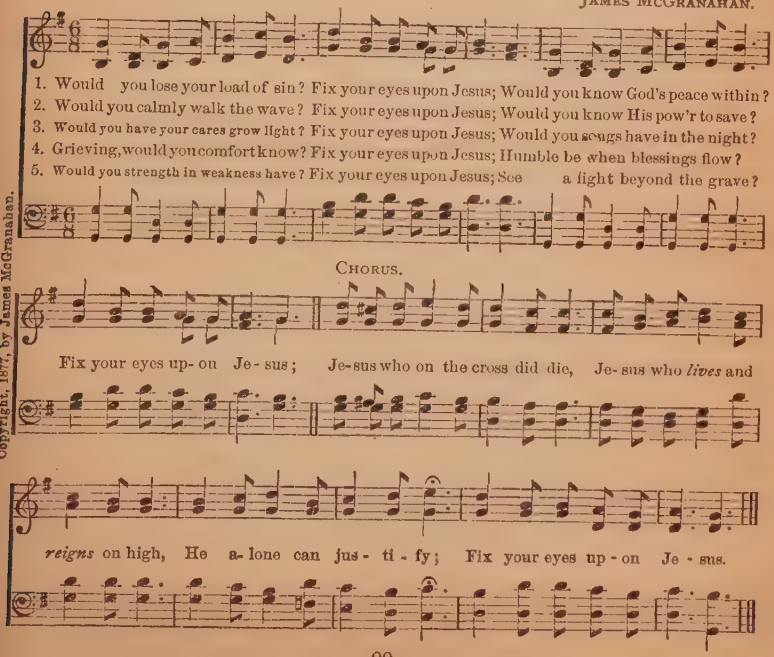
No. 145. Fix your Eyes upon Jesus.

"Look unto me and be ye saved."—ISA. 45 : 22.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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No. 146. The Heavenly Canaan.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

Rev. Isaac Watts. William Henry Oakley.

1. There is a land of pure de- light, Where saints immor-tal reign; E - ter- nal day ex-
2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in liv- ing green; So to the Jews fair
3. O could we make our doubts remove,—Those gloomy doubts that rise,—And see the Ca- naan

cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban- ish pain. There ev - er-last - ing spring a- bides, And
Ca - naan stood, While Jor- dan rolled be-tween. But tim'rous mor- tals start and shrink To
that we love, With un - be- cloud- ed eyes,—Could we but climb where Moses stood, And

nev- er - fad-ing flow'rs; Death, like a nar- row sea, di-vides That heavenly land from ours.
cross this narrow sea, And lin-ger, trembling on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.
view the landscape o'er,—Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

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No. 147. Oh, I am so Happy in Jesus.

"Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants."—1 Kings 10: 8.

Arthur T. Pierson. James McGranahan.

1. Oh, I am so hap - py in Je - sus, His blood has redeem'd me from sin,
2. Oh, I am so hap - py in Je - sus, He taught me the *se-cret of faith*,
3. Oh, I am so hap - py in Je - sus, I lay my whole soul at His feet;
4. Oh, I am so hap - py in Je - sus, If earth in His love is so blest,

I weep and I sing in my glad - ness, To know He is dwell-ing with - in,
To rest in be - lieve- ing His prom - ise, And *trust whatso - ev - er He saith.*
The love He has kin- dled with- in me Makes service and suf- fer - ing sweet.
What joy in His glo - ri - fied pres - ence, To sit at His feet as His guest.

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Oh, I am so Happy in Jesus.

CHORUS.

Oh, I am so hap-py in Je-sus, From sin and from sor-row so free;
So hap-py that He is my Sav-iour, So hap-py that Je-sus loves me.

No. 148. The Gospel Trumpet's Sounding.

LEV. 25: 8–13.

ENGLISH.

R. S. THAIN.

1. The gos-pel trum-pet's sound-ing The year of ju-bi-lee, And
2. For-sake your wretch-ed ser-vice, Your mas-ter's claims are o'er; A-
3. A bet-ter Mas-ter's call-ing, In ac-cents true and kind; He
4. He of-fers you sal-va-tion, And points to joys a-bove; And,
5. In liv-ing faith ac-cept Him, Give up all else be-side; While

grace is all a-bound-ing, To set the bond-men free.
vail yourselves of free-dom, Be Sa-tan's slaves no more.
asks a lov-ing ser-vice, And claims a will-ing mind.
long-ing, waits to make you The ob-jects of His love.
grace is loud-ly call-ing, Look to the cru-ci-fied.

CHORUS.

Re-turn, re-turn, ye cap-tives, Re-turn un-to your home, The gos-pel trumpet's sound-ing, The ju-bi-lee is come! The gos-pel trumpet's sound-ing, The ju-bi-lee is come!

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No. 149. "None of self and all of Thee."

"But Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

Rev. Theo. Monod, arr. James McGranahan.

1. Oh, the bit - ter pain and sor - row That a time could ev - er
2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him Bleed - ing on th'ac - curs - ed
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy Heal - ing, help - ing, full and
4. High - er than the high - est heav - ens, Deep - er than the deep - est

be, When I proud - ly said to Je - sus "All of self, and none of
tree, And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self, and some of
free, Bro't me low - er, while I whis - pered "Less of self, and more of
sea, Lord, Thy love at last has con - quered "*None* of self, and *all* of

Thee," All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of
Thee," Some of self and some of Thee, Some of self and some of
Thee," Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self and more of
Thee," *None* of self and *all* of Thee, *None* of self and *all* of

Thee, When I proud - ly said to Je - sus "All of self and none of Thee."
Thee, And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly "Some of self and some of Thee."
Thee, Bro't me low - er while I whis-pered "Less of self and more of Thee."
Thee, Lord, Thy love at last has conquered "*None* of self and *all* of Thee."

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No. 150. Can it be Right?

"Wherefore didst thou doubt?"—Matt. 14: 31.

Rev. A. T. Pierson. P. P. Bliss.

1. Can it be right for me to go On in this dark, un - cer-tain way?
2. Can it be right in doubt to wait, Wait for the day that tries the heart,
3. Can it be right such loads to bear, While He says "Come, I'll give you rest?"
4. Can it be right to doubt His pow'r, Both to for - give and vanquish sin?

Can it be Right?

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Say, "I be-lieve," and yet not know Wheth-er my sins are put a - way?
Ere I shall learn what is my state, Fear - ing the Judge should say de - part?
Bid-ding me cast on Him my care, Lean - ing in love, up - on His breast.
E - ven in trials of dark-est hour, Can not His love give peace with-in?

CHORUS.

I will no long-er doubt Thee, O Lord! I will for - ev - er rest in Thy word.

5 Can it be right no soul to seek,
Lest I should prove unfit to guide?
Can He not teach my tongue to speak,
Will He not ample strength provide?

6 Can it be right with *such* a Lord,
Even to dread the hour of death?
Waiting in faith the great reward,
Calmly I'll yield my dying breath.

No. 151. The Smitten Rock.

"They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ."—1 COR. 10: 4.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. From the riv - en Rock there flow - eth, Liv - ing wa - ter ev - er clear;
2. "With - out mon - ey, with - out mer - it," Je - sus calls, "Come un - to me,"
3. Faint - ing in the des - ert, drear - y, Guilt - y sin - ner, hark! 'tis He!

Wea - ry pil - grim, journey-ing on - ward, Know you not that Fount is near?
Thirst - y trav - 'ler, be en-cour - aged, Know you not the Fount is free?
'Tis the Sav - iour still en-treat - ing, Know you not He call - eth thee?

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the Rock of A - ges—Smit - ten, strick - en, lo! He dies;

From His side a liv - ing fount - ain, Know you not it sat - is - fies?

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No. 152. Thou art Coming!

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."—TITUS 2: 13.

Arr. from FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Thou art com-ing, O my Sav-iour, Thou art com-ing! O my King,
2. Thou art com-ing, not a shad-ow, Not a mist and not a tear,
3. Thou art com-ing, we are wait-ing With a hope that can-not fail,

Ev-'ry tongue Thy name con-fess-ing, Well may we re-joice and sing;
Not a sin and not a sor-row, On that sun-rise grand and clear;
Ask-ing not the day or hour, An-chored safe with-in the veil;

Thou art com-ing! rays of glo-ry, Thro' the veil Thy death has rent,
Thou art com-ing! Je-sus Sav-iour, Noth-ing else seems worth a thought,
Thou art com-ing! at Thy ta-ble We are wit-ness-es for this,

D.S.—Thou art com-ing! Thou art com-ing! Je-sus our be-lov-ed Lord,

FINE.

Glad-den now our pil-grim path-way, Glo-ry from Thy pres-ence sent.
Oh, how mar-vel-ous the glo-ry, And the bliss Thy pain hath bought.
As we meet Thee in com-mun-ion, Earn-est of our com-ing bliss.

O the joy to see Thee reign-ing, Worship'd, glo-ri-fied, a-dored.

CHORUS. D.S.

{Thou art com-ing, Thou art com-ing, We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
{Thou art com-ing, we shall see Thee, And be like Thee on that day.

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No. 153. Only Trusting in my Saviour.

"Jesus Christ and him crucified."—1 Cor. 2: 2.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. On - ly trust - ing in my Sav - iour, All to Him my soul would leave;
2. On - ly trust - ing, noth - ing doubt - ing, This is all that I can do;
3. There are break - ers in the dis - tance, Yet no dan - ger will I fear;
4. On - ly trust - ing, on - ly trust - ing, This is joy and life to me;

He has suf - fered to re-deem me, And His word I now be - lieve.
Ev - 'ry tri - al that be - falls me He will safe - ly bring me thro'.
On the Rock my feet are rest - ing, Naught of harm can reach me here.
Thou wilt nev - er leave me friend-less While I cling, O Christ, to Thee.

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Refrain.

Now to Christ a - lone I'm cling-ing, Tho' the tem - pest round me blow;

Heed - ing not the clouds a - bove me, Dread - ing not the waves be - low.

No. 154. Forever with Jesus There.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

Rev. Arthur T. Pierson. James McGranahan.

1. In my Fa-ther's house there is ma - ny a room, And my Lord has gone to pre - pare
2. In my Fa-ther's house there is end - less day, With no cloud of sor-row or care,
3. In my Fa-ther's house there's no want or woe, And there can be no more pray'r;
4. In my Fa-ther's house there is no more death, For the life of God we share;
5. In my Fa-ther's house there are bless - ed saints, Who His ho - ly im - age bear;

Forever with Jesus there.

A place for me; O can it be That I shall be with Him there?
No tear-ful eyes, no groans or sighs, They know who are with Him there.
For what be-side can God pro-vide, Since we shall be with Him there.
No thought of sin can en-ter in, For we shall be with Him there.
They find in this their sweet-est bliss, That they may be with Him there.

CHORUS.

For-ev-er with Je-sus there, For-ev-er with Je-sus there;
What grace di-vine, that He is mine! And I shall be with Him there.

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No. 155. Ten Thousand Times.

"The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand."—REV. 5: 11.

HENRY ALFORD, D.D. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Ten thousand times ten thous-and, In sparkling raiment bright, The ar-mies of the ransom'd saints Throng up the steeps of light; 'Tis fin-ished, all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin; Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in.
2. What rush of hal-le-lu-jahs Fill all the earth and sky! What ringing of a thousand harps Be-speaks the triumphs nigh! O day, for which cre-a-tion And all its tribes were made! O joy, for all its form-er woes A thousand fold re-paid!
3. O, then what raptured greet-ings On Canaan's hap-py shore! What knitting severed friendships up, Where partings are no more! Then eyes with joy shall spark-le, That brimm'd with tears of late; Or-phans no lon-ger fa-ther-less, Nor wid-ows des-o-late.

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REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb who once was

slain! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah To Him who lives a - gain!

No. 156. Singing all the Time.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126 : 2.

Rev. E. P. HAMMOND. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I feel like sing - ing all the time, My tears are wiped a - way;
2. When on the cross my Lord I saw, Nail'd there by sins of mine;
3. When fierce temp - ta - tions try my heart, I sing, Je - sus is mine;
4. The won - drous sto - ry of the Lamb, Tell with that voice of thine,

For Je - sus is a friend of mine, I'll serve Him ev - 'ry day.
Fast fell the burn - ing tears; but now, I'm sing - ing all the time.
And so, though tears at times may start, I'm sing - ing all the time.
Till oth - ers, with the glad new song Go sing - ing all the time.

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CHORUS.

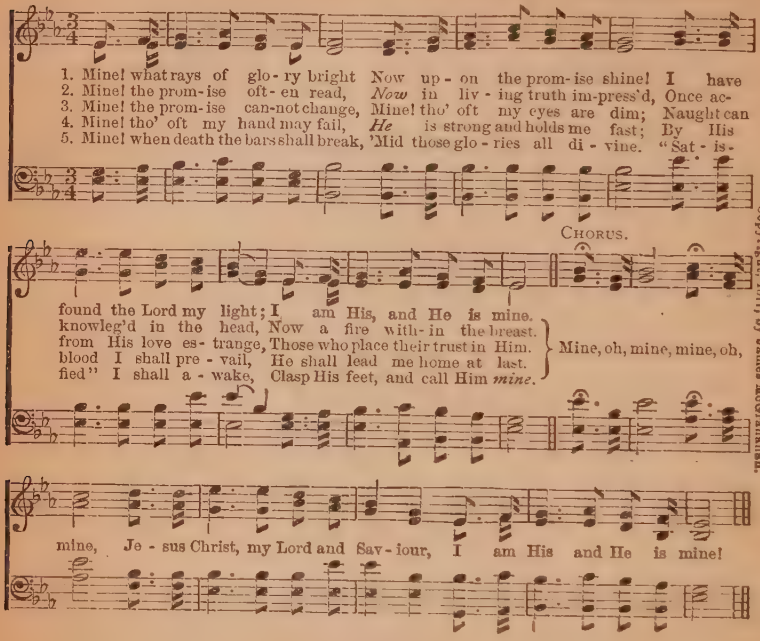
I'm sing - ing, sing - ing, Singing all the time; Sing - ing, sing - ing, Singing all the time.

I'll praise Him, &c.

No. 157. Mine!

"And all mine are thine, and thine are mine."—JOHN 17: 10.

E. L. B. *Alt.* JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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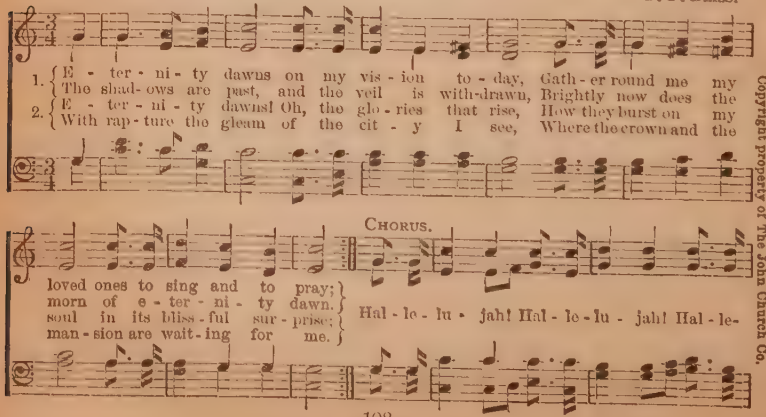
No. 158. "Sing and Pray!"

Last words of a faithful minister of Christ, who recently died in the hope of the gospel.

MARY S. WHEELER. P. P. BLISS.



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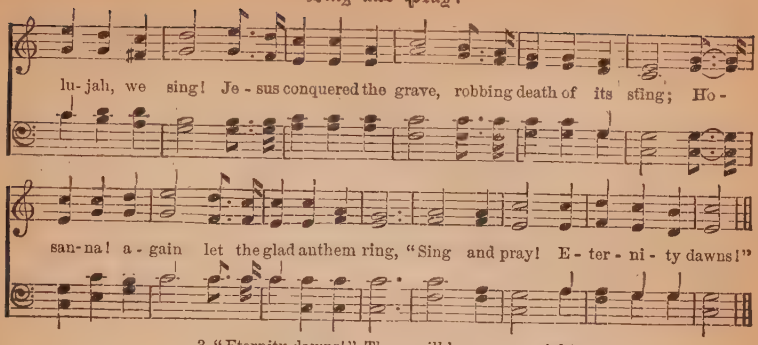


3 "Eternity dawns!" There will be no more night,
I am nearing the gates of the city of light;
The shadows of time are passing away,
Tarry not, O my Saviour, come quickly, I pray.

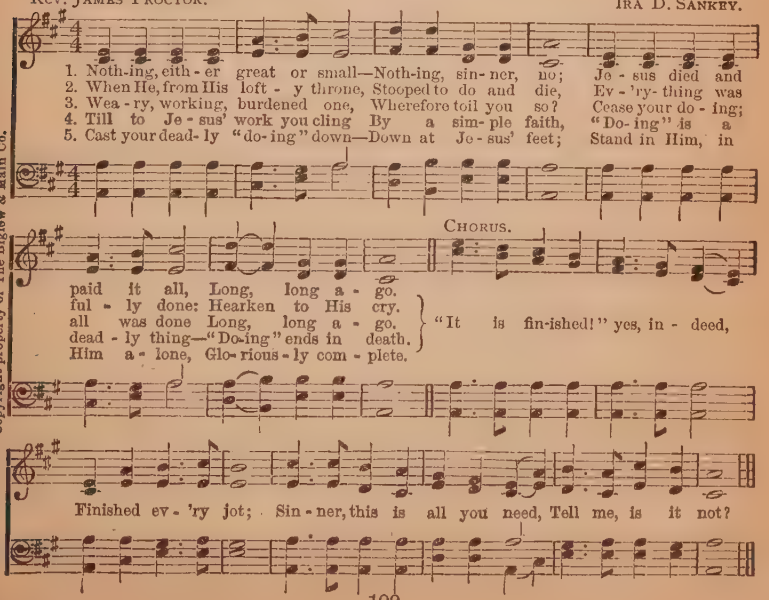
4 "Eternity dawns!" Earth recedes from my view;
Weeping friends, now farewell, I must bid you adieu;
I'm resting in Jesus, His merits I plead,
Fear ye not, "for my God shall supply all your need."

5 "Eternity dawns!" 'Tis a source of content,
That in preaching salvation my life has been spent;
'Tis "Jesus my All," and the Saviour of men,
May His grace be upon you forever. Amen.

No. 159. It is Finished!

"What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"—Luke 18: 18.

Rev. James Proctor. Ira D. Sankey.



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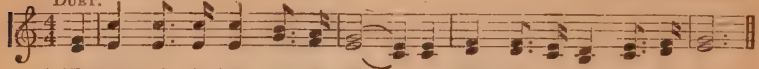
No. 160. What must it be to be There?

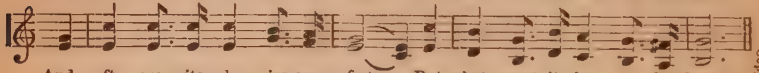
"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."—Rev. 21: 4.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Duet.



1. We speak of the land of the blest, A coun - try so bright and so fair,
2. We speak of its path-ways of gold, Its walls deck'd with jew - els so rare,
3. We speak of its peace and its love, The robes which the glo - ri - fied wear,
4. We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sor - row, temp-ta - tion and care,
5. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe, For heav - en our spir - its pre - pare,



And oft are its glo - ries con - fest, But what must it be to be there?
Its won - ders and pleas - ures un - told, But what must it be to be there?
The songs of the bless - ed a - bove, But what must it be to be there?
From tri - als with-out and with - in, But what must it be to be there?
Then short - ly we al - so shall *know*, And *feel* what it is to be there!

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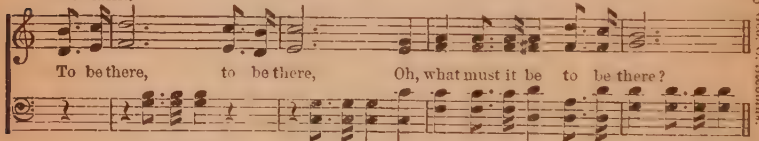
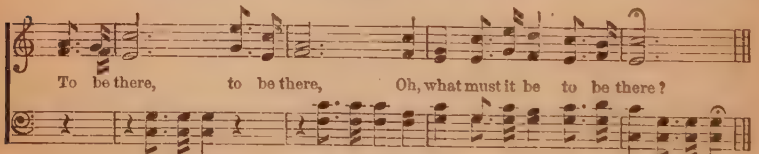
Refrain.



To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?

To be there, to be there, to be there?



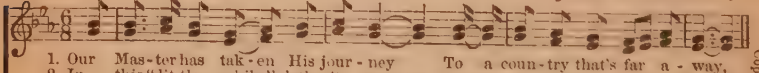
To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?

To be there, to be there, to be there?

No. 161. There's a Work for each of Us.

"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his home, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work."—Mark 13: 34.

A. A. A. James McGranahan.



1. Our Mas - ter has tak - en His jour - ney To a coun - try that's far a - way,
2. In this "lit-tle while," doth it mat - ter, As we work, and we watch, and we wait,
3. There's on - ly one thing should concern us, To find just the task that is ours;
4. Our Mas - ter is com-ing most sure - ly, To reck-on with ev - 'ry one;

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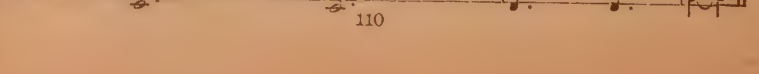
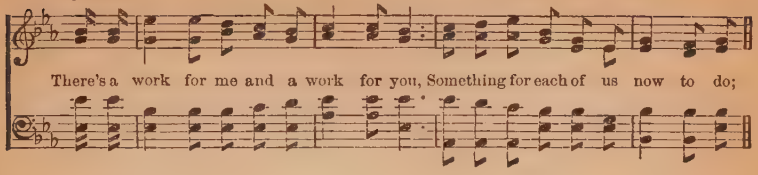
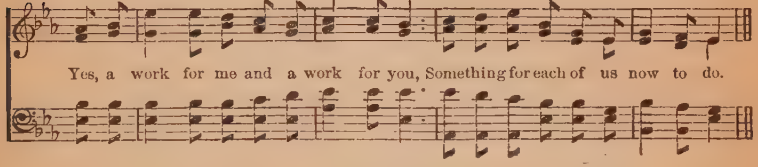
And has left us the care of the vine - yard, To work for Him day by day.
If we're fill-ing the place He as - signs us, Be its ser - vice small or great.
And then, hav-ing found it, to *do* it With all our God-giv - en pow'rs.
Shall we *then*, count our toil or our sor - row, If His sen - tence be, "Well done."



CHORUS.

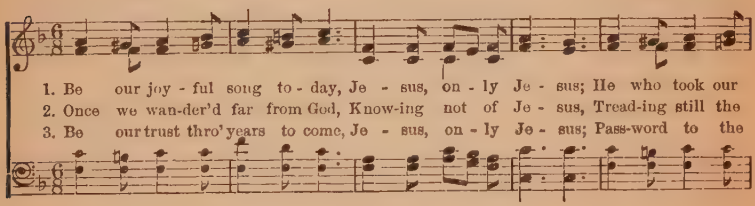


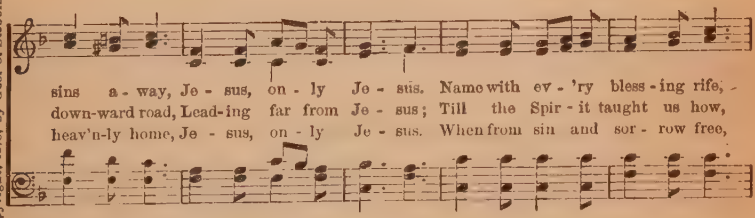


No. 162. Jesus, only Jesus.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17: 8.

SELINA P. PIERCE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.





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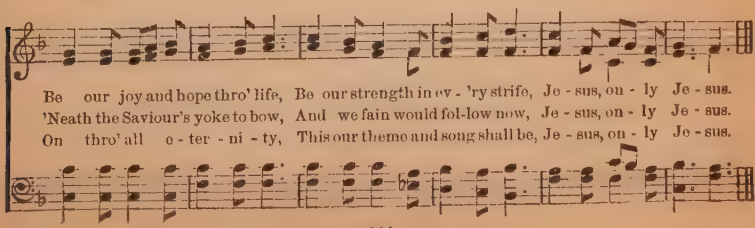

No. 163. Paradise.

"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."—LUKE 23: 43.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. How sweet the word of Christ the Lord, While on the cross He dies, A word to all who
2. The dy-ing thief, in full be-lief, On Je-sus fixed his eyes; His on-ly plea, "Re-
3. By man condemn'd, without a friend, Will Je-sus heed his cries? O bless-ed Lord, how
4. Tho' vile as he, O sin-ner, flee While Je-sus calls, be wise; His word be-lieve, and

CHORUS.

on Him call For life in par-a-dise.
mem-ber me, O Lord, in par-a-dise."
quick Thy word, "To-day in par-a-dise.
now re-ceive A life in par-a-dise.
} From the cross the Saviour cries, Come with Me to

par-a-dise; Look to Me, be-lieve and live, Ac-cept the life I free-ly give.

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No. 164. Rejoice with Me.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—PHIL. 4: 4.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. P. P. BLISS.

1. Re-joice with me, for now I'm free, I joy in a new pleasure; From God a-bove, the
2. Once vile with sin, Christ makes me clean, Gone is all condem-na-tion; For I be-lieve and
3. In Christ I live, and He doth give, Great joy where once was sadness; And in this way, from
4. To all proclaim His wondrous name, Re-peat the old, old sto-ry; Till work is done and

CHORUS.

gift of love Is mine in full-est meas-ure.
now re-ceive A full and free sal-va-tion.
day to day, My life is filled with glad-ness.
heav-en won, Then praise Him more in glo-ry.
} Re-joice, re-joice, Christ is my choice, His

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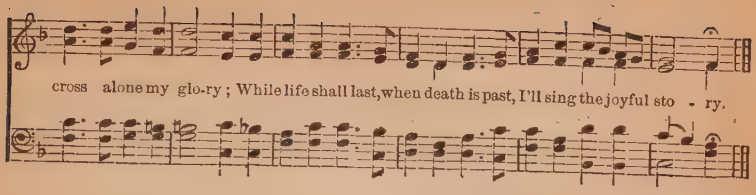
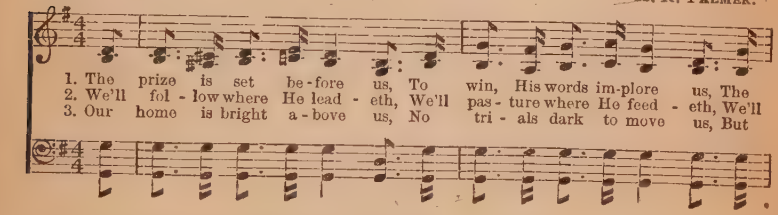
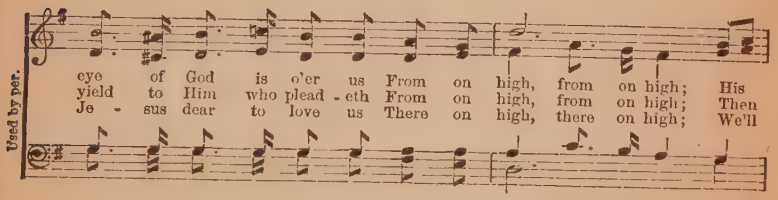


No. 165. Triumph By and By.

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 14.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER.





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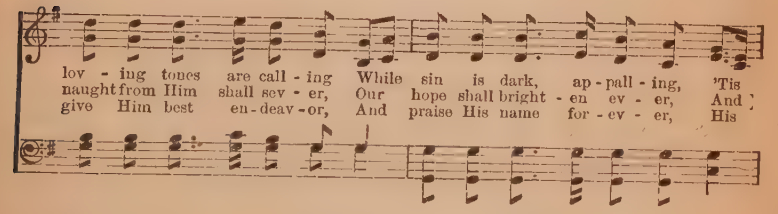

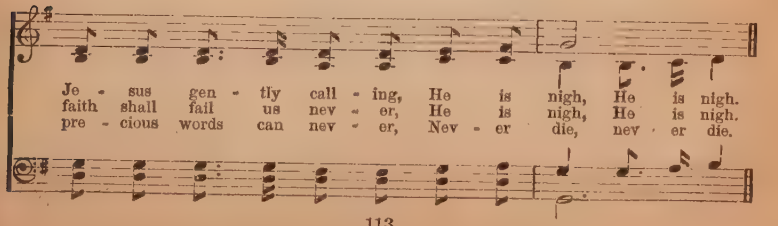

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by, by and by; By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by.

No. 166. I am Trusting Thee.

"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112: 7.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee! Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
2. I am trust - ing Thee for par - don At Thy feet I bow; For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy Trust - ing now.
3. I am trust - ing Thee for cleans - ing In the crim - son flood; Trust - ing Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood.
4. I am trust - ing Thee to guide me, Thou a - lone shalt lead, Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.
5. I am trust - ing Thee for pow - er; Thine can nev - er fail; Words which Thou Thy - self shalt give me Must pre - vail.
6. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall! I am trust - ing Thee for ev - er And for all!

rit.

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No. 167. Good News.

"The glorious gospel of the blessed God."—1 Tim. 1 : 11.

Rev. J. C. Ryle. James McGranahan.

1. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a par- don, full and free, To guilt-y
2. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, The Saviour cries, "Come un-to Me All ye who
3. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, Has ech-oed from e - ter- ni - ty; And loud shall

sin-ners, thro' the blood Of the In- carnate Son of God; He paid the debt that thou didst
toil, with fears oppress; Come, weary one, oh, come and rest: " He loves thee with o'er- flowing
our hosannas ring, When with the ransom'd throng we sing. "Worthy the Lamb," whose precious

owe, He suf-fered death for thee be - low, He bore the wrath di - vine for thee,
love, He hears thy pray'r in heav'n a - bove, He all thy pas - ture shall pre - pare,
blood Has made us kings and priests to God; Our harps we'll tune to no- blest strains,

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Chorus.

He groan'd and bled on Cal - va - ry.
And lead thee with a shepherd's care.
And glo- ry give to Him who reigns.
} Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a

par-don, full and free, To guilt-y sinners thro' the blood Of the In- carnate Son of God.

No. 168. Evening Prayer.

"Bless me—O my Father."—Gen. 27: 38.

J. Edmeston. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re-pose our spir-its seal:
2. Tho' de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-rows past us fly;
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Darkness can-not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be-come our tomb,

rit.

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An-gel-guards from Thee sur-round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He who, nev-er wea-ry, Watch-est where Thy peo-ple be.
May the morn in heaven a-wake us, Clad in bright and death-less bloom.

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No. 169. Sound the High Praises.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5: 12.

Rev. J. C. Ryle. James McGranahan.

1. Sound the high prais-es of Je-sus our King, He came and He conquer'd, His
2. Praise to the Con-quer-or! Praise to the Lord, The en-e-my quail'd at the

vic-to-ry sing; Sing, for the pow'r of the ty-rant is bro-ken, The
might of His word; In heav'n He as-cends and un-folds the glad sto-ry, The

tri-umph's complete o-ver death and the grave; Vain is their boast-ing, Je-
hosts of the bless-ed ex-ult in His fame: In love He looks down from the

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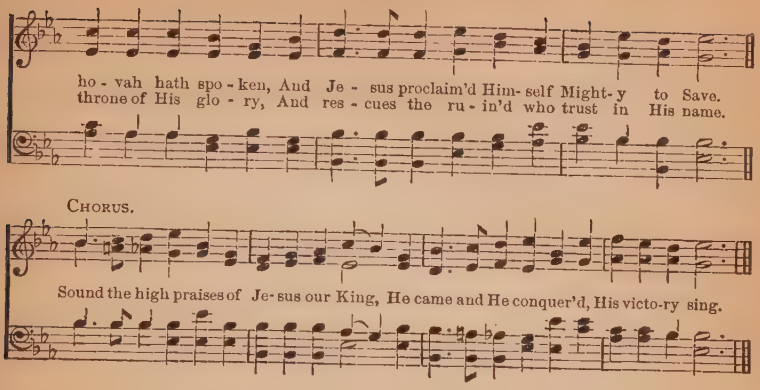
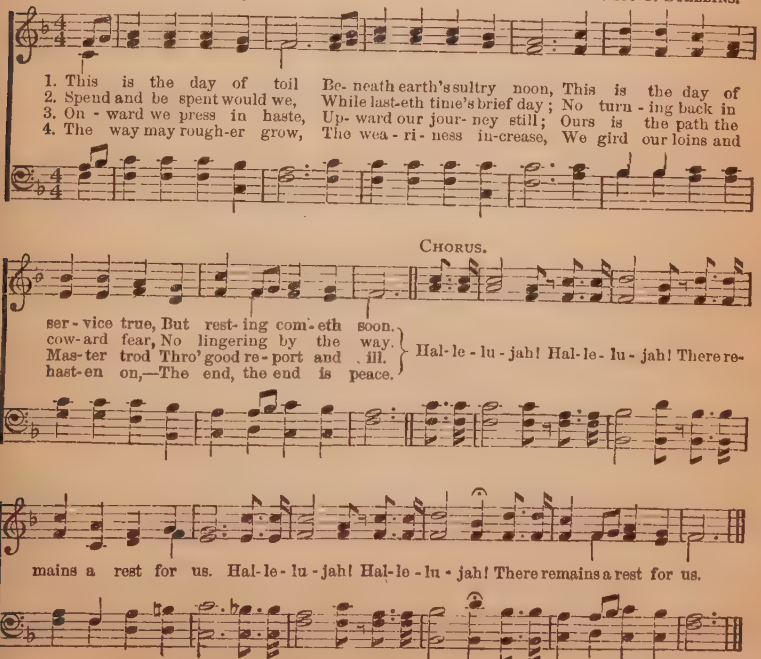


No. 170. Pressing On.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—Heb. 4: 9.

Horatius Bonar, D.D. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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No. 171. There is Joy among the Angels.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15: 10.

EDWARD A. BARNES. C. C. CASE.

1. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, Sing-ing round the throne a-bove, When re-
2. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, When a sin-ner heeds the call; When he
3. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, When His cause is speed-ing on; When the

pent-ant tears are flow-ing, While the ris-en Lord is show-ing All the
turns to Christ be-liev-ing, And from Him is love re-ceiv-ing, Grace that
notes of praise are ring-ing, That the gos-pel work is bring-ing, Pre-cious

rich-es of His love, All the rich-es of His love, All the rich-es of His love.
saves us one and all, Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that saves us one and all.
sheaves for harvest morn, Precious sheaves for harvest morn, Precious sheaves for harvest morn.

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CHORUS.

There is joy,..... oh, there is joy, Joy that nev-er can be told,
glad joy, there is joy, glad joy, nev-er can be told,

When a soul..... that long has wan-der'd, Comes within the Sav-iour's fold.
When a soul that long has wander'd, long has wander'd,

No. 172. Over the Ocean Wave.

"I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."—Ps. 2: 8.

JULIA SAMPSON HASKELL. (MISSIONARY.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

FINE.

1. O - ver the o-cean wave, far, far a-way, There the poor heathen live, waiting for day;
2. Here in this happy land we have the light Shining from God's own word, free, pure, and bright;
3. Then, while the mission ships glad tidings bring, List! as that heathen band joyful-ly sing,

CHO.—*Pity them, pity them, Christians at home, Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come.*

D.C. Chorus.

Groping in ig-norance, dark as the night, No bless-ed Bi-ble to give them the light.
Shall we not send to them Bi-bles to read, Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?
"O - ver the o-cean wave, oh, see them come, Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."

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No. 173. Memories of Earth.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."—REV. 7: 14.

W. P. MACKAY, M. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. When we reach our Fa-ther's dwell-ing, On the Strong e-ter-nal hills,
2. When the paths of pray'r and du-ty, And af-flic-tion all are trod,
3. And the way by which He brought us, All the griev-ings that He bore,

And our praise to Him is swell-ing Who the vast cre-a-tion fills,
And we wake and see the beau-ty Of our Sav-iour and our God,
All the pa-tient love that taught us, We'll re-mem-ber ev-er-more,

Shall we then re-call the sad-ness, And the clouds that hung so dim,
Shall we then re-call the sto-ry Of our mor-tal griefs and tears,
And His rest will be the dear-er, As we think of wea-ry ways,

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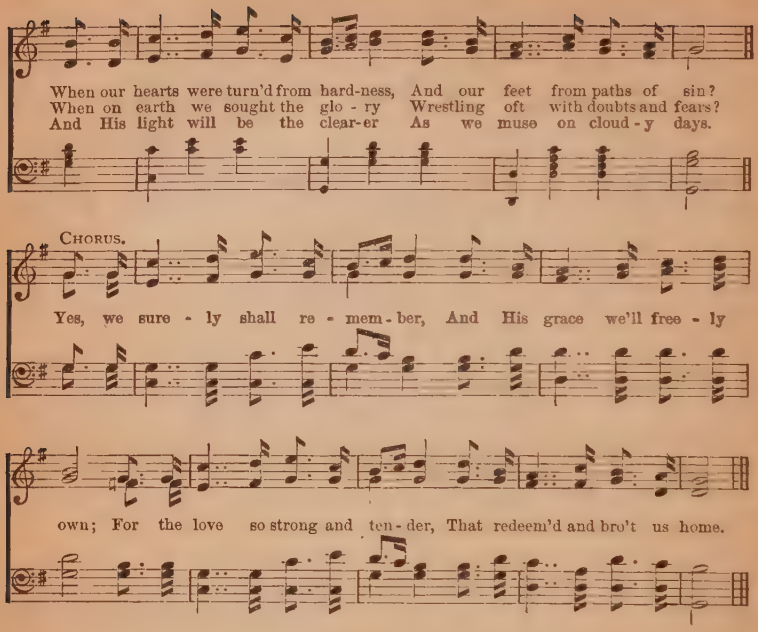
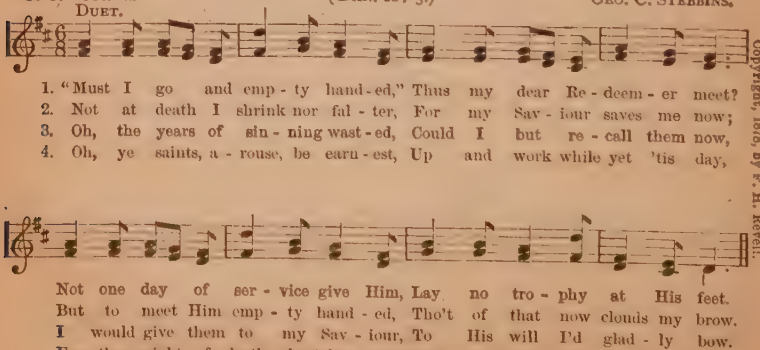


No. 174. Must I Go and Empty Handed?

After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly 30 years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go and empty handed?*"

C. C. Luther. (Dan. 12: 3.) Geo. C. Stebbins.

Duet.



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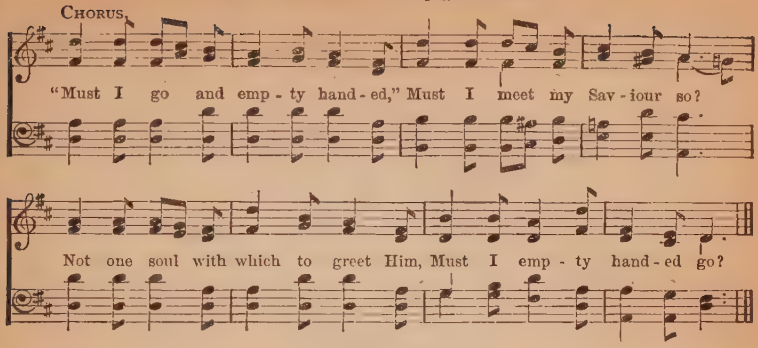
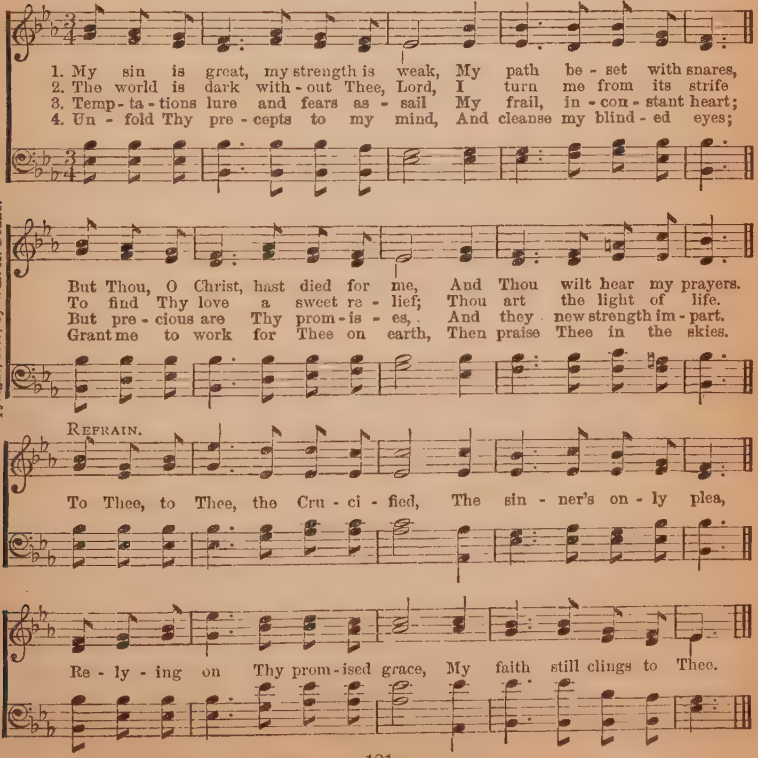
Must I Go and Empty Handed?



No. 175. My Faith still Clings.

"Watch, stand fast in the faith."—Rom. 14: 1.

Rev. H. F. Colby. W. H. Doane.



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No. 176. The Pearl of Greatest Price.

"One pearl of great price."—MATT. 13: 46.

Rev. JOHN MASON. P. P. BLISS.

1. I've found the pearl of great - est price! My heart doth sing for joy; And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song employ.
2. Christ is my Proph - et, Priest, and King; My Proph - et full of light, My great High Priest be - fore the throne, My King of heav'nly might.
3. For He in - deed is Lord of lords, And He the King of kings; He is the Sun of Righteous-ness, With heal - ing in His wings.
4. Christ is my peace; He died for me, For me He shed His blood; And as my won-d'rous Sac - ri - fice, Of - fered Himself to God.
5. Christ Je - sus is my all in all, My com - fort and my love; My life be - low, and He shall be My joy and crown a-bove.

CHORUS.

I've found the pearl of greatest price! My heart doth sing for joy; And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song employ.

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No. 177. Faint, yet Pursuing.

Mrs. E. W. GRISWOLD. (JUDGES 8: 4.) GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. "Faint, yet pur - su - ing," we press our way Up to the glo - ri - ous gates of day;
2. "Faint, yet pur - su - ing," whate'er be - fall, He who has died for us, died for all;
3. "Faint, yet pur - su - ing," till e - ven-tide, Un - der the cross of the Cru - ci - fied;
4. "Faint, yet pur - su - ing," the eye a - far Sees thro' the darkness the Morn-ing Star,

Fol - low-ing Him who has gone be - fore, O - ver the path to the bright-er shore.
So should they come, as a might-y throng Bearing His ban - ner a - loft with song.
Knowing, when dark-ly are skies o'er - cast, Sor - row and sigh-ing will end at last.
Shed-ding its ray for the wea-ry feet, Keeping the way, to the gold - en street.

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Faint, yet Pursuing.

CHORUS.

"Faint, yet pur-su - ing," from day to day, O - ver the sure and the blood-marked way;

Strengthen and keep us, O Sav-iour, Friend, Ev - er pur-su - ing, un - to life's end.

No. 178. Ho, every One that Thirsteth.

"Come ye, buy and eat."—ISA. 55: 1.

Anon. P. P. BLISS.

DUET.

1. Be - side the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say: "I want that liv - ing
2. Be - side the pool Be-thes - da, I hear a mournful cry: "No help, no hope is
3. While seated on the hill - side, The hungry ones were fed By Him who said most

wa - ter, Give me to drink, I pray; The well is deep, O pil - grim, But
of - fered To one so weak as I;" Oh, cease thy sad com-plain-ing, The
tru - ly: "I am the liv - ing bread;" 'Tis He, the heavenly man - na, Who

deep-er is my need, I thirst for life e - ter - nal, The 'Gift of God' in - deed."
gos - pel gives thee cheer; Come to the house of mer - cy, For Christ the pool is here.
doth our souls re - store; By faith of Him par-tak - ing We live for-ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Ho, ev - 'ry one that thirst - eth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!
'Tis He, the great Phy - si - cian, Can cure the sin - sick soul;
Ho, ev - 'ry one that thirst - eth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!

Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.
"Rise up and walk," He bids thee, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.

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No. 179. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33 : 17.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. T. C. O'Kane.

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide - ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with de-light, my rap - tured soul Would here no long - er stay;

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa- ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
Though Jor-dan's waves a - round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

Chorus.

We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, by and by, Just a - cross on the ev - er - green shore,..... Sing the song of Mo - ses and the ev - er - green shore,

Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.

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No. 180. We'll Work till Jesus comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31 : 16.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo- ment come,
2. No tran - quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful sheltering dome:
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav-iour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill- ing tide, And reach my heav'n- ly home.

Chorus.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,

We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.

We'll work till Je - sus comes,

No. 181. He Knows.

MARY G. BRAINARD. Words arranged by P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

1. I know not what a - waits me, God kind - ly veils mine eyes,
2. One step I see be - fore me, 'Tis all I need to see,
3. O bliss - ful lack of wis - dom, 'Tis bless - ed not to know;
4. So on I go not know-ing, I would not if I might;

And o'er each step of my on - ward way He makes new scenes to rise;
The light of heav'n more bright - ly shines, When earth's il - lu - sions flee;
He holds me with His own right hand, And will not let me go,
I'd rath - er walk in the dark with God Than go a - lone in the light;

And ev - 'ry joy He sends me, comes A sweet and glad sur - prise.
And sweet - ly through the si - lence, came His lov - ing "Fol - low me."
And lulls my troub-led soul to rest In Him who loves me so.
I'd rath - er walk by faith with Him Than go a - lone by sight.

CHORUS.

Where He may lead I'll fol - low, My trust in Him re - pose; And ev - 'ry hour in per - fect peace I'll sing, He knows, He knows; And ev - 'ry hour in per - fect peace I'll sing, He knows, He knows.

After last verse only.

He knows, He knows, He knows.....
He knows.

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No. 182. When we get Home.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. 2: 9.

Chas. H. Gabriel. James McGranahan.

1. When we get home from our sor - row and care, And we stand with the
2. When we get home to the man-sions a - bove, With the loved ones gone
3. When we get home, when the morn-ing is come, And forth from the

an - gels of light, Oh, what a meet-ing in heav - en there'll be, In that
o - ver be - fore, Oh, who can tell what a joy that will be There, to
cit - y of gold An - gels of God, com-ing down, shall call home All of

land without shad-ow or night; Sor-row and care, trib - u - la - tion and pain We'll
live and re-joice ev - er-more: An-gels will praise, the Re-deem-er will smile, And
those who be-long to His fold; Will you be there, brother, loved ones to greet, Or

leave, when we pass thro' the tomb Clouds of de-spair, storms of tri - al and care We shall
loved ones we'll clasp by the hand; Free from all pain, far be-yond earth-ly stain, We shall
will you for - ev - er be lost? What is thy choice, fleeting pleasures of earth, Or a

Chorus.

leave for that beau-ti - ful home.
dwell in that beau-ti - ful land.
home when death's river is cross'd?
} When we get home, oh, when we get home, Get home to

glo - ry land, Prais-es we'll sing to Je-sus, our King, A ransomed, a glo - ri - fied band.

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No. 183. Not Half has ever been Told.

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—Rev. 21: 18.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. O. F. Presbrey.

1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far a - way in the king-dom of
2. I have read of bright mansions in Heav - en, Which the Saviour has gone to pre-
3. I have read of white robes for the right- eous, Of bright crowns which the glo-ri- fied
4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile sin- ners may ask and re-

God; I have read how its walls are of jas - per, How its streets are all gold- en and
pare; And the saints who on earth have been faith-ful, Rest for- ev - er with Christ o - ver
wear, When our Father shall bid them "Come, en- ter, And my glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly
ceive Peace and par- don from ev- 'ry trans- gres-sion, If when ask - ing they on - ly be-

Used by per.

broad. In the midst of the street is life's riv - er, Clear as crys- tal and pure to be-
there; There no sin ev - er en- ters, nor sor- row, The in- hab - i - tants nev - er grow
share;" How the righteous are ev - er-more bless - ed As they walk thro' the streets of pure
lieve. I have read how He'll guide and protect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His

hold; But not half of that cit- y's bright glo- ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
old; But not half of the joys that a- wait them To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
gold; But not half of the won-der- ful sto - ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
fold; But not half of His goodness and mer- cy To mor-tals has ev - er been told.

CHORUS.

Not half has ev - er been told;..... Not half has ev- er been told;.....

been told; been told;

Repeat the Chorus p.

Not half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mortals has ev - er been told.

No. 184. Are you coming Home to-night?

"All things are ready, come."—MATT. 22: 4.

Arranged. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Are you coming Home, ye wand'rers, Whom Jesus died to win, All footsore, lame and
2. Are you coming Home, ye lost ones? Behold your Lord doth wait: Come, then no long-er
3. Are you coming Home, ye guilt - y, Who bear the load of sin; Outside you've long been

wea - ry, Your garments stain'd with sin; Will you seek the blood of Je - sus To
lin - ger, Come ere it be too late; Will you come and let Him save you, O
stand-ing, Come now and ven - ture in; Will you heed the Saviour's prom - ise, And

rit.....

wash your garments white; Will you trust His precious promise, Are you coming Home to-night?
trust his love and might; Will you come while He is calling, Are you coming Home to-night?
dare to trust Him quite; "Come un - to me," saith Je- sus, Are you coming Home to-night?

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Are you coming Home to-night?

CHORUS.

Are you coming Home to-night, Are you coming Home to-night, Are you coming Home to

Je - sus, Out of darkness in - to light? Are you com-ing Home to-night, Are you

coming Home to-night To your lov-ing, heav'nly Fa-ther, Are you coming Home to-night?

No. 185. Where is Thy Refuge?

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."—MATT. 16: 26.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL.

1. Say, where is thy ref- uge, poor sin - ner, And what is thy pros-pect to - day?
2. The Mas- ter is call- ing thee, sin - ner, In tones of com- pas-sion and love,
3. As summer is wan- ing, poor sin - ner, Re - pent, ere the sea-son is past;

Why toil for the wealth that will per - ish, The treas-ures that rust and de - cay?
To feel that sweet rap- ture of par - don, And lay up thy treas-ure a - bove:
God's goodness to thee is ex- tend - ed, As long as the day-beam shall last;

Oh! think of thy soul, that for - ev - er Must live on e - ter - ni - ty's shore,
Oh! kneel at the cross where He suf- fered, To ran- som thy soul from the grave;
Then slight not the warn- ing re - peat - ed With all the bright moments that roll,

When thou, in the dust art for- got - ten, When pleasure can charm thee no more.
The arm of His mer - cy will hold thee, The arm that is might - y to save.
Nor say, when the har - vest is end - ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.

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CHORUS.

'Twill prof- it thee nothing, but fear- ful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost! To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost.

No. 186. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains."—ISA. 13 : 2.

Rev. THOMAS J. POTTER. Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Brightly gleams our ban- ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers homeward,
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic - ing,
3. All our days di - rect us, In the way we go, Lead us on vic - to - rious
4. Then with Saints and An-gels May we join a - bove, Off'- ring end-less prais - es

To their home on high; Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
See Thy chil- dren meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray,
O - ver ev - 'ry foe; Bid Thine an - gels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower,
At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,—

And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'nward way.
Keep us, might-y Sav - iour, In the nar- row way.
Par- don Thou and save us In the last dread hour.
Je - sus, in His beau - ty;— Songs that nev - er cease.

CHORUS.

Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.

No. 187. He that Believeth.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Hear ye the glad Good News from heav'n? Life to a death-doomed race is given!
2. When we were lost, the Son of God Made an a-tone-ment by His blood:
3. Why not be-lieve the glad Good News? Why still the voice of God re-fuse?

Christ on the cross for you and me Pur-chased a par-don full and free.
When we the glad Good News be-lieve, Then the a-tone-ment we re-ceive.
Why not be-lieve, when God hath said, All, *all* our guilt "on Him" was laid.

CHORUS.

He that be-liev-eth, he that be-liev-eth, He that be-liev-eth hath ev-er-last-ing life; He that be-liev-eth hath ev-er-last-ing life.

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No. 188. Father, Take my Hand.

"For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

Rev. H. N. COBB. S. J. VAIL.

1. The way is dark my Fa-ther! { Cloud upon cloud is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud The thunders }
roar a-bove me, { Yet see, I stand like one bewildered! Father, } take my hand, And thro' the gloom lead

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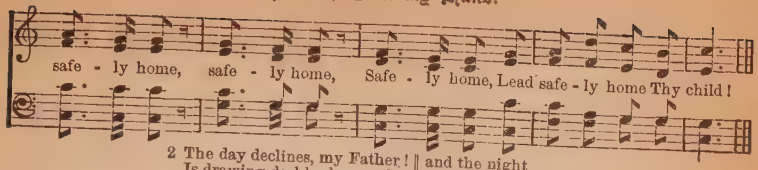


2 The day declines, my Father! ‖ and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees | ghostly | visions. ‖ Fears like a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, | take my | hand,
And from the night lead up to light,
Up to light, up to light,
Lead up to light Thy child!

3 The way is long, my Father! ‖ and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet | of the | goal; ‖
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, | take my | hand,
And in the way to endless day,
Endless day, endless day,
Lead safely on Thy child!

4 The path is rough, my Father! ‖ Many a thorn
Has pierced me! and my feet, all torn
And bleeding, | mark the | way. ‖ Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand;
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,
Lead to rest; lead to rest,
O lead to rest Thy child!

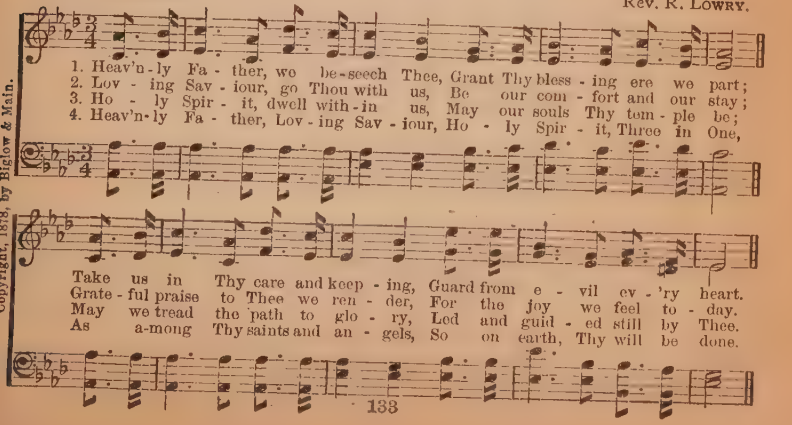
5 The throng is great, my Father! ‖ Many a doubt
And fear of danger compass me about;
And foes op- | press me | sore. ‖ I cannot stand
Or go, alone. O Father! | take my | hand;
And through the throng, lead safe along,
Safe along, safe along,
Lead safe along Thy child.

6 The cross is heavy, Father! ‖ I have borne
It long, and | still do | bear it. ‖ Let my worn
And fainting spirit, rise to that bright land
Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand;
And, reaching down, lead to the crown,
To the crown, to the crown,
Lead to the crown Thy child.

No. 189. Parting Hymn.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps. 129: 8.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. R. LOWRY.



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CHORUS.

Bless the words we here have spo - ken, Of - fered pray'r and cheer - ful strain;

If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee, Grant we all may meet a - gain.

No. 190. The Gospel of Thy Grace.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son."—JOHN 3 : 16.

Rev. A. T. PIERSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. The gos - pel of Thy grace My stubborn heart has won, "For God so loved the
2. The ser - pent "lift - ed up" Could life and heal - ing give, So Je - sus on the
3. "The soul that sin - neth dies:" My aw - ful doom I heard; I was for - ev - er
4. "Not to con-demn the world" The "Man of sor-rows" came; But that the world might
5. "Lord, help my un - be - lief!" Give me the peace of faith, To rest with child-like

world He gave His on - ly Son, That
cross Bids me to look and live; For
lost, But for Thy gra-cious word That
have Sal - va - tion thro' His name; For
trust On what Thy gos - pel saith, That

"Who-so - ev - er will believe, shall

ev - er-last - ing life receive!" Shall ev - er - last - ing life re - ceive!"

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No. 191. Gloria Patri.

Anon.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and..... ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - MEN.

No. 192. Tell it Out.

"The Lord is King for ever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Tell it out among the na-tions that the Lord is King; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, bid them shout and sing; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out
2. Tell it out among the peo - ple that the Sav-iour reigns; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the heath-en, bid them break their chains; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out
3. Tell it out among the peo - ple, Je - sus reigns a - bove; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that His reign is love; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out with ad - o - ra - tion that He shall in - crease, That the night - y King of glo - ry is the King of Peace; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the weep-ing ones that Je - sus lives, Tell it out a-mong the wea - ry ones what rest He gives, Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the highways and the lanes at home, Let it ring a-cross the mountains and the o - cean's foam, That the

ff CHORUS.....

out with ju - bi - la - tion, let the song ne'er cease; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
out a-mong the sin-ners that He came to save; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, need no lon - ger roam; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

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No. 193. Light after Darkness.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35: 10.

Frances R. Havergal. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Light aft - er dark - ness, Gain aft- er loss, Strength after weak-ness, Crown aft-er cross;
2. Sheaves aft-er sow - ing, Sun aft- er rain, Sight aft- er myster- y, Peace aft-er pain;
3. Near aft - er dis - tant, Gleam after gloom, Love aft- er loneli-ness, Life aft-er tomb;

Sweet aft - er bit - ter, Hope aft- er fears, Home aft-er wand'ring, Praise aft-er tears.
Joy aft-er sor - row, Calm aft- er blast, Rest aft-er weariness, Sweet rest at last.
Aft - er long ag - o- ny, Rap- ture of bliss, Right was the pathway, Lead- ing to this.

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No. 194. Glory be to Jesus' Name.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; * * * and the King of glory shall come in."—Ps. 24: 7.

Anon. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, Glo - ry to His pre - cious name;
2. In the place of His re - jec - tion, Where He suf- fered, where He died,
3. Here was marred His bless - ed vis - age, Here His brow was wreathed with thorn,
4. Yes, tri- umph- ant hal - le - lu - jahs Still a - rise to greet His name;

Sweet it is to sound His prais - es, Blest it is to spread His fame.
Bursts of ho - ly praise as- cend - ing, Greets the glo- rious Cru - ci - fied.
Here the ob - ject of de - ris - ion, Bit - ter taunt and mock - ing scorn.
Sweet it is to sound His prais - es, Blest it is to spread His fame.

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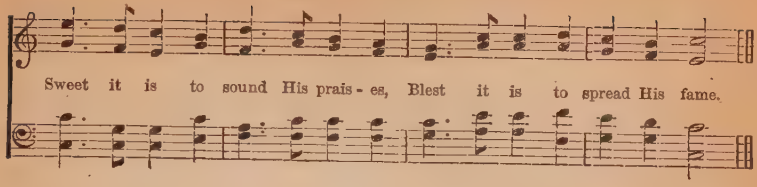
Chorus.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry be to Je - sus' name,

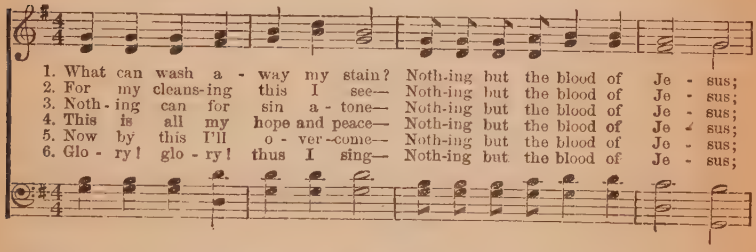
Glory be to Jesus' Name.

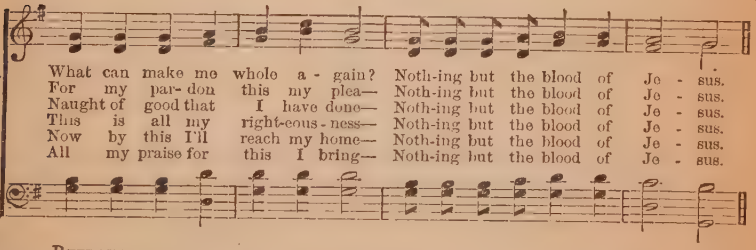


No. 195. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission."—HEB. 9 : 22.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.





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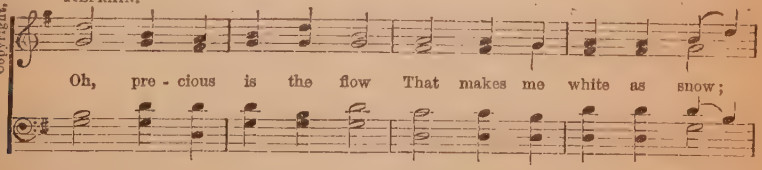
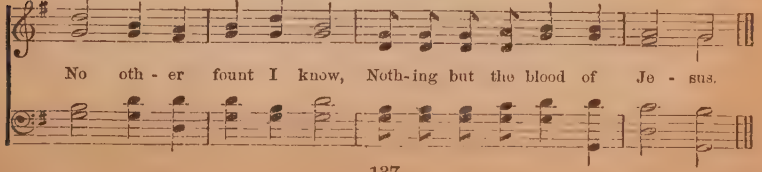
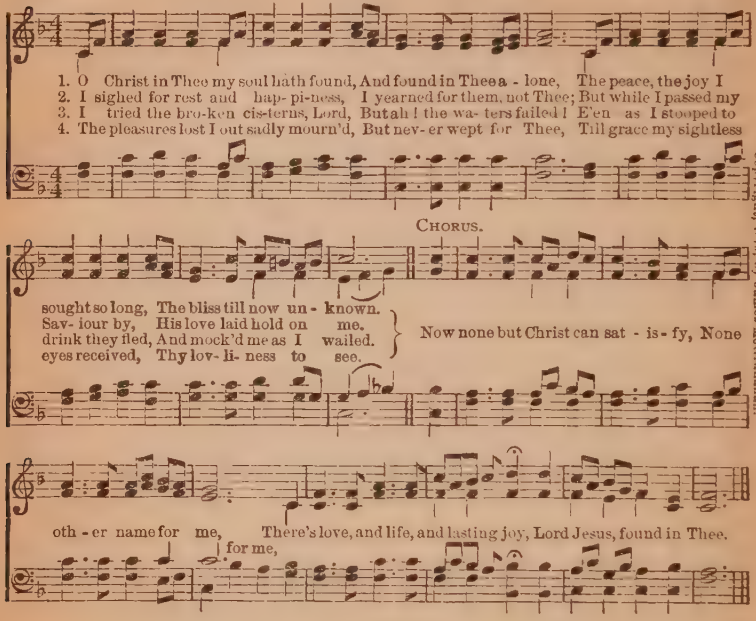




No. 196. None but Christ can Satisfy.

"We also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."—ROM. 5: 11.

B. E. Arr. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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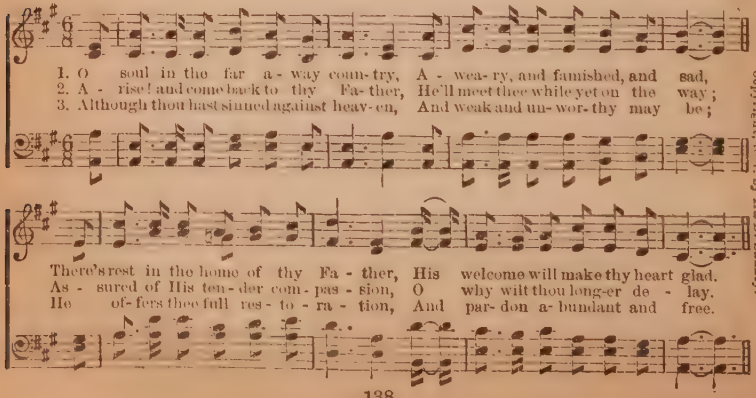
No. 197. Come, Prodigal, Come.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

MABEL C. FROST. IRA D. SANKEY.



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Come, Prodigal, Come.

CHORUS.

Come, come, prod - i - gal, come, And wan - der no long - er a - far from home;

Come, come, prod - i - gal, come, A wel - come a - waits in thy Fa-ther's home.

No. 198. We shall Reign.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."—2 TIM. 2: 12.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM. C. C. CASE.

1. When the Lord from heav'n ap - pears, When are ban - ished all our fears,
2. When our eyes the King shall see, In His glo - rious Ma - jes - ty,
3. Debt - ors to His match-less grace, At His feet our crowns will place,
4. Let this hope now pu - ri - fy Those who on Thy word re - ly;

When the sleep - ers from the tomb, With the watch - ers reach their home.
When to Him we're call'd a - bove, Part - ners of His joy and love.
And as a - ges roll a - long, Still will sing the glad new song.
Com - fort to our hearts af - ford, 'Till the com - ing of the Lord.

Copyright, 1880, by C. C. Case.

CHORUS.

Then en- throned our Lord with Thee, We shall reign..... E-ter-nal - ly,.....

Then enthroned our Lord with Thee, We shall reign E-ter-nally,

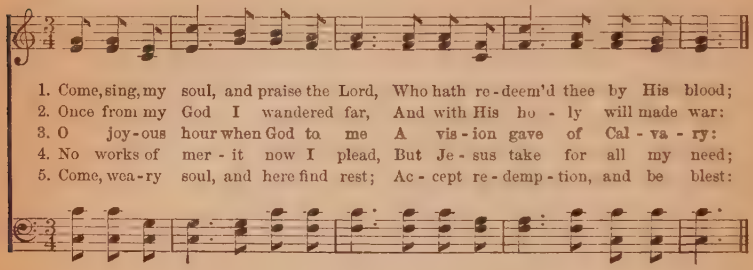
Then en - throned our Lord with thee,..... We shall reign e - ter- nal - ly.

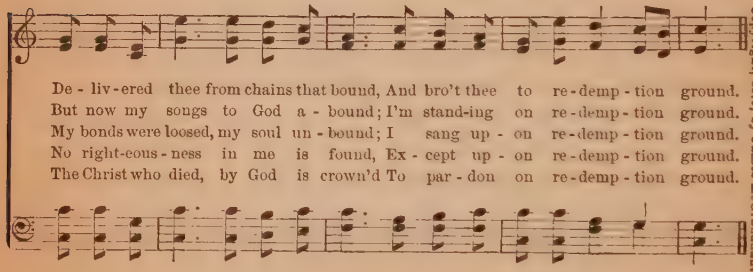
Then enthroned our Lord with Thee, We shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

No. 199. Redemption Ground.

"The redemption of their soul is precious."—Ps. 49: 8.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.





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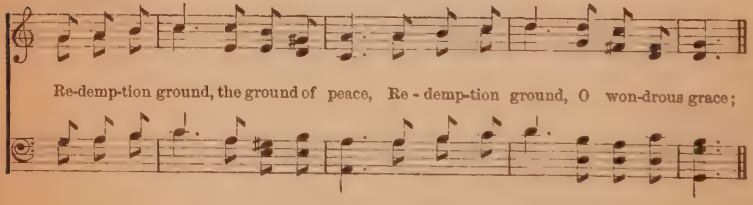
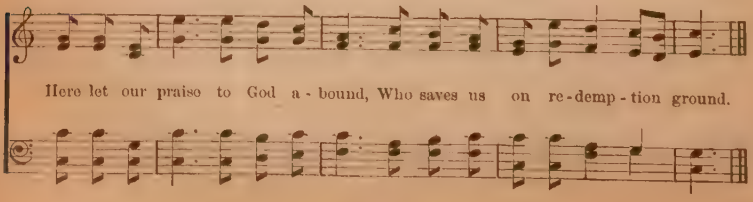
CHORUS.





No. 200. Rise Up and Hasten.

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."—Song of Sol. 2: 10.

J. Denham Smith. Arr. Arr. by James McGranahan.

1. Rise up, and hast - en! my soul, haste a - long! And
Home, home is near - ing, 'tis com - ing in - to view, A
2. Why should we lin - ger when heav - en lies be - fore! While
Pleas - ures and treas - ures which once here we knew, No

speed on thy jour - ney with hope and with song;
lit - tle more of toil - ing and then to earth a - dieu.
earth's fast re - ced - ing, and soon will be no more;
more can they charm us with such a goal in view.

Chorus.

Come then, come, and raise the joy - ful song! Ye chil - dren of the
wil - der-ness, our time can - not be long. Home, home, home, oh, why should we de-
lay? The morn of heav'n is dawn - ing, we're near the break of day.

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3 Loved ones in Jesus they've passed on before,
Now resting in glory, they weary are no more;
Toils all are ended, and nothing now but joy,
And praises, ascending their ever glad employ.
Come then, come, &c.

4 No condemnation! how blessed is the word,
And no separation! forever with the Lord;
He will be with us who loved us long before,
And Jesus, our Jesus, is ours for evermore.
Come then, come, &c.

No. 201. The Sweet Story of Old.

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."—MARK 10: 16.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE. J. C. ENGLEBRECHT.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle children as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His love; And if I now earn-est - ly seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove,
4. In that beau-ti - ful place He is gone to pre - pare, For all that are washed and for - given; And ma - ny dear children are gath - er - ing there, For "Of such is the king-dom of heaven."

:S: FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

I should like to have been with them then. "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me." I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove. For "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

By per. O. Ditson & Co.

No. 202. Jesus, I will Trust Thee.

"I will trust in thee."—Ps. 55: 23.

MARY J. WALKER. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Je - sus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul; Guilt - y, lost, and help - less, Thou canst make me whole.
2. Je - sus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word, Since Thy voice of mer - cy I have oft - en heard,
3. Je - sus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee without doubt: "Who-so - ev - er com - eth, Thou wilt not cast out,"

:S: There is none in heav - en or on earth like Thee: When Thy Spir - it teach - eth, to my taste how sweet— Faith - ful is Thy prom - ise, precious is Thy blood—

D.S.—Je - sus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;

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Jesus, I will Trust Thee.

FINE. CHORUS.

Thou hast died for sin-ners—therefore Lord for me.
On - ly may I hearken, sit - ting at Thy feet.
These my soul's sal - va - tion, Thou my Sav - iour God!
In Thy love con-fid - ing

Guilt-y, lost, and help-less, Thou canst make me whole.

D.S.

I will seek Thy face, Wor-ship and a - dore Thee, for Thy wondrous grace.

No. 203. Not My Own.

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price."—1 COR. 6: 19, 20.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "Not my own," but saved by Je - sus, Who re-deemed me by His blood,
2. "Not my own!" to Christ, my Sav - iour, I be - liev - ing, trust my soul;
3. "Not my own!" my time, my tal - ent, Free - ly all to Christ I bring,
4. "Not my own!" the Lord ac - cepts me, One a - mong the ransomed throng,

Glad - ly I ac - cept the mes - sage, I be - long to Christ the Lord.
Ev - 'ry - thing to Him com - mit - ted, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.
To be used in joy - ful serv - ice For the glo - ry of my King.
Who in heav'n shall see His glo - ry, And to Je - sus Christ be - long.

Copyright, 1878, by James McGranahan.

CHORUS.

"Not my own!" Oh, "not my own!" Je - sus, I..... be-long to be-

Oh, no! Oh, no! Je - sus, I be - long, be - -

long to Thee!
Thee!..... All I have, and all I hope for, Thine for all e - ter - ni - ty.

long to Thee!

No. 204. Over Jordan.

(Read Duet. 11: 31. 8: 7, 8.)

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. J. R. Murray.

1. With His dear and lov - ing care, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, To the
2. Through the rock - y wil - der - ness, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, To the
2. With His strong and might - y hand, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, To that
4. In the Prom - ised Land to be, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, Till fair

hills and val - leys fair, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, we'll rest our wea - ry feet
land we shall pos - sess, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, by night the won - drous ray,
good and pleas - ant land, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, where vine and ol - ive grow,
Ca - naan's shore we see, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, to dwell with Thee, at last,

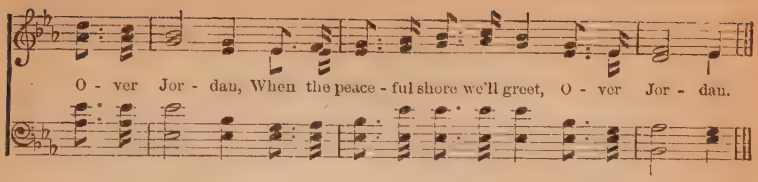
By the crys - tal wa - ters, sweet, When the peace - ful shore we greet,
Cloud - y pil - lar by the day, They shall guide us on our way,
And the brooks and fount - ains flow, Thirst nor hun - ger shall we know,
Guide and lead us, as Thou hast, Till the part - ed wave be passed,

Chorus.

O - ver Jor - dan. O - ver Jor - dan! O - ver Jor - dan! Yes, we'll

rest our wea - ry feet, By the crys - tal wa - ters sweet, O - ver Jor - dan,

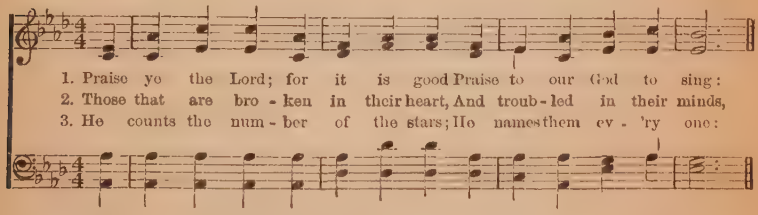
From "Pure Diamonds," by per. Brainard & Sons.

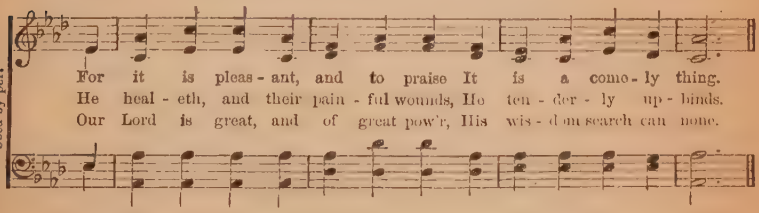


No. 205. Praise Ye the Lord.

"It is good to sing praises unto our God; he healeth the broken in heart * * he telleth the number of the stars."—Ps. 147: 1, 3, 4.

Rous' Version. C. E. Pollock.





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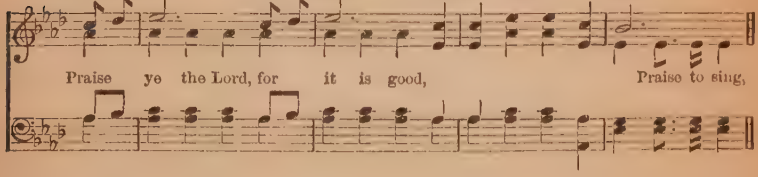
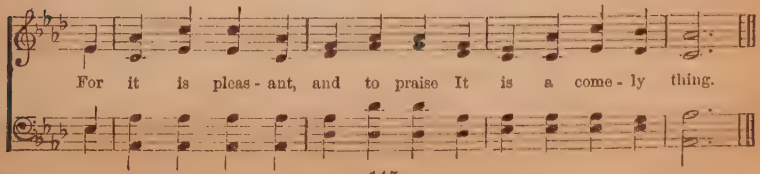
Chorus.





No. 206. I Left it all with Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 Pet. 5: 7.

Mrs. E. H. Willis. Arr. James McGranahan.

1. Oh, I left it all with Je - sus, long a - go; long a - go; All my
2. Oh, I leave it all with Je - sus, for He knows, for He knows, How to
3. Oh, I leave it all with Je - sus, day by day; day by day; Faith can
4. Leave, oh, leave it all with Je - sus, droop - ing soul; droop-ing soul; Tell not

sins I bro't Him and my woe; and my woe; When by faith I saw Him bleeding on the
steal the bitter from life's woes; from life's woes; How to gild the tear of sorrow with His
firmly trust Him, come what may; come what may; Hope has dropp'd for aye her ancher, found her
half thy sto - ry but the whole; but the whole; Worlds on worlds are hanging ever on His

tree; on the tree; Heard His still small whis-per, "'Tis for thee!" "'Tis for thee!"
smile, with His smile, Make the des - ert gar-den bloom a - while, bloom a - while,
rest; found her rest; In the calm, sure ha - ven of His breast, of His breast,
hand, on His hand, Life and death are wait-ing His com - mand, His com-mand,

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Chorus.

From my wea-ry heart the bur-den rolled a - way; Hap-py day! hap-py day!
Then with all my weakness leaning on His might, All is light! all is light!
Love es-teems it joy of heav-en to a - bide At His side! at His side!
Yet His ten-der, lov - ing mer-cy makes thee room: Oh, come home! oh, come home!

From my weary heart the burden rolled away; Hap-py day! hap-py day!
rolled a - way;
Then with all my weakness leaning on His might, All is light! all is light!
on His might,
Love es-teems it joy of heaven to a - bide, At His side! at His side!
to a - bide,
Yes, His ten-der loving mercy makes thee room, Oh, come home! oh, come home!
makes thee room,

No. 207. Depth of Mercy.

"God is love."—1 John 4: 8.

Charles Wesley. From J. Stevenson.

Chorus.

1. { Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me? / Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare? } God is love! I know, I feel; Je-sus lives, and loves me still; Je - sus lives, He lives, and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood His grace
Long provoked Him to His face:
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

No. 208. Precious Blood.

"Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold * * * but with the precious blood of Christ."—1 Pet. 1: 18, 19.

MacLeod Wylie. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. The blood has al-ways precious been, 'Tis precious now to me; Thro' it a-lone my
2. I will re-member now no more, God's faithful Word has said, The fol-lies and the
3. Not all my well-remembered sins Can star-tle or dis-may; The precious blood a-
4. Per-haps this fee-ble frame of mine Will soon in sick-ness lie But rest-ing on the

Chorus.

soul has rest, From fear and doubt set free. / sins of him For whom my Son has bled. / tones for all And bears my guilt a - way. / pre-cious blood How peace-ful-ly I'll die. } Oh, wondrous is the crimson tide Which from my Sav-iour flowed; And still in heav'n my song shall be, The precious, precious blood.

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No. 209. Is my Name written There?

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—LUKE 10: 20.

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith-er sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its glo - ri - fied

heav - en, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of Thy king-dom, With its
Sav - iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is writ - ten, In bright
be - ings, In pure gar-ments of white; Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de -

pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ-ten there?
let - ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the an - gels are watch-ing, Yes, my name's written there.

Used by per.

CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

CHORUS for 2d & 3d Verses. Yes, my name's, &c.

In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

2d & 3d V.—Yes, my name's, &c.

No. 210. My Soul will Overcome.

"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 12: 11.

Rev. R. Lowry. Rev. R. Lowry.

Moderato.

1. Help-less I come to Je-sus' blood, And all my-self re-sign;
2. 'Tis Je-sus gives me life with-in, And nerves me for the fray;
3. Tho' clouds of con-flict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong,

I lose my weak-ness in that flood, And gath-er strength di-vine.
He spoiled the hosts of death and sin, And took their pow'r a-way.
In Je-sus' name I'll strug-gle thro', And en-ter heav'n with song.

Refrain.

My soul will o-ver-come by the blood of the Lamb, My soul will o-ver-

come by the blood of the Lamb; O-ver-come, o-ver-

O-ver-come, My

come, O-ver-come by the blood of the Lamb.

soul will o-ver-come.

Copyright, 1876, by Rev. R. Lowry.

No. 211. We Worship Thee.

"Whom having not seen, ye love."—1 Pet. 1: 8.

Frances R. Havergal. James McGranahan.

Fine.

1. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom, yet un - seen, we love;
2. O Bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won - drous - ly hast wrought
3. In Thee all ful - ness dwell - eth, All grace and pow'r di - vine;
4. Oh, grant the con - sum - ma - tion Of this our song, a - bove,

D.C.—We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our Sav - iour and our King!
Last v.—And ev - er - more con - fess Thee, Our Sav - iour and our King!

O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove.
Thy - self the rev - e - la - tion Of love be - yond our thought.
The glo - ry that ex - cell - eth, O Son of God, is Thine.
In end - less a - dor - a - tion And ev - er - last - ing love.

Chorus. D.C.

We wor - ship Thee! we bless Thee! To Thee a - lone we sing!.....
Last v. Then shall we praise and bless Thee! Where per - fect prais - es ring!.....

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No. 212. Trust On!

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."—Prov. 3: 5.

Anon. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Trust on! trust on be - liev - er! Tho' long the con - flict be, Thou yet shalt prove vic-
2. Trust on! trust on; thy fail - ings May bow thee to the dust, But in thy deep - est
3. Trust on! the dan - ger press - es; Temp - ta - tion strong is near, Yet o'er life's dangerous
4. O Christ is strong to save us, He is a faith - ful Friend, Trust on! trust on! be-

Chorus.

to - rious; Thy God shall fight for thee.
sor - row, O give not up thy trust.
rap - ids, He shall thy pas - sage steer.
liev - er, O trust Him to the end.

Trust on! (trust on!) Trust on! (trust on!) Tho'

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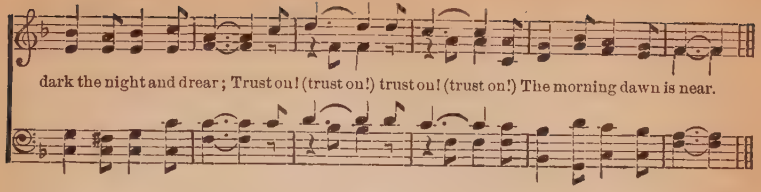
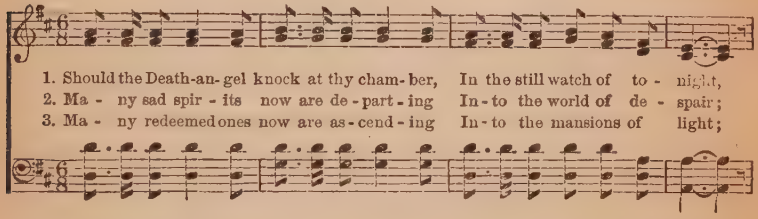
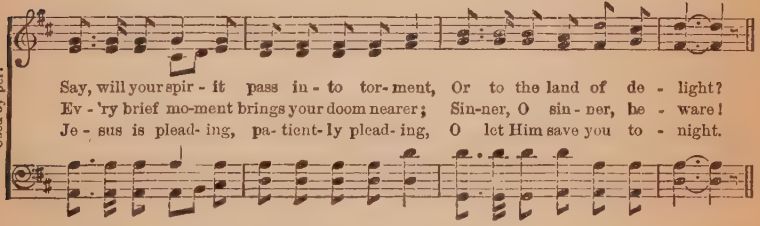


No. 213. Say, are You Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—MATT. 24: 44.

A. S. KIEFFER. T. C. O'KANE.





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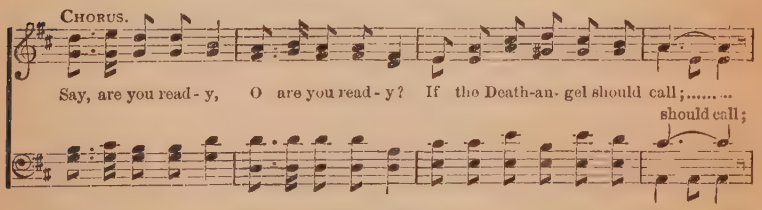
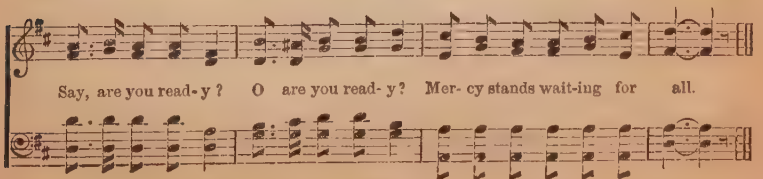
CHORUS.





No. 214. Onward Go!

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before."—PHIL. 3: 13.

E. B. Arr. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Trust - ing in the Lord thy God, On - ward go! on - ward go!
2. Has He call'd thee to the plough? On - ward go! on - ward go!
3. Has He giv'n thee gold - en grain? On - ward go! on - ward go!
4. Has He said the end is near? On - ward go! on - ward go!
5. In this lit - tle mo - ment then, On - ward go! on - ward go!

Hold - ing fast His prom- ised word,
Night is com - ing, serve Him now;
Sow, and thou shalt reap a - gain;
Serv - ing Him with ho - ly fear,
In thy ways ac - knowledge Him;

On-ward! on-ward!
On - ward go!
On-ward! on-ward go!
On - ward! On-ward! on-ward!

Ne'er de - ny His worth - y Name, Tho' it bring re - proach and shame;
Faith and love in ser - vice blend; On His might- y arm de - pend;
To thy Mas - ter's gate re - pair, Watching be and wait- ing there;
Christ thy por - tion, Christ thy stay, Heav'n-ly bread up - on the way,
Let His mind be found in thee: Let His will thy pleas- ure be;

Spread- ing still His won- drous fame,
Stand - ing fast un - til the end,
He will hear and an - swer prayer;
Lead - ing on to glo - rious day;
Thus in life and lib - er - ty,

On-ward go!
On - ward go!
On-ward, on-ward! On-ward go!
On-ward, on- ward go!

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No. 215. More than Tongue can Tell.

"Greater love hath no man than this."—1 JOHN 15 : 13.

J. E. HALL. Arr. J. E. HALL.

1. The love that Je - sus had for me, To suf - fer on the cru - el tree,
2. The ma - ny sor- rows that He bore, And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,
3. The peace I have in Him, my Lord, Who pleads be - fore the throne of God
4. The joy that comes when He is near, The rest He gives, so free from fear,

That I a ran-somed soul might be, Is more than tongue can tell.
That I might live for ev - er - more, Is more than tongue can tell.
The mer - it of His pre - cious blood, Is more than tongue can tell.
The hope in Him so bright and clear, Is more than tongue can tell.

CHORUS.

His love is more than tongue can tell; His love is more than tongue can than tongue can tell;

tell; The love that Je-sus had for me Is more than tongue can tell. than tongue can tell;

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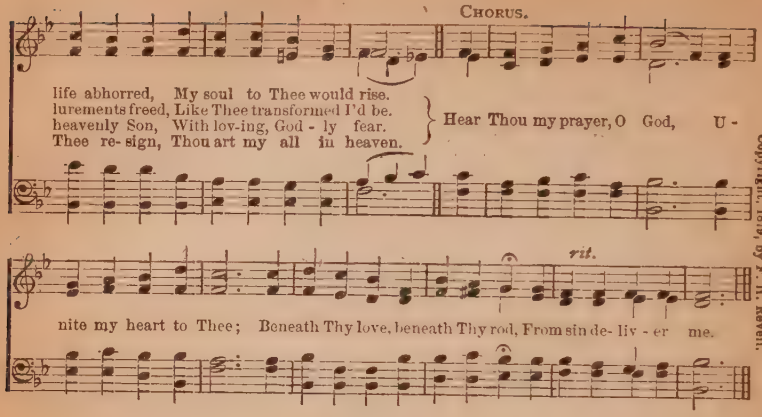
No. 216. Hear Thou my Prayer.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications."—Ps. 143 : 1.

Rev. HENRY C. GRAVES. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. All - see- ing, gra-cious Lord— My heart be- fore Thee lies; All sin of thought and
2. Thou knowest all my need, My in-most thought dost see; Ah, Lord! from all al-
3. Thou ho - ly bless-ed One, To me, I pray, draw near; My spir - it fill, O
4. Bind Thou my life to Thine, To me Thy life is given; While I my all to



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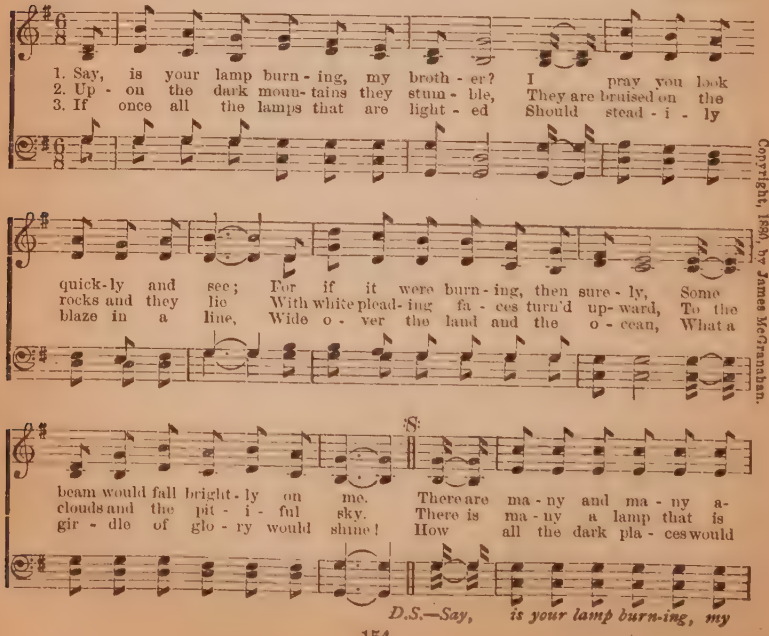
No. 217. Is your Lamp Burning?

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. 5: 16.

Mrs. E. M. H. GATES. C. C. WILLIAMS.



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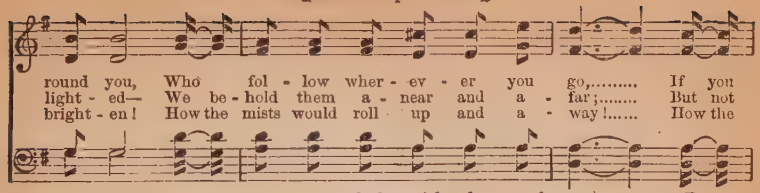
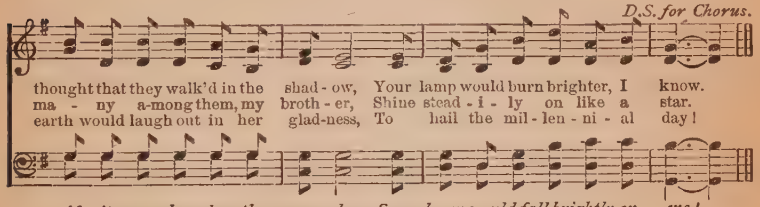
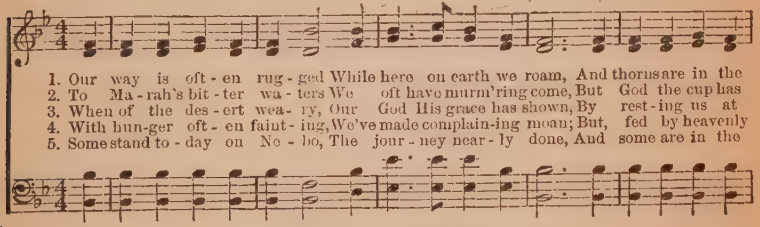


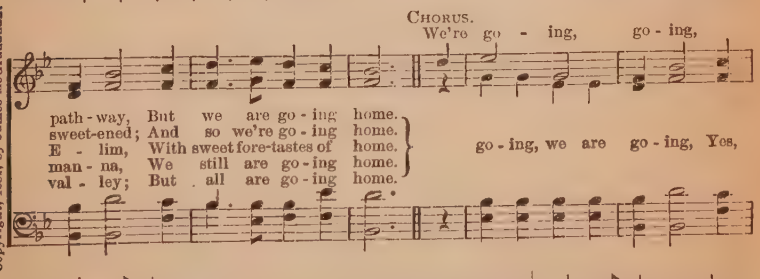


No. 218. We are Going Home.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. 5 : 17.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.





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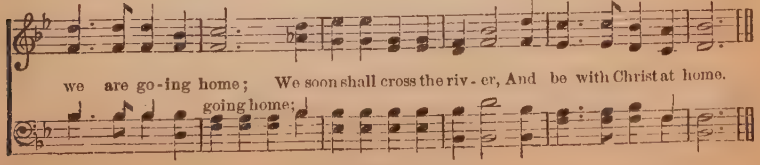

No. 219. Come unto Me, and Rest.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Broth-er, art thou worn and wea-ry, Tempt-ed, tried, and sore op-press'd?
2. Oh, He knows the dark fore-bod-ings Of the con-science-troub-led breast;
3. To the Lord bring all your bur-den, Put the prom-ise to the test;
4. If in sor-row thou art weep-ing, Griev-ing for the loved ones missed,
5. Trust to Him for all thy fu-ture, He will give thee what is best;

List-en to the word of Je-sus, "Come un-to me, and rest!"
And to such His word is giv-en, "Come un-to me, and rest!"
Hear Him say, your Bur-den-Bear-er, "Come un-to me, and rest!"
Sure-ly then to you He whis-pers, "Come un-to me, and rest!"
Why then fear when He is say-ing, "Come un-to me, and rest!"

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REFRAIN.

"Come un-to me, and rest!" "Come un-to me, and rest!"
Come, Oh, come and rest! Come, Oh, come and rest!
Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, "Come un-to me, and rest!"

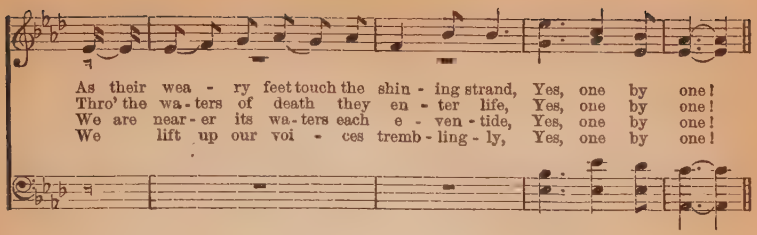
No. 220. Gathering Home.

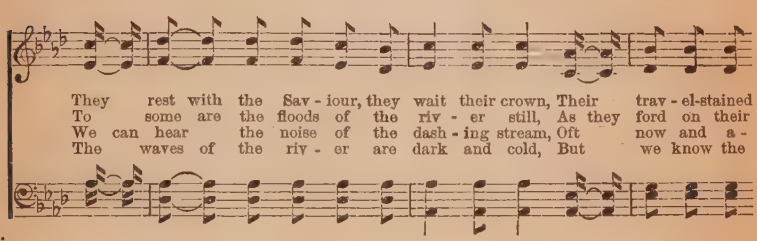
"Ye shall be gathered one by one O ye children of Israel."—Ps. 27: 12.

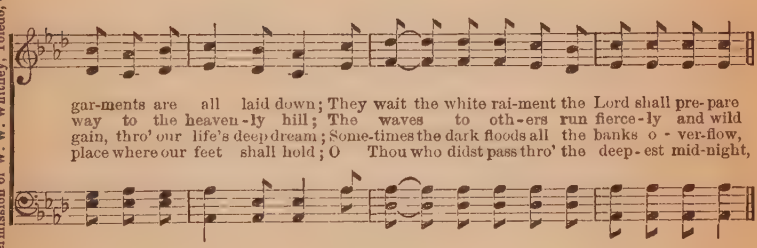
MARY LESLIE. W. A. OGDEN.

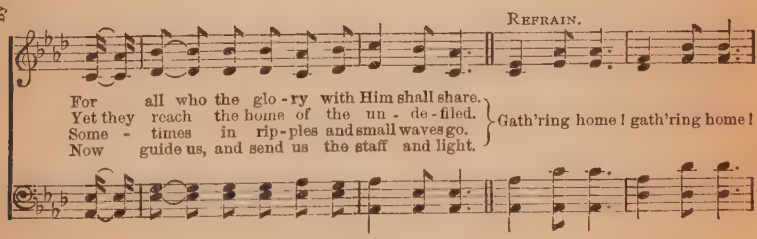
1. They're gath'ring homeward from ev-'ry land, One by one! one by one!
2. Be-fore they rest they pass thro' the strife, One by one! one by one!
3. We too must come to the riv-er-side, One by one! one by one!
4. Oh, Jesus, Re-deem-er, we look to Thee, One by one! one by one!

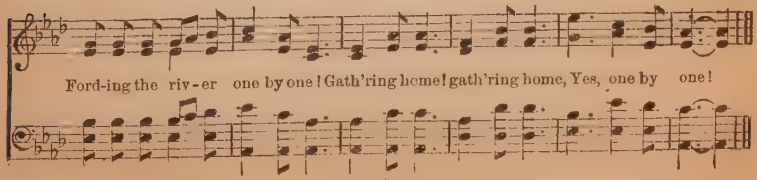
Gathering Home.











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No. 221. Only a Little While.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. On - ly a lit - tle while Of walk-ing with wea - ry feet,
2. Suf - fer if God shall will, And work for Him while we may, From
3. On - ly a lit - tle while, For toil - ing a few short days, And

Pa - tient - ly o - ver the thorn - y way That leads to the gold - en street.
Cal - va - ry's cross to Zi - on's crown, Is on - ly a lit - tle way.
then comes the rest, the qui - et rest, E - ter - ni - ty's end - less praise.

Copyright, 1880, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

No. 222. I hear the Words of Jesus.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 2.

Geo. C. Needham. C. C. Case.

1. I hear the words of Je - sus, They speak of peace with God;
2. His word di - vine - ly bless - ed, It shows me what I am;
3. Oh! hear the words of Je - sus, The tid - ings are for thee;

I see the Lamb, Christ Je - sus, Who bore my heav - y load;
His cross it brings sal - va - tion, The vic - tim was the Lamb;
Oh, clasp the cross of Je - sus, And there for ref - uge flee;

I trust the blood of Je - sus, From sin it sets me free,
His blood pro - cur - eth par - don, And jus - ti - fies the soul,
Oh! trust the blood of Je - sus, Be saved this ver - y hour;

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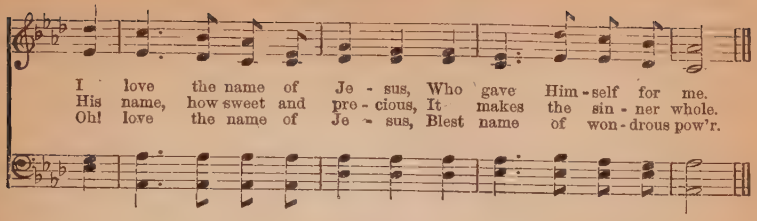
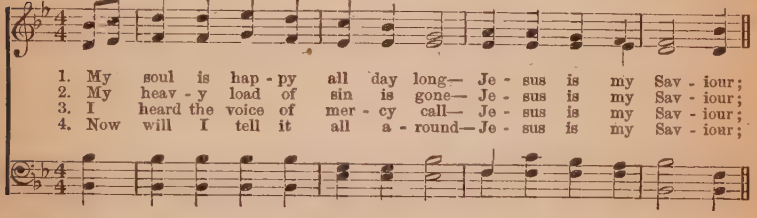
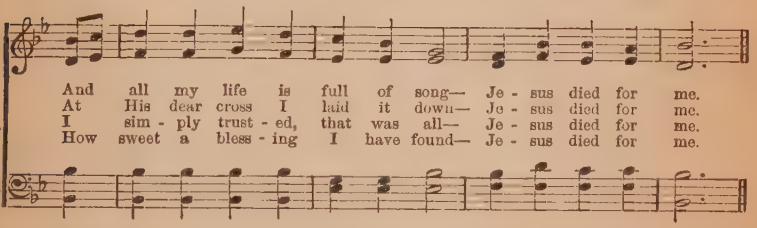


No. 223. Jesus is my Saviour.

"——went on his way rejoicing."—Acts 8: 39.

Rev. R. Lowry. Rev. R. Lowry.





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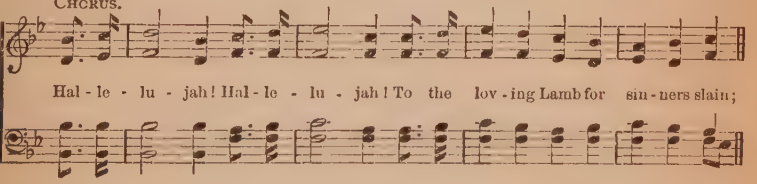
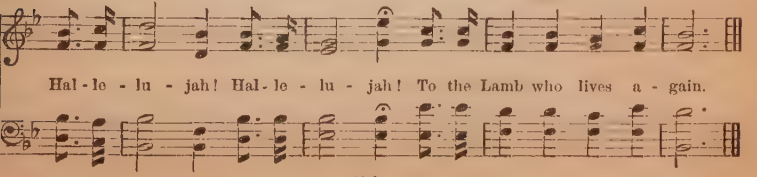
Chorus.

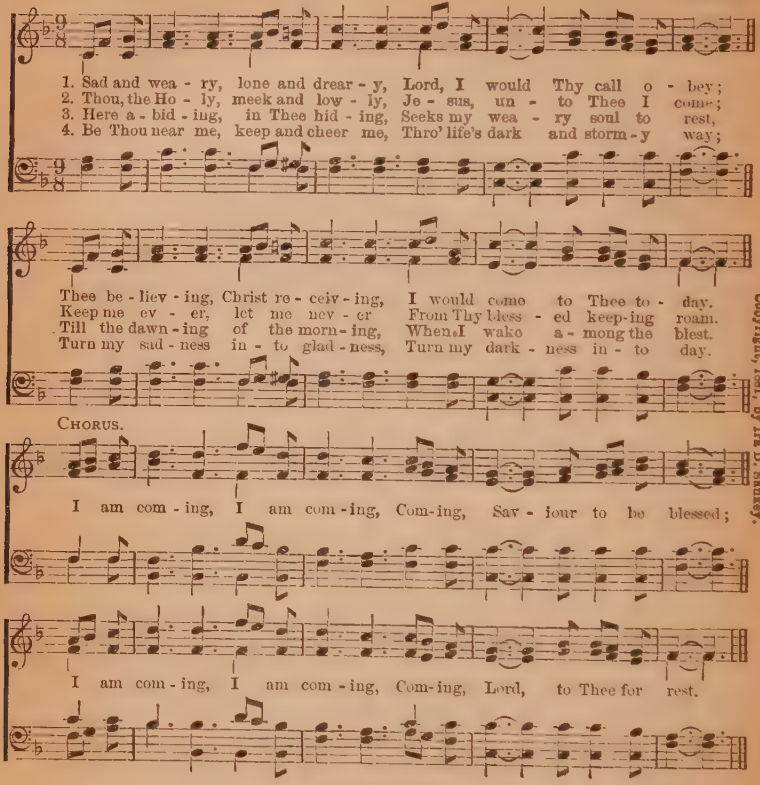




No. 224. I am Coming.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 9: 28.

HELEN R. YOUNG. IRA D. SANKEY.



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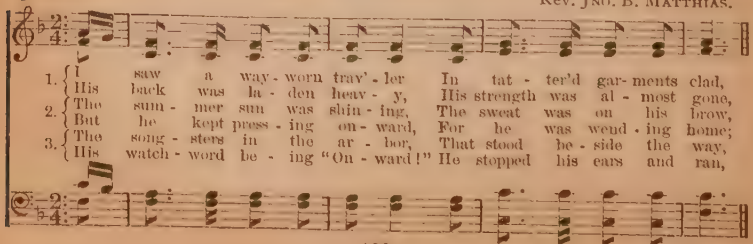
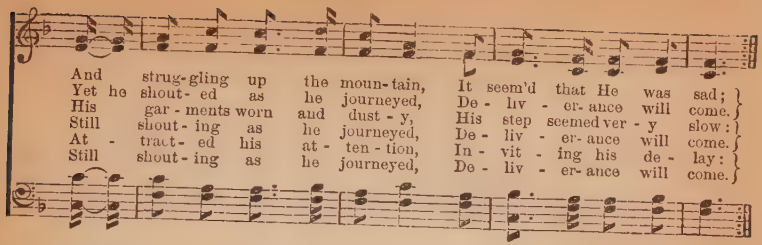
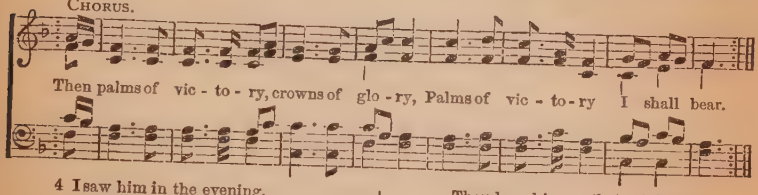
No. 225. Deliverance will Come.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give you."—NUM. 10: 29.

J. B. M. Rev. JNO. B. MATTHIAS.







4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance had come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

No. 226. Take me as I am.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee."—Ps. 102: 1.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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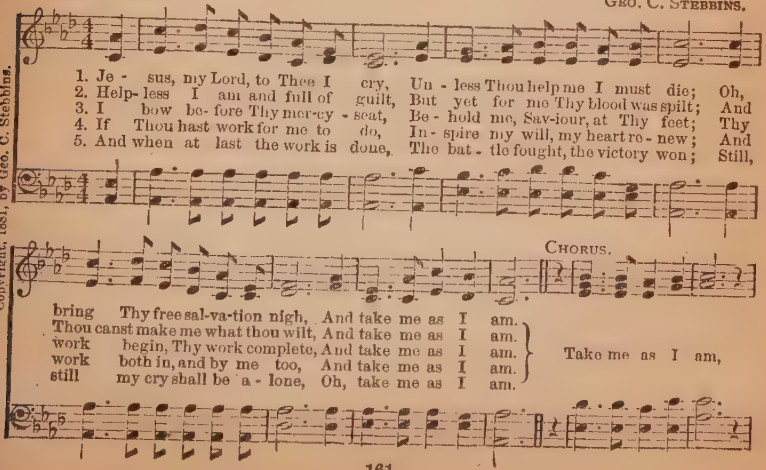
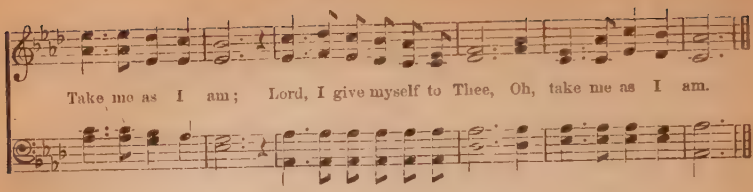
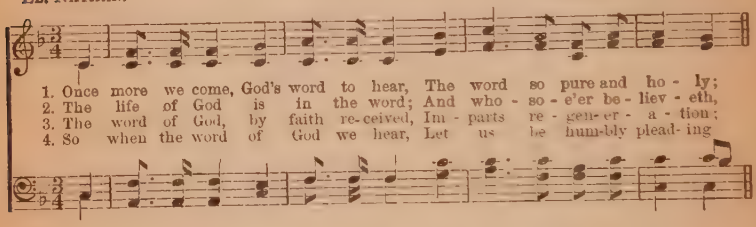


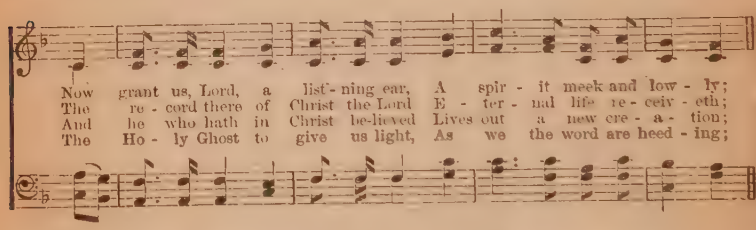


No. 227. Doers of the Word.

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—JAMES I; 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.





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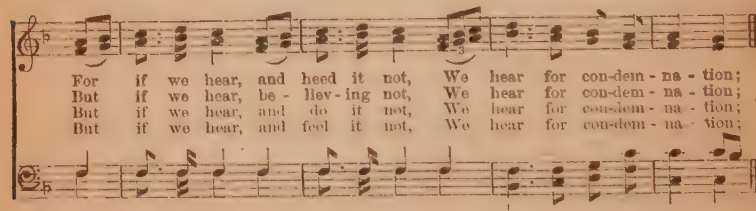

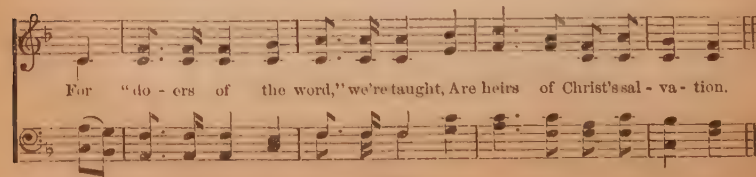

No. 228. We Praise Thee and Bless Thee.

"Oh ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord."—Ps. 113: 1.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. We praise Thee and bless Thee, Our Fa - ther in heaven, For the joy of sal-
2. We praise Thee and bless Thee: Once sin - ful and sad, By the word thou hast
3. We praise Thee and bless Thee: The Spir - it hath come To dwell with, and

va - tion Thy gos - pel hath given.
giv - en, To Christ we were led.
teach us, And guide us safe home.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! we praise Thee Thro'

Je - sus our Lord; Hal - le - lu - jah! we bless Thee For the gift of Thy word!

4 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
For food by the way;
The manna from heaven
Provided each day.

5 We praise Thee and bless Thee;
Thy word hath gone forth,
That Christ shall be King and
Reign over the earth.

6 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
And wait His return
To fulfil every promise
He made to His own.

7 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
We'll reign with Him then,
To praise Thee and bless Thee
For ever. Amen.

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No. 229. Thy Will be Done!

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."—MATT. 6: 10.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on
2. What tho' in lone - ly grief I sigh For friends be - loved, no
3. Let but my faint - ing heart be blest With Thy sweet Spir - it
4. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine; and
5. Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with

life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
lon - ger nigh, Sub - mis - sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
take a - way All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
tears be - fore, I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

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REFRAIN.

Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

Thy will— Thy will be done! Thy will— Thy will be done!

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
Sub - mis - sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

No. 230. Hide Thou Me.

"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. 32: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide Thou me; When the fit - ful tempest
2. From the snare of sin - ful pleas-ure, Hide Thou me; Thou, my Soul's e - ter - nal
3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, Hide Thou me; Till in glo - ry dawns the

ra - ges, Hide Thou me; Where no mor - tal arm can sev - er From my
treas - ure, Hide Thou me; When the world its power is wield - ing, And my
mor - row, Hide Thou me; In the sight of Jor - dan's bil - low, Let Thy

heart Thy love for - ev - er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
heart is al - most yielding, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
bo - som be my pil - low; Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.

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No. 231. I Never Knew You.

"I never knew you: depart from me."—MATT. 7: 23.

Mrs. G. C. NEEDHAM. C. C. CASE.

1. When the King in His beau - ty shall come to His throne, And a - round Him are gath-er'd His lov'd ones, His own; There be some who will knock at His fair pal - ace door, To be an-swered with - in "There is mer - cy no more."
2. They had known whence He came, and the grace which He brought; In their pres - ence He heal'd, in their streets He had taught; They had mention'd His name and their friend-ship pro-fess'd; But they nev - er be - lieved, for of them He con - fess'd;
3. Now the right - eous are reign - ing with A - bra - ham there; But for these is ap-point - ed an end - less de - spair; It is vain that they call: He once knock'd at their gate, But they wel-com'd Him not; so now this is their fate:
4. O sin - ner, give heed to this sto - ry of gloom, For the hour is fast near-ing that fix - es your doom: Will you still re - ject mer - cy? still hard - en your heart? Oh, then, what will you do as the King cries?—"De-part!"

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CHORUS.

"I have nev - er known you," "I have nev - er known you," "I have nev - er, I have nev - er, I have nev - er known you."

No. 232. Only Waiting.

"The Lord direct your hearts into.....the patient waiting for Christ."—2 Thess. 3: 5.

J. H. Fillmore.

W. G. Irvin.

1. I am wait-ing for the morn-ing Of the bless-ed day to dawn,
2. I am wait-ing; worn and wea-ry With the bat-tle and the strife,
3. Wait-ing, hop-ing, trust-ing ev-er, For a home of boundless love;
4. Hop-ing soon to meet the lov'd ones Where the "ma-ny mansions" be;

When the sor-row and the sad-ness Of this change-ful life are gone.
Hop-ing when the war-fare's o-ver To re-ceive a crown of life.
Like a pil-grim, look-ing for-ward To the land of bliss a-bove.
List-'ning for the hap-py wel-come Of my Sav-iour call-ing me.

Used by per.

Chorus.

I am wait - - - ing, on-ly wait-ing, Till this
I am wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, on-ly wait-ing, on-ly wait-ing, Till this
wea - - ry life is o'er; On-ly wait - - ing for my
wea-ry, wea-ry, weary—Till this weary life is o'er; On-ly waiting, waiting, waiting for my
wel-come,
welcome, for my welcome, From my Sav-iour on the oth-er shore.

No. 233. Oh, Revive Us by Thy Word.

"I will cause the shower to come down in his season. There shall be showers of blessing."—EZEK. 34: 26.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Heav'-nly Fa - ther, we Thy chil - dren, Gath-er'd round our ris - en Lord,
2. Gra - cious gales of heav'nly bless - ing In Thy love to us af - ford;
3. Weak and wea - ry in the con - flict, "Wrestling not with flesh and blood,"
4. With Thy strength, O Mas-ter, gird us: Be our Guide and be our Guard:

Lift our hearts in earn - est plead - ing: Oh, re - vive us by Thy word!
Let us feel Thy Spir - it's pres - ence, Oh, re - vive us by Thy word!
Help us, Lord, as faint we fal - ter; Oh, re - vive us by Thy word!
Fill us with Thy ho - ly Spir - it, Oh, re - vive us by Thy word!

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CHORUS.

Send re - fresh-ing, send re - fresh-ing From Thy pres - ence, gra-cious Lord!

Send re - fresh - ing, send re - fresh - ing, And re - vive us by Thy word!

No. 234. Jesus is Coming.

"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven."—1 THESS. 4: 16.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Je - sus is coming! sing the glad word! Com-ing for those He redeem'd by His blood,
2. Je - sus is coming! the dead shall a - rise, Lov'd ones shall meet in a joy - ful sur - prise,
3. Je - sus is coming! His saints to re-lease; Com-ing to give to the warring earth peace:
4. Je - sus is coming! the prom-ise is true; Who are the cho - sen, the faith-ful, the few,

Jesus is Coming.

Com - ing to reign as the glo - ri - fied Lord! Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!
Caught up to - geth - er to Him in the skies. Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!
Sin - ning, and sigh-ing, and sor - row, shall cease. Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!
Wait - ing and watching, pre - pared for re - view? Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!

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CHORUS.

Je - sus is coming, is coming a-gain! Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!
Yes, Je - sus is coming! Oh.

Shout the glad tid - ings o'er mountain and plain! Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

No. 235. Singing as we Journey.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126: 2.

LUCY J. RIDER. LUCY J. RIDER.

1. We are chil-dren of a King, Heav'nly King, Heav'nly King, We are children
2. We are trav'ling to our home, Bless - ed home, Bless - ed home, We are trav'ling
3. Full of joy we on-ward go, Heav'nward go, Homeward go, Full of joy we

of a King, Sing - ing as we jour - ney; Je - sus Christ our Guard and Guide, Bids us,
to our home, Sing - ing as we jour - ney; Tow'rd a cit - y out of sight Where will
on-ward go Sing - ing as we jour - ney; Sing - ing all the jour - ney thro'—Singing

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noth - ing ter - ri - fied, Fol-low close - ly at His side, Sing-ing as we jour-ney.
fall no shade of night, For our Sav-iour is its light, Sing-ing as we jour-ney.
hearts are brave and true—Singing till our home we view, Sing-ing as we jour-ney.

No. 236. Who is on the Lord's Side?

"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse."—1 Chron. 12: 18.

Frances R. Havergal. Ira D. Sankey.

Spirited.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own

help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?
ar - my, Raise the war - rior - psalm; But for love that claim - eth
life - blood, For Thy di - a - dem; With Thy bless - ing fill - ing
ar - my, None can o - ver - throw; Round His stan - dard rang - ing,

Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
Lives for whom He died, He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side.
All who come to Thee, Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free.
Vic - t'ry is se - cure, For His truth un - chang - ing, Makes the tri - umph sure.

Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.

Chorus.

Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His

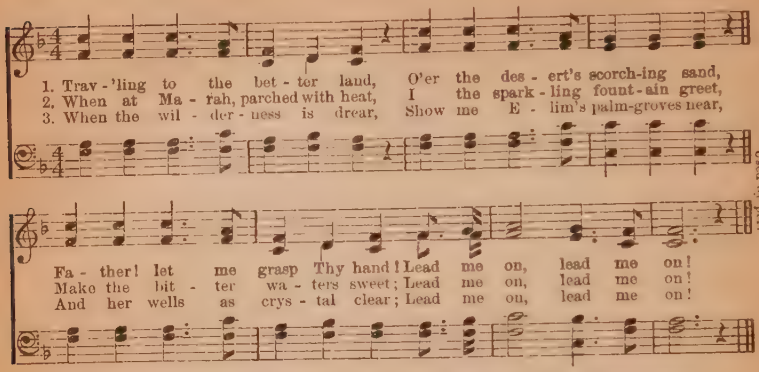
help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? By Thy grand re - demp - tion,

By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side; Sav - iour, we are Thine.

No. 237. Lead me on.

"For thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31 : 3.

C. C. CONVERSE.



Used by per.

4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on!

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

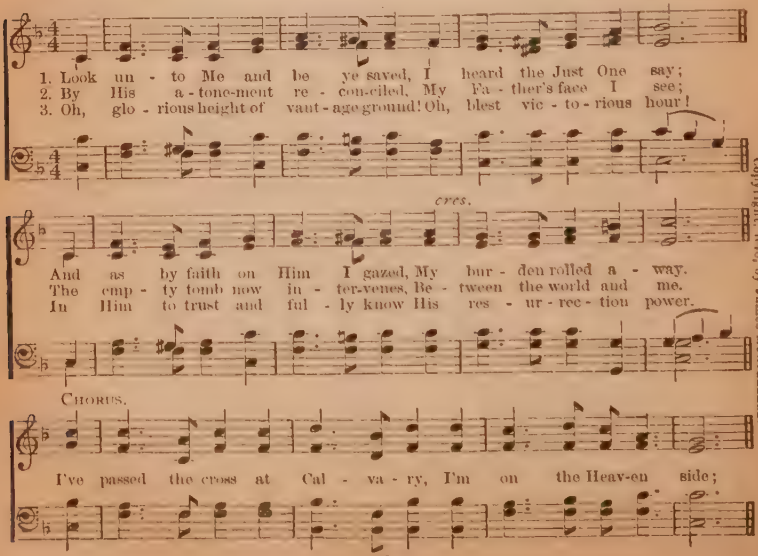
6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink;
Lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on!

No. 238. I've Passed the Cross.

"Passed from death unto life."—JOHN 5 : 24.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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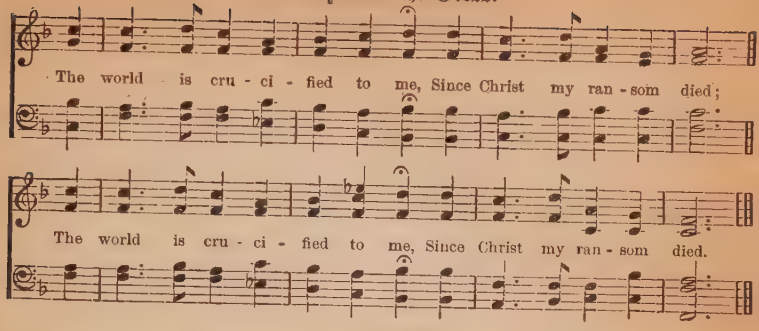
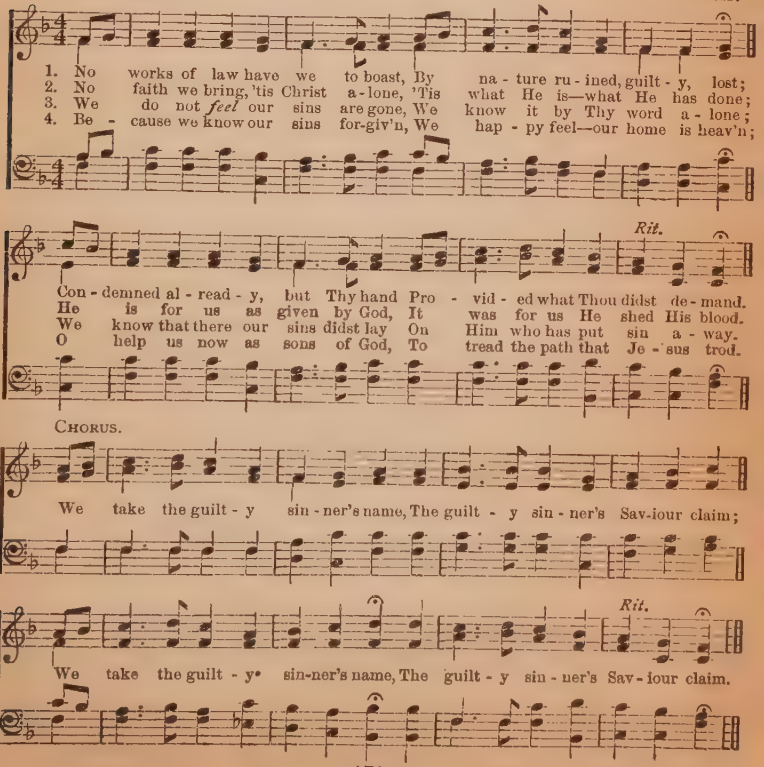
I'be Passed the Cross.



No. 239. We Take the Guilty Sinner's Name.

"These things have I written unto you that ye may know that ye have eternal life."—1 JOHN 5: 13.

Rev. W. P. MACKAY. H. F. WILLIAMS.



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No. 240. He Came to Bethany.

"Then Jesus came to Bethany."—1 John 12: 1.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.

1. { There is love, true love, and the heart grows warm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes;
   There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is spread, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes;
2. { There is peace, sweet peace, and the life grows calm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes;
   There is faith, strong faith, and our home seems near, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes;

And the word of life has a wondrous charm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.
For His heav'n-ly voice brings to life the dead, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.
And the trust-ing soul sings a sweet, soft psalm, When the Lord to Beth-a'-ny comes.
And the crown more bright, and the cross more dear, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.

Chorus.

'Twas a hap-py, hap-py day in the old-en time, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny came, O-pen wide the door, let Him en-ter now! For His love is ev-er the same!

is ev-er the same! is ev-er the same!
His love is ev-er the same! His love is ev-er the same!

is ev-er the same! is ev-er the same!

O-pen wide the door, let Him en-ter now! For His love is ev-er the same!

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No. 241. Child of Sin and Sorrow.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—Luke 14: 17.

Th. Hastings. Thomas Hastings.

1. Child of sin and sor - row, Fill'd with dis - may,
Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day: } Heav'n bids thee come,
2. Child of sin and sor - row, Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst bor - row Help from on high; } Grieve not that love

While yet there's room; Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.
Which from a - bove, Child of sin and sor - row, Would bring thee nigh.

No. 242. This I Know.

"I know whom I have believed."—2 Tim. 1: 12.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Lord, my trust I re - pose in Thee; O how great is Thy love to me!
2. Thou dost lead with a sweet com-mand, Thou dost lead with a gen - tle hand;
3. I shall rise to a world of light, I shall rest in a man- sion bright;

Refrain.

Thou the strength of my life shalt be; This I know, this I know.
On the rock of Thy Truth I stand; This I know, this I know. } Thine, Thine, and only Thine,
Then my faith shall be lost in sight; This I know, this I know.

Now and ev - er Thine; Thou dost love me, Saviour mine; This I know, this I know.

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No. 243. Not what these Hands have Done.

"Having made peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. 1: 20.

Horatius Bonar, D.D. James McGranahan.

1. Not what these hands have done, Can save this guilt-y soul; Not what this toil-ing
2. Not what I feel or do, Can give me peace with God; Not all my pray'rs, nor
3. Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O Lord, to Thee, Can rid me of this
4. No oth-er work save Thine, No mean-er blood, will do; No strength, save that which
5. I praise the God of grace, I trust His love and might; He calls me His, I

Refrain.

flesh has borne, Can make my spir-it whole.
sighs, nor tears, Can ease my aw-ful load.
dark un-rest, And set my spir-it free.
is di-vine, Can bear me safely through.
call Him mine; My God, my joy, my light!

Thy work a-lone, my Sav-iour, Can

ease this weight of sin; Thy blood a-lone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace with-in.

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No. 244. How can I Keep from Singing?

"I will sing praises unto my God while I have my being."—Ps. 146: 2.

Anon. Ira D. Sankey.

1. My life flows on in end-less song; A-bove earth's lamen-ta-tion, I hear the sweet
2. What tho' my joys and comforts die? The Lord my Sav-iour liv-eth What tho' the dark-
3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a-bove it; And day by day

tho' far-off hymn That hails a new cre-a-tion; Tho' all the tu-mult and the strife I
ness gather round? Songs in the night He giv-eth; No storm can shake my in-most calm While
this pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it; The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A

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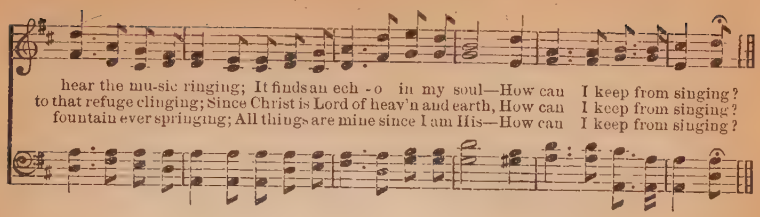
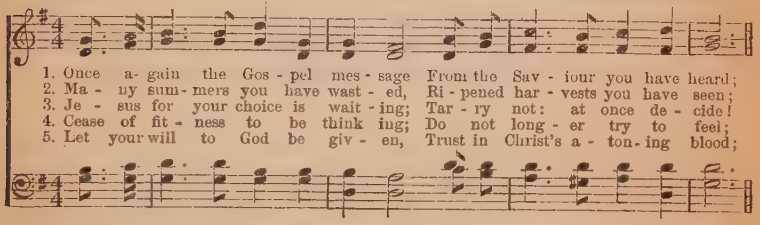


No. 245. Come Believing!

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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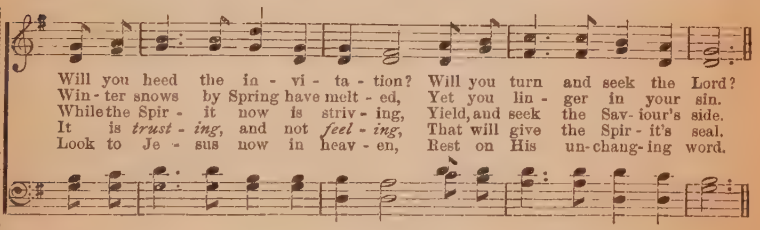
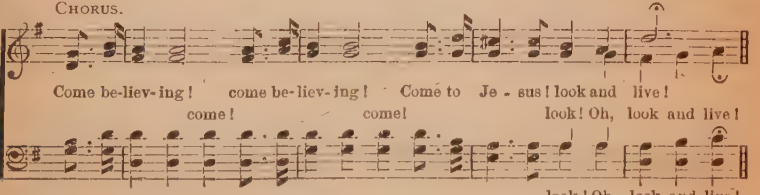
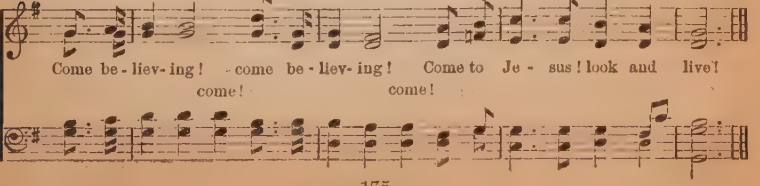


CHORUS.





No. 246. Sound the Alarm!

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Sound an alarm!"—JOEL 2: 1. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sound the a-larm! let the watchman cry!— "Up! for the day of the Lord is nigh;
2. Sound the a-larm! let the cry go forth, Swift as the wind, o'er the realms of earth;
3. Sound the a-larm on the mountain's brow! Plead with the lost by the way-side now;
4. Sound the a-larm in the youth-ful ear, Sound it a-loud that the old may hear;

Who will es-cape from the wrath to come? Who have a place in the soul's bright home?"
Flee to the Rock where the soul may hide! Flee to the Rock! in its cleft a-bide.
Warn them to come and the truth em-brace; Urge them to come and be saved by grace.
Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last! Blow ye the trump till the light is past!

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REFRAIN.

Sound the alarm, watchman, Sound the alarm! For the Lord will come with a conq'ring arm;
And the hosts of sin, as their ranks advance, Shall with-er and fall at His glance.

No. 247. Beautiful Morning.

Anon. "He is not here but is risen."—LUKE 24: 6. LUCY J. RIDER.

1. Beau-ti-ful morn-ing! Day of hope, Dawn of a bet-ter life;
2. Beau-ti-ful morn-ing! All the week Wait-eth thy wel-come light,
3. Beau-ti-ful morn-ing! Grief and pain, Weep-ing be-fore the tomb,

Now in thy peace-ful hours we rest, Far from earth's noise and strife.
Since thy first dawn-ing, calm and clear, Out of the dark-est night.
Fly at thy dawn-ing, Je-sus rose, Je-sus dis-pelled the gloom.

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CHORUS.

Morn - ing of res - ur - rec - tion joy, Day when the Sav - iour rose,

Sing - ing shall greet thy open - ing hour, Sing - ing shall mark thy close.

No. 248. 'Twill not be Long.

"We are journeying unto a place of which the Lord said I will give it you."—NUM. 10: 29.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Twill not be long our jour - ney here, Each bro - ken sigh and fall - ing tear, Will soon be gone, and all will be A
2. 'Twill not be long the yearn - ing heart May feel its ev - 'ry hope de - part, And grief be min - gled with its song; We'll
3. Though sad we mark the clos - ing eye, Of those we lov'd in days gone by, Yet sweet in death their lat - est song— We'll
4. These check - ered wilds, with thorns o'er-spread, Thro' which our way so oft is led— This march of time, with truth so strong, Will

rit. REFRAIN.

cloud - less sky, a wave - less sea. Roll on, dark stream, We
meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We

rit.

dread not thy foam; The Pil - grim is long - ing For home, sweet home.

Copyrighted in "Silver Spray," 1863, by W. H. Doane.

No. 249. Tell me more about Jesus.

"That I may know him."—PHIL. 3: 10.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. 'Tis known on earth, in heav - en too, 'Tis sweet to me be - cause 'tis true;
2. Earth's fair - est flowers will droop and die, Dark clouds o'er-spread yon a - zure sky;
3. When o - verwhelmed with un - be - lief, When bur - dened with a blind-ing grief,
4. And when the Glo - ry - land I see, And take the "place pre-pared" for me,

The "old, old story" is ev - er new; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
Life's dear - est joys flit fleet - est by; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
Come kind - ly then to my re - lief; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
Thro' end - less years my song shall be— "Tell me more a - bout Je - sus."

CHORUS.

"Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!" "Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!"

Him would I know who loved me so; "Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!"

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No. 250. We'll gather there in Glory by and by.

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."—COL. 3: 4.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. The word of God is giv - en To all who serve Him here,
2. Once in our sin we wan - der'd Far, far a - way from God,
3. Now with this hope to cheer us, And with the Spir - it's seal,

We'll gather there in Glory by and by.

That when the Lord from heav - en In glo - ry shall ap - pear,
And pre - cious hours we squan - der'd Up - on the down - ward road;
That all our sins were par - doned, Thro' Him whose stripes did heal;

We then shall be de - liv - ered From sor - row, sin, and pain;
But God in grace hath call'd us, And giv - en us to share
As "stran - gers" and as "pil - grims," No place on earth we own,

And if for Christ we suf - fer, With Him we then shall reign.
The pur - chase of our Sav - iour, A man - sion bright and fair.
But work and watch as "ser - vants," Un - til our Lord shall come.

CHORUS.

We are go-ing home to Je - sus! Go-ing home to Je - sus! Go - ing to the

man-sions He's pre - par - ing there on high! We are go - ing home to Je - sus!

Go-ing home to Jesus! And we'll gath-er there in glo - ry, By and by! by and by!

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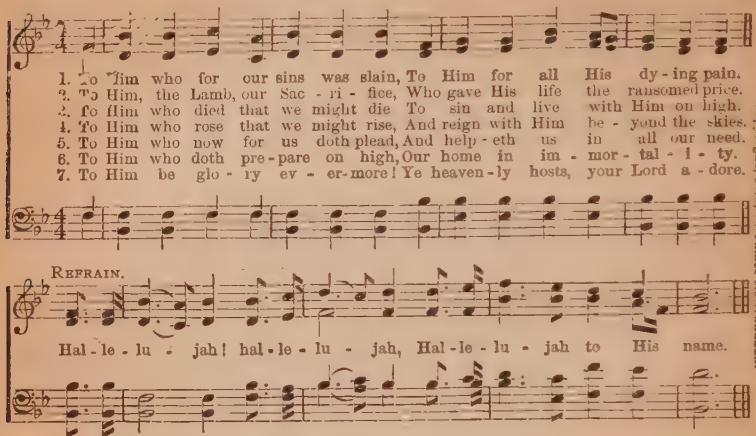
No. 251. To Him be Glory Evermore.

"Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."—Rev. 5: 9.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

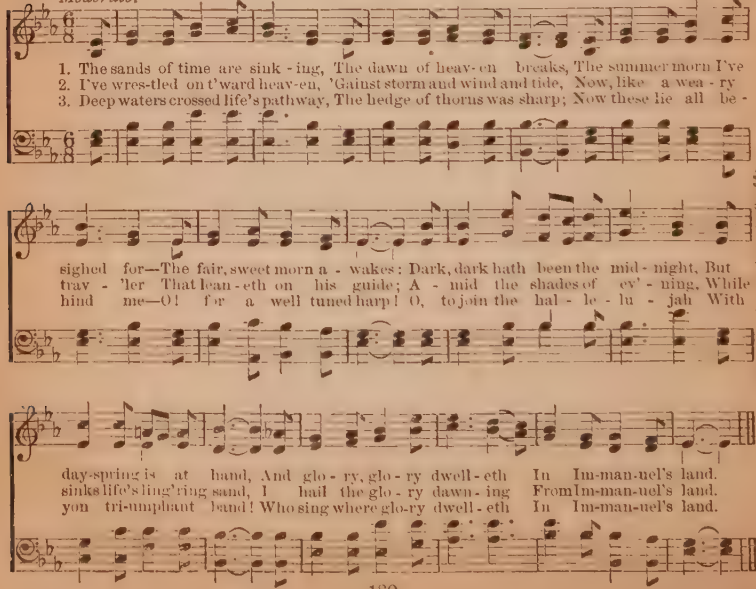


No. 252. The Sands of Time.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

Mrs. A. R. Cousin. Ira D. Sankey.

Moderato.



No. 253. I know that my Redeemer Lives.

"I know that my Redeemer lives."—Job 19: 25.

Rev. Sam. Medley. James McGranahan.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives! What com-fort this sweet mes-sage gives!
2. He lives, to bless me with His love; He lives, to plead for me a-bove,
3. He lives, tri-umphant from the grave; He lives, e-ter-nal-ly to save;
4. He lives, my man-sion to pre-pare; He lives to bring me safe-ly there;

He lives, who once was dead; He lives, all glo-rious in the sky;
My hun-gry soul to feed; He lives, to grant me rich sup-ply;
And while He lives I'll sing; He lives, my ev-er faith-ful Friend;
My Je-sus still the same: What joy this blest as-sur-ance gives!—

He lives, ex-alt-ed there on high, My ev-er-last-ing Head.
He lives, to guide me with His eye, To help in time of need.
He lives, and loves me to the end, My Proph-et, Priest, and King!
"I know that my Re-deem-er lives:" All glo-ry to His name!

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Chorus.

He lives! He lives! I know that my Re-deem-er lives!
He lives! He lives!

He lives! He lives! I know that my Re-deem-er lives.
He lives! He lives!

No. 254. A Little While.

"Yet a little while; and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "A lit - tle while!" and He shall come; The hour draws on a - pace, The bless-ed hour, the glorious morn, When we shall see His face: How light our tri - als then will seem! How short our pil- grim way! Our life on earth a fit - ful dream, Dis- pelled by dawning day!

2. "A lit - tle while!" with patience, Lord, I fain would ask "How long?" For how can I with such a hope Of glo - ry and of home, With such a joy a - wait- ing me, Not wish the hour were come? How can I keep the long - ing back, And how sup-press the groan?

3. Yet peace, my heart! and hush, my tongue! Be calm, my troubled breast! Each pass-ing hour is hast'ning on The ev - er-last- ing rest: Thou knowest well—the time thy God Ap- points for thee is best: The morning star will soon a - rise; The glow is in the East.

CHORUS.

Then come, Lord Jesus, quickly come, In glo - ry and in light! Come take thy long - ing chil-dren home, And end earth's wea - ry night!

rit.

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No. 255. Only for Thee.

"For me to live is Christ."—PHIL. 1: 21.

ELIZA ANN WALKER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Pre-cious Sav-iout, may I live, On-ly for Thee! Spend the pow-ers
2. Be my spir-it's deep de-sire On-ly for Thee! May my in-tel-
3. In my joys may I re-joice, On-ly for Thee! In my choos-ing
Meek-ly may I suf-fer grief, On-ly for Thee! Grate-ful-ly ac-
Be my smiles and be my tears, On-ly for Thee! Be my young and
Be my peace and be my strife On-ly for Thee! Be my love and

CHORUS.

Thou dost give On-ly for Thee!
lect as-pire On-ly for Thee!
make my choice On-ly for Thee!
cept re-lief, On-ly for Thee!
rip-er years, On-ly for Thee!
be my life, On-ly for Thee!
On-ly Christ who died for me

Paid the price and made me free, Now, and thro' e-ter-ni-ty, On-ly for Thee!

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No. 256. Waiting.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 COR. 1: 7.

MRS. FRANCES L. MACE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. On-ly wait-ing till the shad-ows Are a lit-tle long-er grown;
2. On-ly wait-ing till the reap-ers Have the last sheaf gath-er'd home;
3. On-ly wait-ing till the an-gels O-pen wide the pearl-y gate,
4. Wait-ing for a bright-er dwell-ing Than I ev-er yet have seen,

On-ly wait-ing till the glim-mer Of the day's last beam is flown;
For the sum-mer-time has fad-ed And the au-tumn winds have come.
At whose por-tals long I've lin-gered, Wea-ry, poor, and des-o-late:
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, And the fields are ev-er green;

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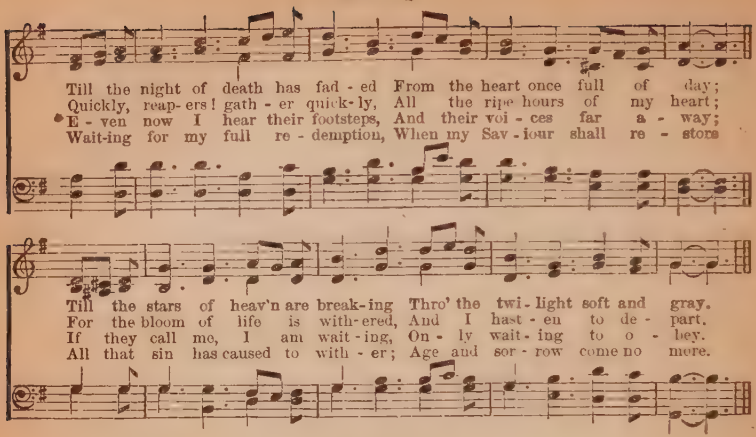
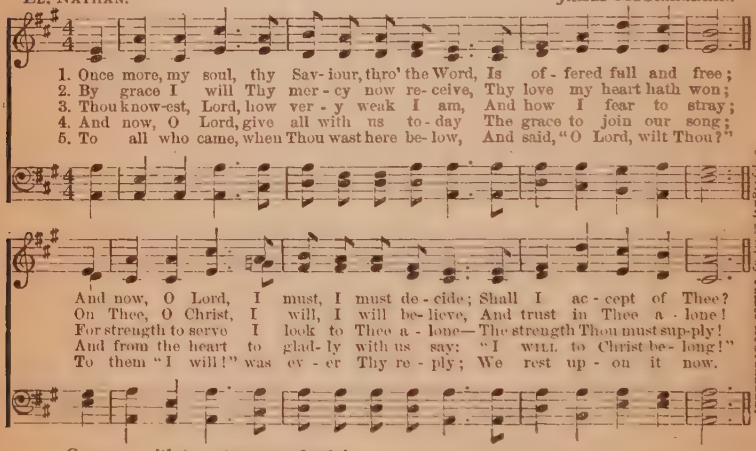


No. 257. I Will!

"I will trust, and not be afraid."—ISAIAH 12: 2.

(Suggested by the responses of the young men of Limerick to Mr. Moody's question, "Will you trust Christ?" at the Meetings in that City, October, 1883.)

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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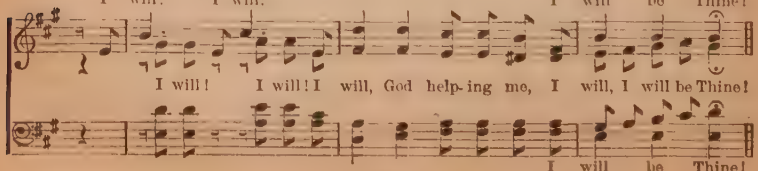
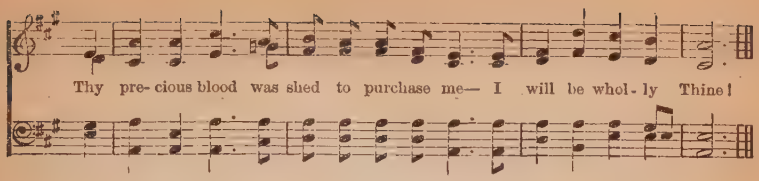
CHORUS, *with promptness and spirit.*

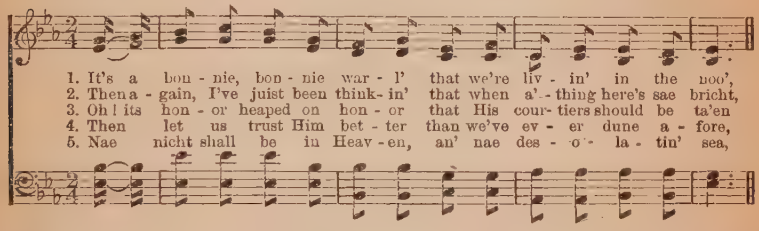


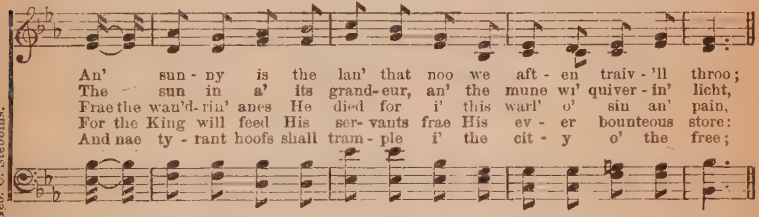


No. 258. The Palace o' the King.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy."—Ps. 16: 11.

WILLIAM MITCHELL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.





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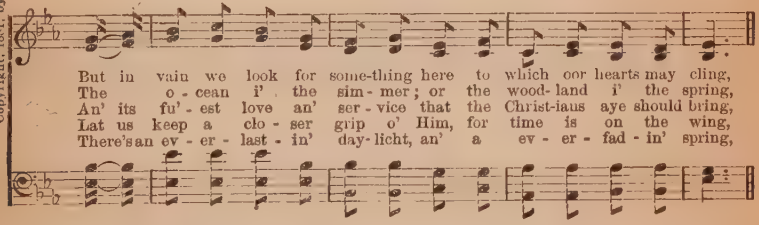
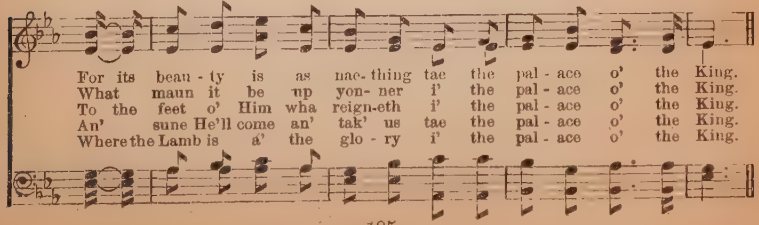




We like the gild - ed sim - mer, wi' its mer - ry, mer - ry tread,
It's here we hae oor tri - als, an' it's here that He pre - pares
The time for saw - in' seed, it is a wear - in', wear - in' dune;
It's iv - 'ry halls are bon - nie up - on which the rain - bows shine,
We see oor freen's a - wait us o - wer yon - ner at His gate;

An' we sigh when hoar - y win - ter lays its beau - ties wi' the dead;
His cho - sen for the rai - ment which the ran-somed sin - ner wears.
An' the time for win - nin' souls will be o - wer ver - ra sune.
An' its E - den bow'rs are trel - lised wi' a nev - er fad - in' Vine;
Then lat us a' be read - y, for ye ken it's get - tin' late;

For tho' bon - nie are the snaw-flakes, an' the doon on Win - ter's wing,
An' its here that He wad hear us 'mid oor trib - u - la - tions sing,
Then lat us a' be ac - tive, if a fruit - ful sheaf we'd bring
An' the pearl - y gates o' Heav - en, do a glo - rious ra - diance fling,
Let oor lamps be bricht - ly burn - in'; let us raise oor voice and sing,

It's fine to ken it daur - na touch the pal - ace o' the King.
"We'll trust oor God wha' reign - eth i' the pal - ace o' the King.
To a - dorn the Roy - al ta - ble i' the pal - ace o' the King.
On the star - ry floor that shim - mers i' the pal - ace o' the King.
For sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the pal - ace o' the King.

No. 259. Redeemed.

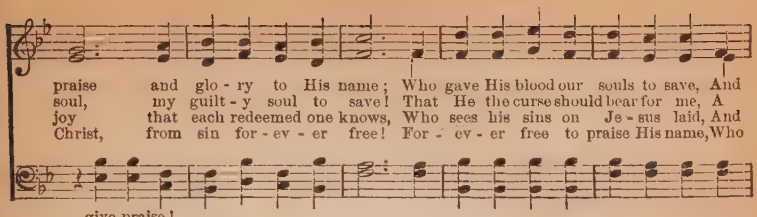
"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107: 2.

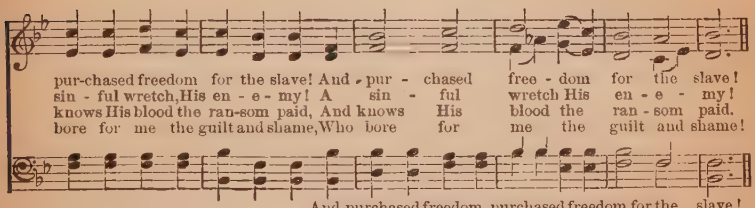
EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "Re - deemed!" "re - deemed!" Oh, sing the joy - ful strain! Give praise; give
2. What grace! what grace! That He who calmed the wave, Should stoop, my
3. "Re - deemed!" "re - deemed!" The word has brought re - pose, And joy, and
4. "Re - deemed!" "re - deemed!" O joy, that I should be In Christ, in

"Redeemed!" "redeemed!"
What grace! what grace!

Give praise!
Should stoop,





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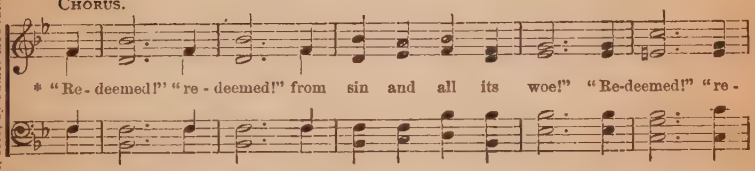
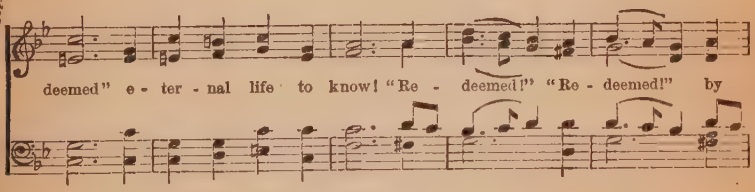
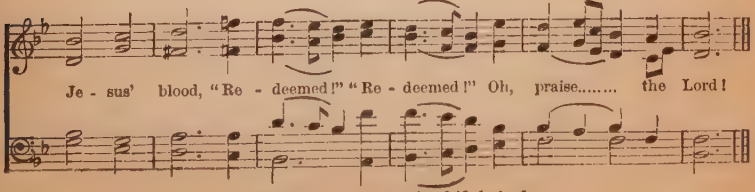
CHORUS.





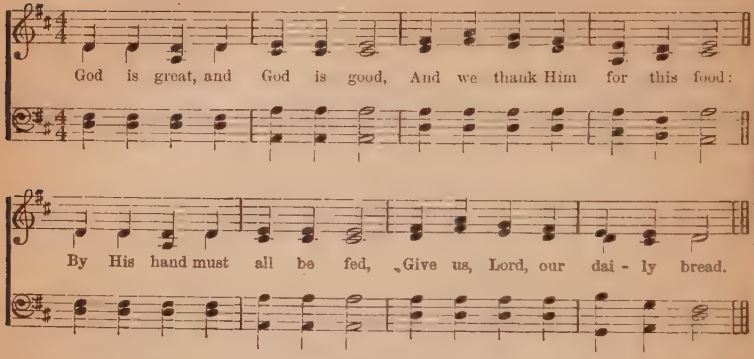


* The CHORUS may be omitted if desired.

No. 260. Grace before Meals.

"The eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season."—Ps. 145: 15.

P. P. Bliss.

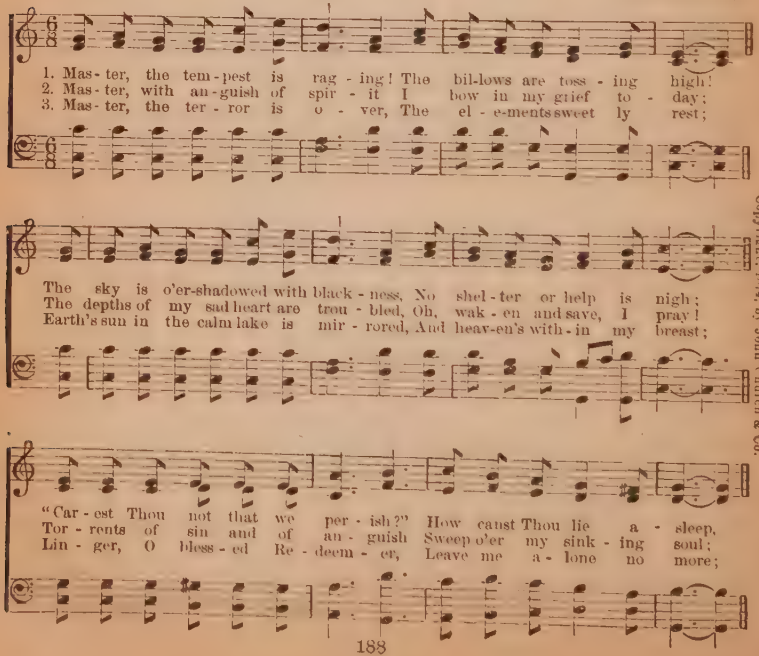


Per. John Church & Co.

No. 261. Peace! Be Still!

"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—Mark 4: 39.

Miss M. A. Baker. H. R. Palmer.



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When each moment so mad-ly is threat-'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter; Oh! has-ten, and take con-trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

"The winds and the waves shall o-bey My will, Peace,..... be still!.....
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons, or men, or what-

cres - - - - - - *cen* - - - - -

ev-er it be, No wa-ter can swal-low the ship where lies The

- - - *do.* *ff*

Mas-ter of o-ceanand earth and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-bey My will;

p *p* *pp*

Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o-bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"

No. 262. I am the Door.

"I am the door: by me if any man enter in he shall be saved."—JOHN 10: 9.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

1. O what shall I do to be saved? The gath-'ring storm I be - hold,
2. O what shall I do to be saved? No light, no hope can I see,
3. O what shall I do to be saved? So vile, so burdened with sin.
4. I en - ter the wide o - pen door, In Christ I *now* have be - lieved;

cres.

Ex - posed to the wrath of my God; Is there no shel - ter - ing fold,
No help in my - self can I find; Is there no mer - cy for me,
O how to the fold may I come, How may I en - ter there - in,
I'm cleans'd from my sins by His blood; I trust and *now* I am saved,

CHORUS.

Is there no shel - ter - ing fold?
Is there no mer - cy for me?
How may I en - ter there - in?
I trust and *now* I am saved?
} I am the door, by Me if an - y man

f

en - ter in, he shall be saved, he shall be saved, I am the door.

ff *ad lib.*

by Me if an - y man en - ter in, He shall be saved, he shall be saved.

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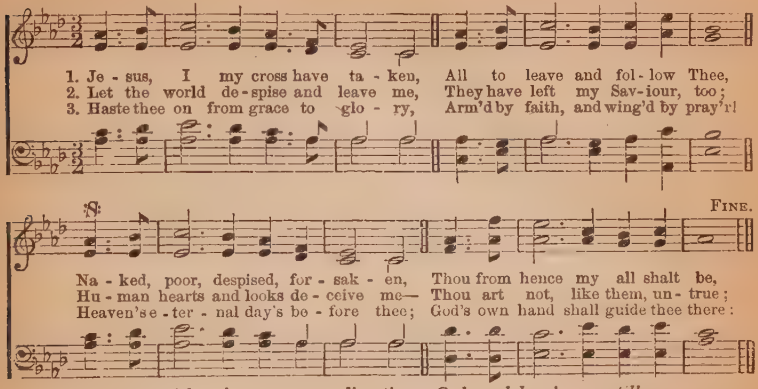
No. 263. Autumn. 8s, & 7s.

"Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee."—MATT, 19: 27.

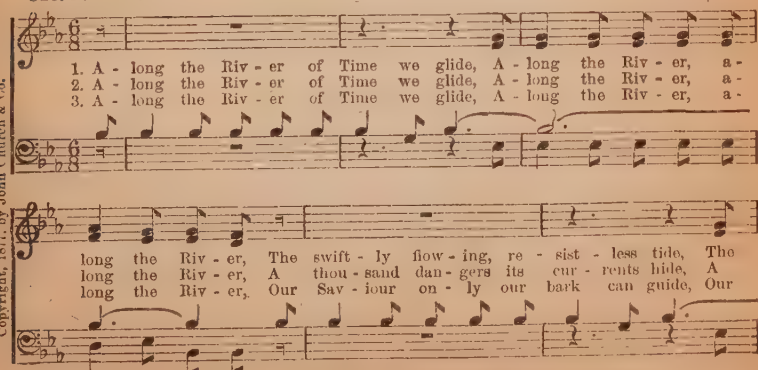
Rev. H. F. LYTE. F. H. BARTHELEMON.



No. 264. Along the River of Time.

"Remember how short time is."—Ps. 89: 47.

GEO. F. ROOT. GEO. F. ROOT.



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If a single voice sings this, let it change from the Tenor lines to the Soprano.

swift - ly flow - ing, the swift - ly flow - ing, Ah, soon, ah, soon, the
thou - sand dan - gers, a thou - sand dan - gers, And near our course the
Sav - iour on - ly, our Sav - iour on - ly, But with Him we se-

end we'll see, Yes, soon 'twill come and we will be
rocks we see, Oh, dread - ful thought! a wreck to be,
cure may be, No fear, no doubt, but joy to be

p

Float - ing, Float - ing, Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty!

pp *rit.*

Float - ing, float - ing, Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty!

No. 265. Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. "*Till He come!*"—Oh, let the words Lin - ger on the trem - bling chords;
2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on their rest a - bove,
3. Clouds and dark - ness round us press; Would we have one sor - row less?
4. See the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and eat the bread;

Let "the lit - tle while" be - tween In their gold - en light be seen:
When the words of love and cheer Fall no long - er on our ear,
All the sharp-ness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss.
Sweet me- mo - rials, till the Lord Call us round His heaven-ly board;

Let us think, how heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "*Till He come!*"
Hush! be ev - ery mur - mur dumb, It is on - ly "*Till He come!*"
Death, and dark - ness, and the tomb, Pain us on - ly "*Till He come!*"
Some from earth, from glo - ry some, Sev - ered on - ly "*Till He come!*"

No. 266. Oh! to be over Yonder.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy."—Ps. 16: 11.

Miss Florence C. Armstrong. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of won - der,
2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearn - ing heart grows fond - er
3. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! A - las! I sigh and won - der
4. Oh, when shall I be dwell - ing Where an - gel voi - ces swell - ing
5. Oh, I shall soon be yon - der, Tho' lone - ly here I wan - der,

Where the an - gel voi - ces min - gle, and the an - gel harp - ers ring;
Of look- ing to the east, to see the bless - ed day - star bring
Why clings my poor, weak, sin - ful heart to an - y earth - ly thing:
In tri - ump - ant hal - le - lu - jahs, make the vault - ed heav'ns ring?
Yearn - ing for the wel- come sum - mer—longing for the bird's fleet wing;

To be free from pain and sor - row, And the anx - ious, dread to - mor- row,
Some tid - ings of the wak- ing, The cloud- less, pure day break-ing;
Each tie of earth must sev - er, And pass a - way for - ev - er;
Where the pearl - y gates are gleam-ing, And the morn- ing star is beam-ing?
The mid- night may be drear - y, And the heart be worn and wea - ry,

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To rest in light and sun-shine In the pres-ence of the King.
My heart is yearn-ing—yearn-ing For the com-ing of the King.
But there's no more sep-a-ra-tion In the pres-ence of the King.
Oh, when shall I be yon-der In the pres-ence of the King.
But there's no more shad-ow yon-der In the pres-ence of the King.

CHORUS.

Oh!..... to be o-ver yon-der, In..... that land of won-der,
Oh! to be o-ver yonder, yonder, In that land, that land of wonder,

There..... to be for-ev-er In the pres-ence of the King.
There to be for-ev-er

No. 267. Come, thou Weary.

"I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Rev. S. C. MORGAN. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Come, thou wea-ry, Je-sus calls thee To His wound-ed side;
2. Seek-ing Je-sus? Je-sus seeks thee— Wants thee as thou art;
3. If thou let Him, He will save thee— Make thee all His own;
4. Wilt thou still re-fuse His of-fer? Wilt thou say Him nay?
5. Dost thou feel thy life is wea-ry? Is thy soul dis-tressed?

"Come to me," saith He, "and ev-er Safe a-bide."
He is knock-ing, ev-er knock-ing At thy heart.
Guide thee, keep thee, take thee, dy-ing, To His throne.
Wilt thou let Him, grieved, re-ject-ed, Go a-way?
Take His of-fer, wait no long-er; Be at rest!

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No. 268. Every Day Will I Bless Thee.

Ps. 145: 2.

J. E. A.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. My Saviour's prais-es I will sing, And all His love ex- press; Whose mercies each re-
2. Redeemed by His al-mighty power, My Sav-iour and my King; My con - fi-dence in
3. On Thee a- lone, my Saviour, God, My steadfast hopes de-pend; And to Thy ho - ly
4. Oh, grant Thy Ho- ly Spirit's grace, And aid my fee-ble powers; That glad - ly I may

turn-ing day, Proclaim His faith- ful - ness.
Him I place, To Him my soul would cling.
will my soul, Sub-mis-sive - ly would bend.
fol - low Thee Thro' all my fu- ture hours.

CHORUS.

"Ev - 'ry day will I bless Thee! Ev- 'ry day will I bless Thee! And I will praise, will praise, Thy name For-ev - er and ev - er!"

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No. 269. Onward, Upward, Homeward!

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 16.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Joy- ful - ly I flee From this world of sor - row,
2. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Here I find no rest; Tread-ing o'er the des - ert
3. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Come a - long with me; Ye who love the Sav - iour,

With my Lord to be; On- ward to the glo - ry, Up- ward to the prize,
Which my Saviour pressed; "On- ward, up-ward, home-ward!" I shall soon be there,
Bear me com- pa - ny; "On- ward, up-ward, home-ward!" Press with vig - or on;

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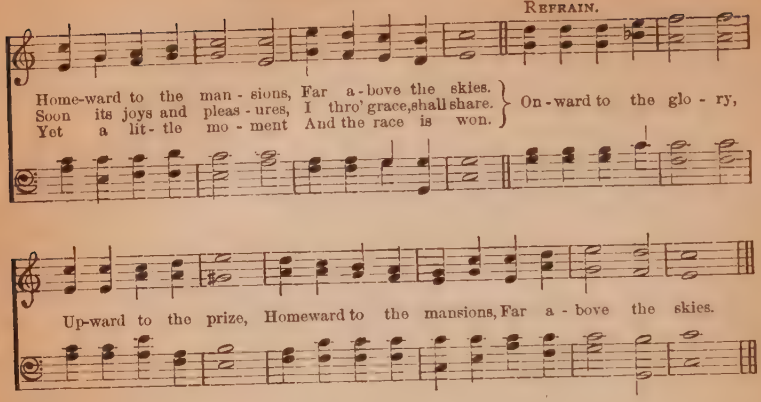
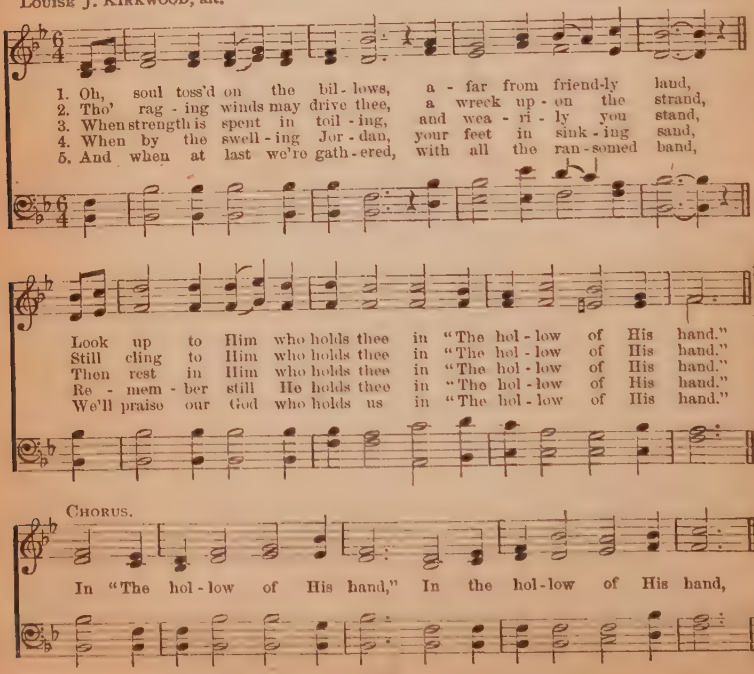


No. 270. In The Hollow of His Hand.

"Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."—JOHN 10: 28.

LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD, alt. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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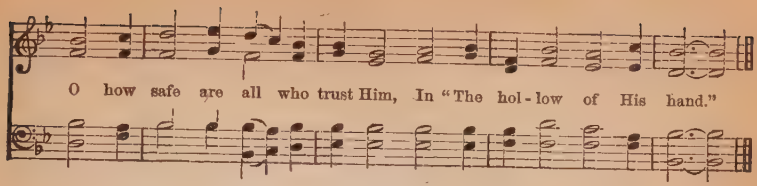
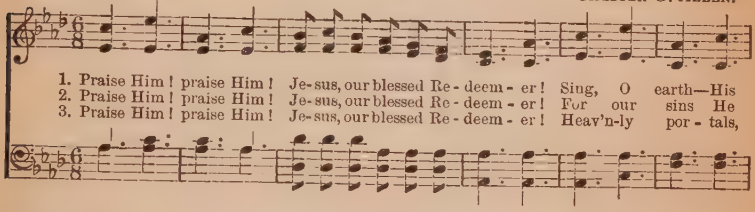
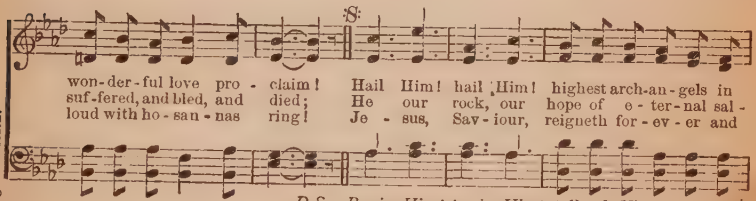


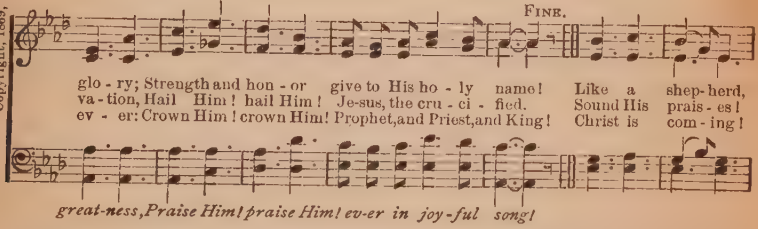
No. 271. Praise Him! Praise Him!

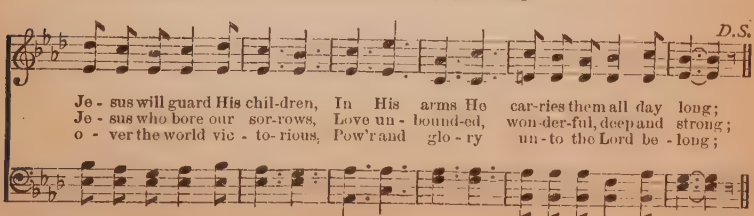
"I will sing praises unto my God."—Ps. 146: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.









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No. 272. I Know Whom I Have Believed.

2 Tim. 1: 12.

El. Nathan. *Moderato.* James McGranahan.

1. I know not why God's won-drous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair

Nor why— un - wor - thy—Christ in love Re - deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev - ing in His word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

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Chorus.

But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, And am per - suad-ed that He is a - ble
To keep that which I've com - mit - ted Un - to Him a-gainst that day."

No. 273. The Cleansing Fountain.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1.

Rian A. Dykes. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Be - hold a Fountain deep and wide, Be - hold its on - ward flow; 'Twas
2. From Calvary's cross, where Je - sus died In sor - row, pain, and woe, Burst
3. O may we all the heal - ing power Of that bless'd Fountain know; Trust
4. And when at last the mes - sage comes, And we are called to go, Our

o - pened in the Sav - iour's side, And cleans - eth "white as snow, And
forth the won - drous crim - son tide That cleans - eth "white as snow, That
on - ly in the pre - cious blood That cleans - eth "white as snow, That
trust shall still be in the blood That cleans - eth "white as snow, That

CHORUS.

cleans- eth white as snow."
cleans- eth white as snow."
cleans- eth white as snow."
cleans- eth white as snow."
Come to this Fount - ain, 'Tis flow - ing to -

day; And all who will may free - ly come, And wash their sins a - way.

Copyright, 1887, by Ira. D. Sankey.

No. 274. Come to the Fountain.

"For with thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. 36 : 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Come with thy sins to the fount - ain, Come with thy bur - den of grief;
2. Come as thou art to the fount - ain, Je - sus is wait - ing for thee;
3. These are the words of the Sav - iour; They who re - pent and be - lieve,
4. Come and be healed at the fount - ain, List to the peace-speak-ing voice;

Bu - ry them deep in its wa - ters, There thou wilt find a re - lief.
What tho' thy sins are like crim - son, White as the snow they shall be.
They who are will - ing to trust Him, Life at His hand shall re - ceive.
O - ver a sin - ner re - turn - ing Now let the an - gels re - joice.

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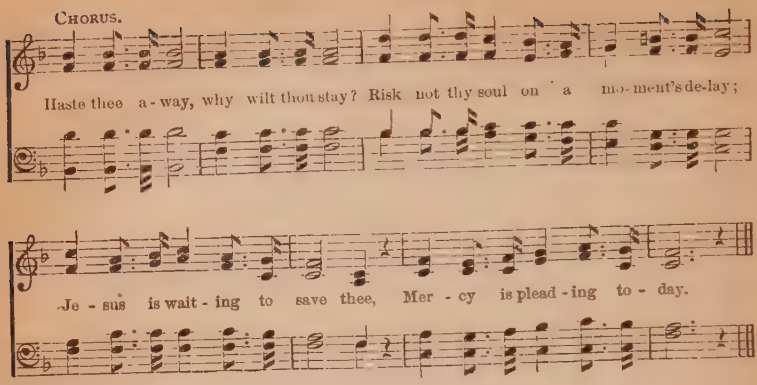
Come to the Fountain.

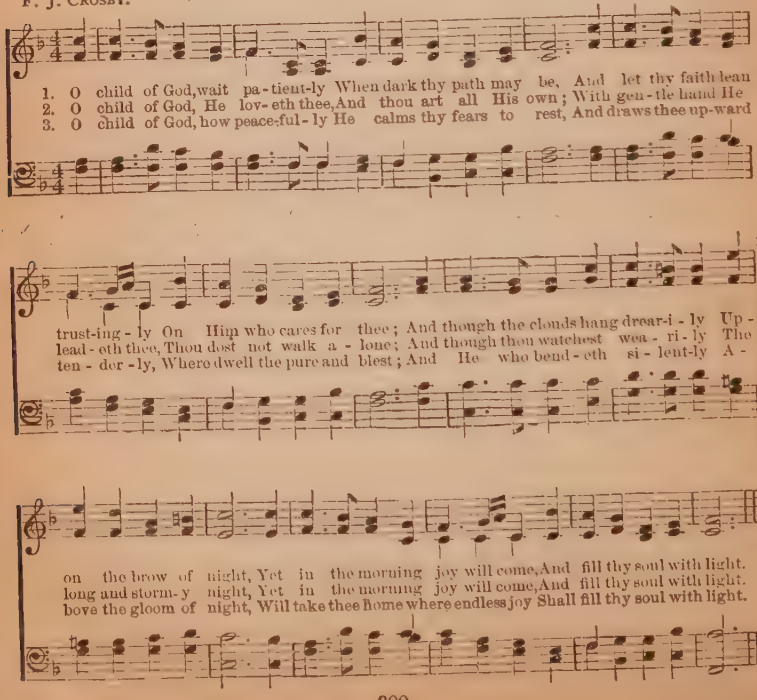
CHORUS.



No. 275. O Child of God.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.



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No. 276. Redemption.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood."—Eph. 1: 7.

F. J. Crosby. Peter Bilhorn.

1. O won - der - ful words of the gos - pel! O won - der - ful
2. He came from the throne of His glo - ry, And left the bright
3. O come to this won - der - ful Sav - iour, Come wea - ry and
4. There's no oth - er ref - uge but Je - sus, No shel - ter where

mes-sage they bring, Pro - claim - ing a bless-ed re - demp-tion Thro'
mansions a - bove, The world to re - deem from its bond - age; So
sor - row - op - pressed; Be - hold on the cross how He suf - fered, That
lost ones may fly; And now, while He's ten - der - ly call - ing: O

Chorus.

Je - sus our Sav - iour and King.
great His com-pas-sion and love.
you in His kingdom might rest.
"turn ye," "for why will ye die?"

Be - lieve, oh, be - lieve in His

mer - cy That flows like a fountain so free; Be - lieve, and re-

Rit.

ceive the re - demp - tion He of - fers to you and to me.

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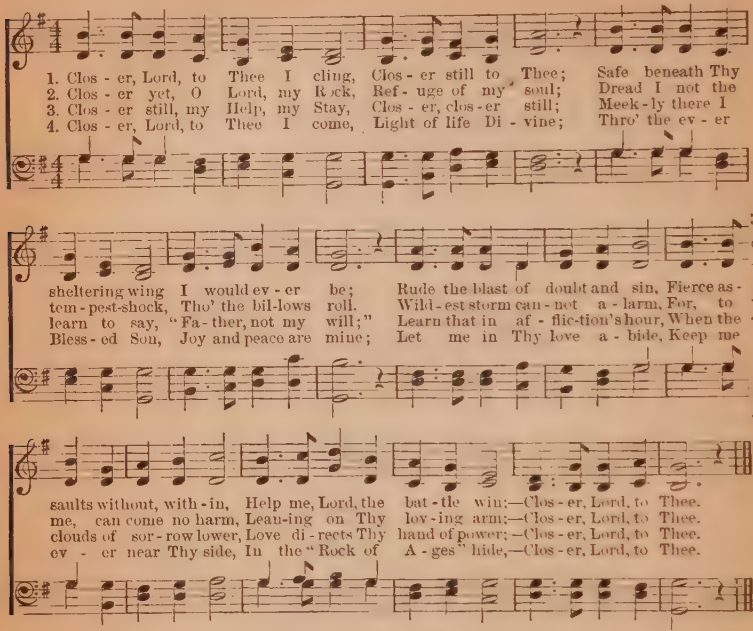
No. 277. Closer, Lord, to Thee.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73: 28.

E. G. Taylor, D.D. Alt. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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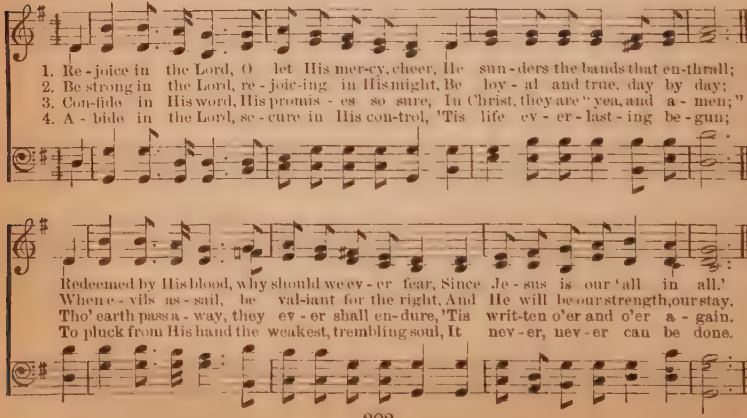
No. 278. If God be For Us.

G. M. J. Rom. 8: 13. James McGranahan.



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If God be For Us.

CHORUS.

If God be for us, if God be for us, if God be for us, Who can be a-
If God be for us, if God be for us,

gainst us, who, who, who . . . . . Who can be against us, a - gainst us?
Who, who, Who can be against us?

No. 279. God is Love!

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love."—1 JOHN 4: 8.

RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "God is Love!"—His word pro-claims it, Day by day the truth we prove;
2. "God is Love!"—Oh, tell it glad - ly, How the Sav - iour from a - bove
3. "God is Love!"—Oh, boundless mer - cy—May we all its full - ness prove!

Heav'n and earth with joy are tell - ing, Ev - er tell - ing, "God is Love!"
Came to seek and save the lost ones, Show-ing thus the Fa - ther's love.
Tell - ing those who sit in dark-ness, "God is Light, and God is Love!"

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CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! tell the sto - ry, Sung by an - gel choirs a - bove;

Sound-ing forth the might-y cho - rus—"God is Light, and God is Love!"

No. 280. Seeking for Me.

"I will both search my sheep, and seek them out."—Ezek. 34: 11.

A. N. E. E. Hasty.

1. Je-sus, my Saviour, to Beth-le-hem came, Born in a manger to sor-row and shame;
2. Je-sus, my Saviour, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free;
3. Je-sus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a-far from the fold,
4. Je-sus, my Saviour, shall come from on high—Sweet is the promise as wea-ry years fly;

Oh, it was won-der-ful—blest be His name! Seek-ing for me, for me!
Oh, it was won-der-ful—how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me!
Gen-tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me!
Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me!

Used by per.

Refrain. For me!..... For me!.....

Seek-ing for me! Seek-ing for me! Seek-ing for me! Seek-ing for me!
Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me!
Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me!
Com-ing for me! Com-ing for me! Com-ing for me! Com-ing for me!

Oh, it was won-der-ful—blest be His name! Seek-ing for me, for me!
Oh, it was won-der-ful—how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me!
Gen-tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me!
Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me!

No. 281. Jesus, I Come.

"Deliver me, O my God."—Ps. 71: 4.

W. T. Sleeper. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;

In - to Thy free - dom, glad - ness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the glo - rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to Thy bless - ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sick - ness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows in - to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in - to Thy calm,
Out of my - self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de - spair in - to rap - tures a - bove,
Out of the depths of ru - in un - told, In - to the peace of Thy shel - ter - ing fold,

Out of my sin and in - to Thy - self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis - tress to ju - bi - lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Up - ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Ev - er Thy glo - rious face to be - hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

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No. 282. Glory Ever be to Jesus.

"Give unto the Lord glory and strength."—Ps. 96: 7.

RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Glo - ry ev - er be to Je - sus, God's own well - be - lov - ed Son;
2. Oh the wea - ry days of wand - 'ring, Long - ing, hop - ing for the light;
3. In His safe and ho - ly keep - ing, 'Neath the shad - ow of His wing,

By His grace He hath re - deemed us, "It is fin - ished," all is done.
These at last lie all be - hind us, Je - sus is our strength and might.
Glad - ly in His love con - fid - ing, May our souls His prais - es sing.

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Glory Ever be to Jesus.

CHORUS.

Saved by grace thro' faith in Je - sus, Saved by His own pre - cious blood,

May we in His love a - bid - ing, Fol - low on to know the Lord.

No. 283. Jesus Christ our Saviour.

"This is indeed the Christ the Saviour of the world."—JOHN 4: 42.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

CHOIR. ALL. CHOIR.

1. Who came down from heav'n to earth? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour; Came a child of
2. Who was lift - ed on the tree? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour; There to ran- som
3. Who hath promised to for-give? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour; Who hath said, 'Be-
4. Who is now en-throned a- bove? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour; Whom should we o-
5. Who a - gain from heav'n shall come? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour; Take to glo - ry

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ALL. CHORUS.

low - ly birth? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.
you and me? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.
lieve and live?' Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.
bey and love? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.
all His own? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.

Sound the cho - rus loud and clear,

He hath brought salvation near; None so precious, none so dear; Jesus Christ our Sav- iour.

No. 284. Jesus Saves!

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS 16: 31.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joy-ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Spread the tidings all a-
2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Tell to sin-ners far and
3. Sing a-bove the bat-tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! By His death and end-less
4. Give the winds a might-y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Let the na-tions now re-

round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Bear the news to ev-'ry land, Climb the
wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Sing, ye is-lands of the sea, Ech - o
life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Sing it soft-ly thro' the gloom, When the
joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Shout sal-va-tion full and free, High-est

steeps and cross the waves; Onward!—'tis our Lord's command: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!
back, ye o-cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju-bi-lee: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!
heart for mer-cy craves; Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb,— Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!
hills and deep-est caves; This our song of vic-to-ry,— Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!

From "Royal Fountain," by per. John J. Hood.

No. 285. He is Coming.

"I will come again."—JOHN 14: 3.

ALICE MONTEITH. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. He is com-ing, the "Man of Sor-rows," Now ex-alt-ed on high;
2. He is com-ing, our lov-ing Sav-iour, Bless-ed Lamb that was slain;
3. He is com-ing, our Lord and Mas-ter, Our Re-deem-er and King;
4. He shall gath-er His cho-sen peo-ple, Who are called by His name;

He is com-ing with loud ho-san-nas, In the clouds of the sky.
In the glo-ry of God the Fa-ther, On the earth He shall reign.
We shall see Him in all His beau-ty, And His praise we shall sing.
And the ran-somed of ev-'ry na-tion, For His own He shall claim.

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CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! He is com - ing a - gain;

And with joy we shall gath - er round Him, At His com - ing to reign.

No. 286. Give Me Thine Heart!

"My son, give me thine heart."—PROVERBS 23 : 26.

E. R. LATTA. A. J. ABBEY, arr.

1. Wher - ev - er we may go, by night or day, A lov - ing voice with - in doth gent - ly say: My son, from ev - 'ry way of sin de - part;
2. Slight not that voice so kind, but glad - ly hear, And choose the Lord to - day, while He is near; He will His pard'ning love to thee im - part;
3. We may have cho - sen long from Him to roam, Yet He will wel - come us, if we but come; Oh, may we not de - lay, but quick - ly start—

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CHORUS.

Be Sa - tan's slave no more, "Give Me thy heart!"
Oh, hear Him call - ing still, "Give Me thy heart!"
While Je - sus say - eth still, "Give Me thy heart!"
"Give Me thy heart, give Me thy heart; O wea - ry, wand - 'ring child, give Me thy heart."

No. 287. They that be Wise.

"They that be wise shall shine as the firmament."—Dan. 12: 3.

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

1. O list to the voice of the Proph - et of old, Pro -
2. Tho' rug - ged the path where our du - ty may lead, O!
3. The grand - eur of wealth, and the tem - ples of fame, Where
4. Then let us go forth to the work yet to do, With

claim - ing in lan - guage di - vine, The won - der - ful, won - der - ful
why should we ev - er re - pine? When faith - ful and true, is the
beau - ty and splen - dor com - bine, Will per - ish, for - got - ten and
zeal that shall nev - er de - cline, Be strong in the Lord, and the

mes - sage of truth That "They that be wise shall shine."
prom - ise to all, That "They that be wise shall shine."
crum - ble to dust, But "They that be wise shall shine."
prom - ise be - lieve That "They that be wise shall shine."

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Chorus.

They shall shine as bright as the stars, In the fir - ma - ment jeweled with light;

Rit.

And they that turn ma - ny to right - cous - ness As the stars for - ev - er bright.

No. 288. Believe, and Keep on Believing.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."—Jno. 3: 36.

Arr. from W. L. by El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. I be - lieved in God's won-der - ful mer - cy and grace, Be-lieved in the smile of His
2. I be - lieved in the work of my cru - ci - fied Lord, Be-lieved in re-demption a -
3. I be - lieved in the heart that was o-pened for me, Be-lieved in the love flow-ing
4. I be - lieved in Him-self, as the true Liv - ing One, Be-lieved in His presence on

rec - on - ciled face, Be-lieved in His mes-sage of par - don and peace; I be -
lone thro' His blood, Be-lieved in my Sav-iour by trust - ing His word; I be -
bless - ed and free, Be-lieved that my sins were all nailed to the tree; I be -
high on the throne, Be-lieved in His com-ing in glo - ry full soon; I be -

Chorus.

lieved, and I keep on be - liev - ing. Be - lieve! and the feel - ing may

come or may go, Be - lieve in the word, that was writ - ten to show That

all who be-lieve, their sal - va-tion may know; Be-lieve, and keep right on be - liev - ing.

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No. 289. Meet me There!

"Where I am there ye may be also."—JOHN 14: 3.

E. G. TAYLOR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.

1. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! In the heav'n - ly world so fair,
2. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! Far be - yond this world of care;
3. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! No be - reave - ments we shall bear;

Where our Lord has en - tered in, And there comes no taint of sin;
When this troub - led life shall cease, Meet me where is per - fect peace;
There no sigh - ings for the dead, There no fare - well tear is shed;

With our friends of long a - go, Clad in rai - ment white as snow,
Where our sor - rows we lay down For the king - dom and the crown,
We shall, safe from all a - larms, Clasp our loved ones in our arms,

Such as all the ran-som'd wear,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!
Je - sus doth a home pre - pare,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!
And in Je - sus' glo - ry share,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!

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No. 290.

Be Ye also Ready.

MATT. 24: 44.

GEO. R. CLARK. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Are you read-y, are you read-y for the com-ing of the Lord? Are you
2. Are you wait-ing, are you wait-ing for the com-ing of the King? Have you
3. Have you ris-en, have you ris-en from the heav-y midnight sleep? Have you

liv-ing as He bids you in His word? Are you walk-ing in the light? Is your
bundles of the gold-en grain to bring? Can you lay at Je-sus' feet An-y
ris-en from your slum-ber long and deep? Are your garments wash'd from sin, Are you

hope of heav-en bright? Could you wel-come Him to-night? Are you read-y?.....
gath-er'd sheaves of wheat, There your bless-ed Lord to greet? Are you read-y?.....
cleansed and pure within? Are you read-y for the King? Are you read-y?.....

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CHORUS.

There-fore be ye al-so read-y, (there-fore) be ye al-so

read-y.....

read-y, there-fore be ye al-so, be ye al-so read-y, for in

such an hour, such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man com-eth.

No. 291. Praise the Saviour.

T. Kelly. Heb. 13: 15. German Melody.

1. Praise the Sav - iour, ye who know Him; Who can tell how much we owe Him?
2. Je - sus is the name that charms us; He for con - flict fits and arms us;
3. Trust in Him, ye saints, for ev - er; He is faith - ful, changing nev - er;
4. Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us cleav - ing To Thy - self, and still be - liev - ing,
5. Then we shall be where we would be, Then we shall be what we should be;

Glad - ly let us ren - der to Him All we are and have.
Noth - ing moves and noth - ing harms us, When we trust in Him.
Nei - ther force nor guile can sev - er Those He loves from Him.
Till the hour of our re - ceiv - ing Prom-ised joys in heaven.
Things which are not now, nor could be, Then shall be our own.

No. 292. Shine on, O Star!

"The bright and morning Star."—Rev. 22: 16.

Victoria Stuart. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Shine on, O Star of beau - ty, Thou Christ enthroned a - bove; Re - flect - ing in Thy
2. Shine on, O Star of glo - ry, We lift our eyes to Thee; Be-yond the clouds that
3. Shine on, O Star un-chang-ing, And guide our pil - grim way, Un - til we see the
4. And when, with Thy redeem'd ones, We reach the heav'nly shore, May we with Thee in

Chorus. shine on,.....

brightness, Our Father's look of love.
gath - er, Thy ra-diant light we see.
dawn - ing Of heav'n's e - ter - nal day.
glo - ry Shine on for-ev - er - more.

Shine on,.....shine on, shine on, Thou

Shine on, shine on,

Star,..... shine on,..... Beauti-ful Star.....

rit.

bright and beautiful Star, shine on; Shine on, shine on, shine on, Thou bright and beautiful Star, shine on.

shine on; Shine on, shine on,

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No. 293. Go Ye Into all the World.

MATT. 28: 18. MARK 16: 15.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Far, far a-way in heath-en dark-ness dwell-ing, Mill-ions of souls for ev-er may be lost; Who, who will go sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing,
2. See o'er the world the o-pen doors in-vit-ing, Sol-diers of Christ, a-rise and en-ter in! Breth-'ren, a-wake! our forc-es all u-nit-ing,
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing, "Why will ye die?" re-ech-o in His Name; Je-sus hath died to save from death ap-pall-ing,
4. God speed the day when those of ev-'ry na-tion "Glo-ry to God" tri-umphant-ly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, re-joic-ing in sal-va-tion,

CHORUS.

Look-ing to Je-sus, heed-ing not the cost?
Send forth the gos-pel, break the chains of sin.
Life and sal-va-tion therefore go pro-claim.
Shout "Halle-lu-jah for the Lord is King."
"All power is giv-en un-to me,

All power is giv-en un-to me, Go ye in-to all the world and preach the gos-pel, and lo, I am with you al-way."

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No. 294. I know I love Thee better, Lord.

"Behold, the half was not told."—1 Kings 10: 7.

Frances R. Havergal. R. E. Hudson.

1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy;
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng;
3. Thou hast put glad - ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, mine! What will Thy pres - ence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

Chorus.

The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free!
yet been told,

rit.

The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me!
yet been told, cleanseth me!

Copyright, 1881, by R. E. Hudson.

No. 295. O Precious Word.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

1. O pre - cious word that Je - sus said! The soul that comes to Me,
2. O pre - cious word that Je - sus said! Be - hold, I am the Door;
3. O pre - cious word that Je - sus said! Come, wea - ry souls op - pressed,
4. O pre - cious word that Je - sus said! The world I o - ver - came;

I will in no wise cast him out, Who - ev - er he may be.
And all who en - ter in by Me Have life for ev - er - more.
Come take My yoke and learn of Me, And I will give you rest.
And they who fol - low where I lead Shall con - quer in My name.

REFRAIN.

Who - ev - er he may be, Who - ev - er he may be, I
Have life for ev - er - more, Have life for ev - er - more, And
And I will give you rest, And I will give you rest, Come
Shall con - quer in My Name, Shall con - quer in My Name, And

will in no wise cast him out, Who - ev - er he may be.
all who en - ter in by Me Have life for ev - er - more.
take my yoke and learn of Me, And I will give you rest.
they who fol - low where I lead Shall con - quer in My Name.

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No. 296. O the Crown, the Glory-Crown.

"When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 PETER 5: 4.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Wea - ry glean - er in the field, poor or plen - ty be the yield; La - bor on for the Mas - ter, noth - ing fear - ing, There's a prom - ise of re - ward,
2. Je - sus now has gone a - bove to com - plete His work of love; His re - turn, day by day, is sure - ly near - ing, When His own He will re - ceive,
3. O how light will seem the grief, and the toilsome way how brief, When a crown in the glo - ry we are wear - ing, O the rap - ture who can tell,

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at the com-ing of the Lord, Un - to all them that love His ap - pear - ing.
and a welcome He will give, Un - to all them that love His ap - pear - ing.
as for ev - er there we dwell, With re-deem'd ones that lov'd His ap - pear - ing.

CHORUS.

O the crown,..... the glo - ry crown, O the
The glo - ry crown, the glo - ry crown,

day the hap - py day is near-ing, When the crown of rich re- ward shall be

giv - en by the Lord, Un - to all them that love His ap - pear - ing.

No. 297. We lift our Songs to Thee.

"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. 6: 19.

N. J. SQUIRES. H. H. McGRANAHAN.

1. We lift our songs to Thee, Our Sav - iour and our guide;
2. We lift our pray'rs to Thee, Who on - ly hear - eth pray'r;
3. We lift our faith to Thee, In - creased by grace di - vine;
4. We lift our all to Thee, For all things, Lord, are Thine;

O make us from our bur - dens free, And keep us near Thy side.
They who on earth do thus a - gree, Shall find Thy bless - ing there.
Help us, O Lord, Thy foot-steps see, And on Thy help re - cline.
Take us, and all we have, and see Thy like-ness in us shine.

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No. 298. I Know that my Redeemer Lives.

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Job 19: 25.

Rev. H. A. Merrill, alt. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And has pre-pared a place for me,
2. I'm trust-ing Je-sus Christ for all, I know His blood now speaks for me;
3. I'm now en-rap-tur'd with the thought, I stand and won-der at His love—
4. I know that Je-sus soon will come, I know the time will not be long,

D.C.—For I am on-ly wait-ing here To hear the summons: "child, come home,"

Fine

And crowns of vic-to-ry He gives To those who would His chil-dren be.
I'm list-'ning for the wel-come call, To say: "The Mas-ter wait-eth thee!"
That He from heav'n to earth was brought, To die, that I may live a-bove.
'Till I shall reach my heavenly home, And join the ev-er-last-ing song.

For I am on-ly wait-ing here To hear the summons: "Child, come home!"

Chorus. *D.C.*

Then ask me not to lin-ger long A-mid the gay and thoughtless throng,

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No. 299. Not far from the Kingdom.

"Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."—Mark 12: 34.

Words arr. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Not far, not far from the King-dom, Yet in the shad-ow of sin;
2. Not far, not far from the King-dom, Where voi-ces whis-per and wait;
3. A-way in the dark and the dan-ger, Far out in the night and the cold;
4. Not far, not far from the King-dom, 'Tis on-ly a lit-tle space;

How ma-ny are com-ing and go-ing!—How few there are en-ter-ing in!
Too tim-id to en-ter in bold-ly, So lin-ger still out-side the gate.
There Je-sus is wait-ing to lead you So ten-der-ly in-to His fold.
But oh, you may still be for-ev-er Shut out from yon heaven-ly place!

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REFRAIN.

How few there are en - ter - ing in! How few there are en-ter - ing in!

How ma - ny are com - ing and go - ing!—How few there are en - ter - ing in!

No. 300. Only a Beam of Sunshine.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—ROM. 12: 10.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On - ly a beam of sun - shine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The
2. On - ly a beam of sun - shine That in - to a dwell - ing crept, Where,
3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in His dear name; To

heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheer'd by its wel - come sight.
o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth - er her vig - il kept.
per - ish - ing souls a - round you The mes - sage of love pro - claim.

On - ly a beam of sun - shine That fell from the arch a - bove, And
On - ly a beam of sun - shine That smil'd thro' her fall - ing tears, And
Go, like the faith - ful sun - beam, Your mis - sion of joy ful - fil; Re -

ten - der - ly, soft - ly whis - per'd A mes - sage of peace and love.
show'd her the bow of prom - ise, For - got - ten per - haps for years.
mem - ber the Sav - iour's prom - ise, That He will be with you still.

From "Melodious Sonnets," by per. John J. Hood.

CHORUS.

On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whis - per'd pray'r
O - ver some grief-worn spir - it May rest like a sun - beam fair.

No. 301. Awake, my Soul.

JOEL BARLOW. (ST. PETER. C. M.) A. R. REINAGLE.

1. A - wake, my soul! to sound His praise, A - wake my harp! to sing;
2. A - mong the peo - ple of His care, And thro' the na - tions round,
3. Be Thou ex - alt - ed, O my God! A - bove the star - ry train;
4. So shall Thy chos - en sons re - joice, And throng Thy courts a - bove;

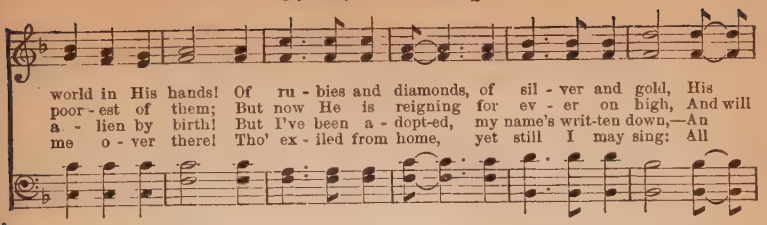
Join, all my pow'rs! the song to raise, And morn-ing in - cense bring.
Glad songs of praise will I pre - pare, And there His name re - sound.
Dif - fuse Thy heav'n - ly grace a - broad, And teach the world Thy reign.
While sin - ners hear Thy pard'ning voice, And taste re - deem - ing love.

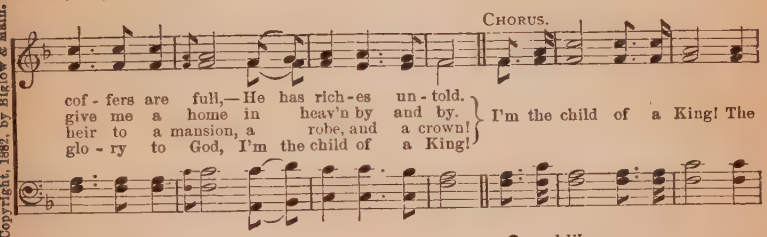
No. 302. The Child of a King!

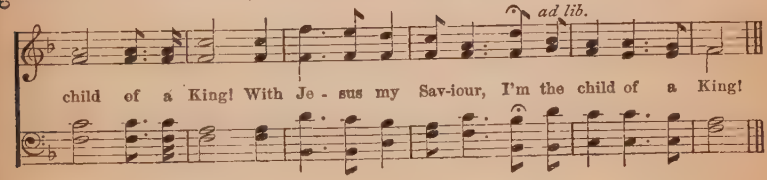
"Heirs of the kingdom."—JAMES. 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the wealth of the
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wan-der'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for







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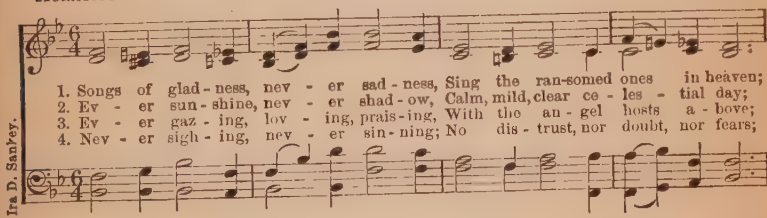
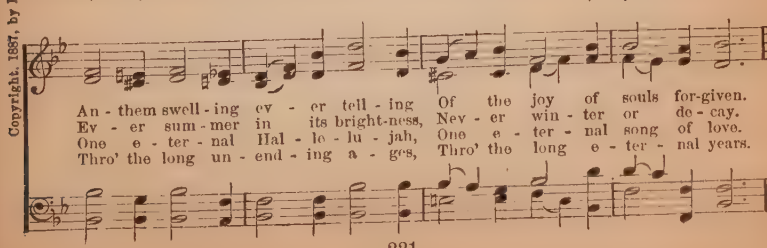
No. 303. Songs of Gladness.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forever more."—Ps. 16: 11.

HORATIUS BONAR. Alt. IRA D. SANKEY.





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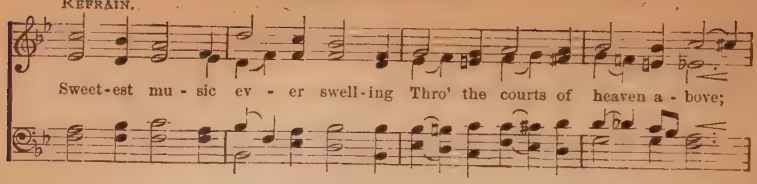
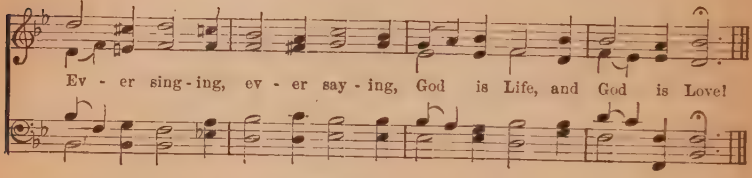
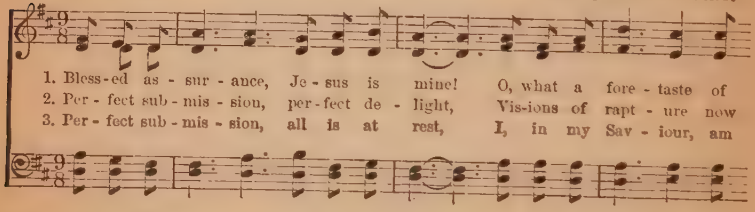


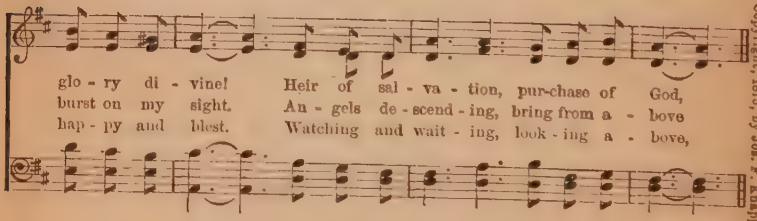


No. 304. Blessed Assurance.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.





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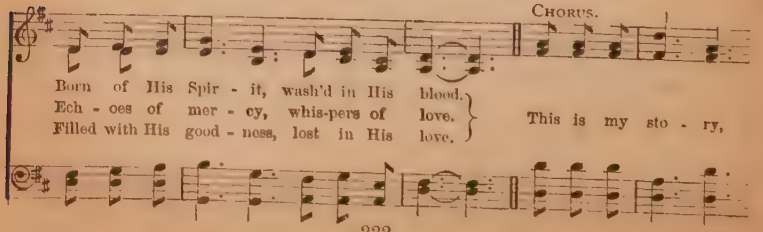
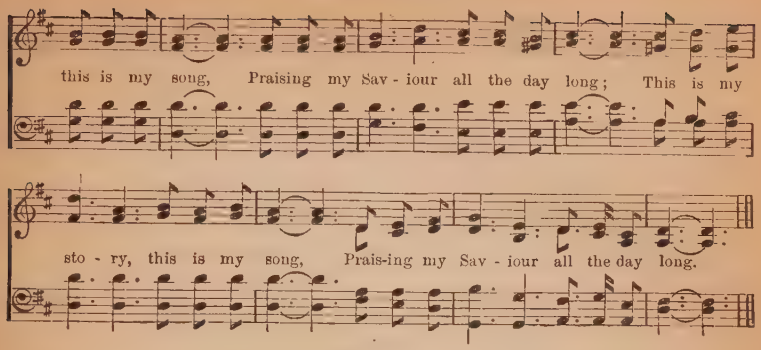
CHORUS.

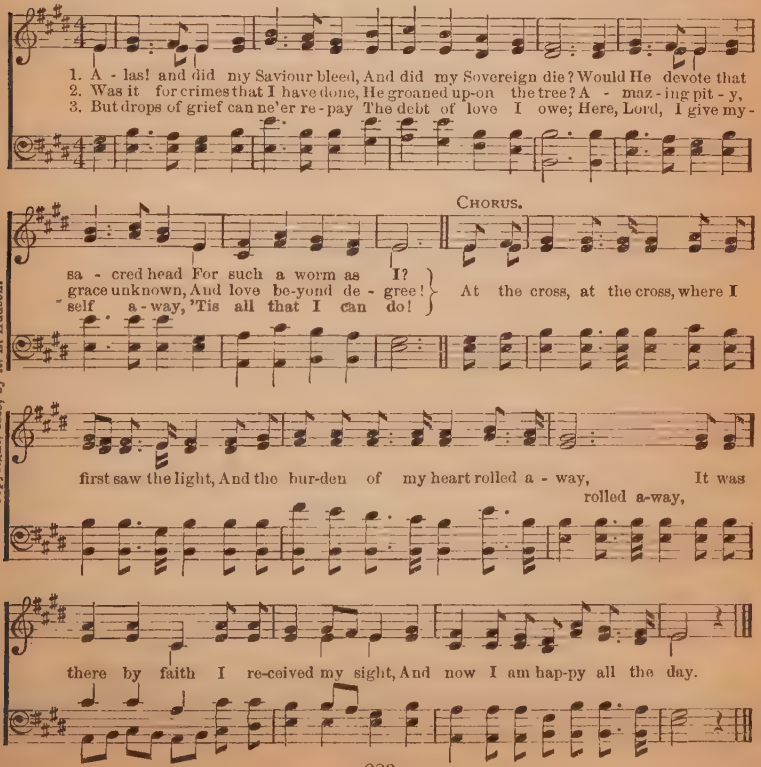




No. 305. At the Cross.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

I. Watts. R. E. Hudson.



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No. 306. In the Shadow of His Wings.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 17: 8.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. In the shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and
2. In the shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that pass-eth un-der-
3. In the shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, There is joy to tell the

la-bor, There is rest for friend and neigh-bor; In the shad-ow of His wings,
standing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no end-ing; In the shad-ow of His wings,
sto-ry, Joy ex-ceed-ing, full of glo-ry; In the shad-ow of His wings,

There is rest, sweet rest, In the shad-ow of His wings There is rest, *sweet rest.*
There is peace, sweet peace, In the shad-ow of His wings There is peace, *sweet peace.*
There is joy, glad joy, In the shad-ow of His wings There is joy, *glad joy.*

Chorus.

There is rest, There is peace, There is joy In the shadow of His wings:
sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

There is rest, There is peace, There is joy, In the shad-ow of His wings.
Sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

From "Sacred Echoes and Songs of My Redeemer," by per.

No. 307. Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

J. G. Deck. (Lyte. 6s. & 4s.) J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er names a-bove, Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art
2. Thou, blessed Son of God, Hast bought me with Thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, how great
3. When un - to Thee I flee, Thou wilt my Ref - uge be, Je - sus, my Lord! What need I
4. Soon Thou wilt come again! I shall be hap - py then, Je - sus, my Lord! Then Thine own

all to me! Noth - ing to please I see, Noth - ing a-part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
is Thy love, All oth-er loves a-bove, Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
now to fear? What earthly grief or care, Since Thou art ev - er near, Je - sus, my Lord!
face I'll see, Then I shall like Thee be, Then ev - er-more with Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

Used by per.

No. 308. Jesus is Calling.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—John 11: 28.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Call-ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest—Call-ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
3. Je - sus is wait - ing, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to - day, wait - ing to - day;
4. Je - sus is plead-ing, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to - day, hear Him to - day;

Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
Bring Him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no long - er de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re - joice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.

Refrain.

Call - - ing to - day,..... call - - ing to - day;.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;

Je - - sus is call - - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing to - day,

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No. 309. Shall you? Shall I?

LUKE 13: 24.

G. M. J.
(Subject from M. E. I.)

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

f *pp*

1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the tri - umph - ant song By and by, by and by,

f *repeat pp.*

Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?.....
Faith - ful, ap-proved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?.....
Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?.....
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I?.....

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Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions will
Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the
Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have

f *repeat pp.*

there be - hold, Feast on the pleasures so long fore-told: Shall you? shall I?.....
earth be free, Hap - py with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I?.....
door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's re - ward: Shall you? shall I?.....
gone be - fore, Safe in the glo - ry for ev - er - more: Shall you? shall I?.....

No. 310. Oh, Wondrous Name!

"Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God."—ISAIAH 9: 6.

VICTORIA FRANCES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Oh, wondrous Name, by prophets heard Long years before His birth; They saw Him com-ing
2. Oh, glorious Name, the angels praise, And ransomed saints a - dore,—The Name a-bove all
3. Oh, precious Name, ex - alt - ed high, To Him all pow'r is given; Thro' Him we tri-umph

Oh, Wondrous Name!

CHORUS.

from a - far, The Prince of Peace on earth.
oth - er names, Our Ref - uge ev - er - more.
o - ver sin, By Him we en - ter heaven.
The Won-der-ful! The Coun-sel-lor! The

Great and Might-y Lord! The ev - er-last-ing Prince of Peace! The King, the Son of God!

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No. 311. The Love that gave Jesus to Die.

EL. NATHAN. JNO. 3: 16. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Let us sing of the love of the Lord, As now to the cross we draw nigh; Let us
2. O how great was the love that was shown To us—we can nev - er tell why—Not to
3. Now this love un - to all God com-mends, Not one would His mer- cy pass by: "Whoso -
4. Who is he that can sep - a - rate those Whom God doth in love jus - ti - fy; What-so -

sing to the praise of the God of all grace, For the love that gave Je - sus to die.
an - gels, but *men;* let us praise Him a - gain For the love that gave Je - sus to die.
ev - er shall call," there is par-don for all In the love that gave Je - sus to die.
ev - er we need He in-cludes in the deed, In the love that gave Je - sus to die.

REFRAIN.

O the love that gave Je - sus to die, The love that gave Je - sus to die;

Praise God,' it is mine, this love so di-vine, The love that gave Je - sus to die.

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No. 312. O Brother, Life's Journey Beginning.

"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."—JAMES 4: 7.

RIAN J. STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O broth-er, life's jour-ney be-gin-ning, With courage and firmness a-rise;
2. O broth-er, yield not to the tempt-er, No mat-ter what oth-ers may do;
3. O broth-er, the Sav-iour is call-ing; Be-ware of the dan-ger of sin;

Look well to the course thou art choos-ing, Be earn-est, be watchful, and wise;
Stand firm in the strength of the Mas-ter, Be loy-al, be faith-ful, and true;
Re-sist not the voice of the Spir-it, That whispers so gen-tly with-in;

Re-mem-ber, two paths are be-fore thee, And both, thy at-ten-tion in-vite;
Each tri-al will make you the strong-er, If you, in the name of the Lord,
God calls you to en-ter His serv-ice,— To live for Him here, day by day,

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But one leadeth on to de-struc-tion,— The oth-er to joy and de-light.
Fight man-ful-ly un-der your Lead-er, O-bey-ing the voice of His word.
And share by and by in the glo-ry That nev-er shall van-ish a-way.

CHORUS.

God help you to fol-low His ban-ner, And serve Him wherev-er you go;

And when you are tempted, my broth-er, God give you the grace to say "No."

No. 313. O God, our Help.

ISAAC WATTS. (BEMERTON. C. M.) H. W. GREATOREX.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. A thou - sand a - ges, in Thy sight, Are like an eve - ning gone;

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home:—
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.

No. 314. Fear Not!

"I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."—GEN. 15: 1.

E. G. TAYLOR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Fear not! God is thy shield, And He thy great re - ward; His might has won the
2. Fear not! for God has heard The cry of thy dis - tress; The wa - ter of His
3. Fear not! be not dis-mayed! He ev - er - more will be With thee, to give His
4. Fear not! ye lit - tle flock; Your Shepherd soon will come, Give wa - ter from the

REFRAIN.

field:..... Thy strength is in the Lord!
word..... Thy faint - ing soul shall bless.
aid..... And He will strengthen thee.
rock,..... And bring you to His home!
} Fear not! 'tis God's own voice That

speaks to thee this word; Lift up your head: re - joice..... In Je - sus Christ thy Lord!

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No. 315. There shall be Showers of Blessing.

EZEK. 34: 26.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "There shall be showers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love: There shall be
2. "There shall be showers of bless-ing"—Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain; O - ver the
3. "There shall be showers of bless-ing:" Send them up - on us, O Lord; Grant to us
4. "There shall be showers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall, Now as to

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CHORUS.

Show - ers of bless-ing,

sea-sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a - bove.
hills and the val - leys, Sound of a-bundance of rain.
now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
God we're confess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!

Showers, showers of bless-ing,

Showers of blessing we need; Mercy-drops round us are falling, But for the showers we plead.

No. 316. Numberless as the Sands.

"The number shall be as the sand of the sea."—HOSEA 1: 10.

F. A. B., arr. F. A. BLACKMER, arr.

1. When we gath-er at last o - ver Jor - dan, And the ransomed in glo - ry we see,
2. When we see all the saved of the a - ges, Who from sorrow and tri - als are free,
3. When we stand by the beau-ti - ful riv - er, 'Neath the shade of the life-giv ing tree,
4. When at last we be-hold our Re-deem-er, And His glo - ry transcendent we see,

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As the number-less sands of the sea-shore—What a won-der-ful sight that will be!
Meet-ing there with a heav-en - ly greet - ing—What a won-der-ful sight that will be!
Gaz - ing o - ver the fair land of prom - ise—What a won-der-ful sight that will be!
While as King of all kingdoms He reign - eth—What a won-der-ful sight that will be!

Numberless as the Sands.

CHORUS.

Num-ber-less as the sands of the sea-shore! Num-ber-less as the sands of the shore! (of the shore!) Oh, what a sight 'twill be, When the ran-som'd host we see, As num-ber-less as the sands of the sea-shore!

No. 317. Abide with Me.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—LUKE 24: 29.

H. F. LYTE. WM. H. MONK.

1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The dark-ness deep-ens— Lord, with me a-bide! When oth-er help-ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a-way; Change and de-cay in all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempt-er's pow'r? Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a-bide with me!
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

No. 318. Rejoice in the Lord Alway.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS. PHIL. 4 : 4. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. O praise the Lord with heart and voice, With God's own word your doubts de- stroy,
2. My life is hid with Thine, O Lord, And shel-tered from the world's a - larm;
3. For noth - ing anx - ious I shall be, But trust-ing Thee in ev - 'ry - thing,
4. The joys that mem-'ry turns to pain, I leave for joys that nev - er end;

Let those that trust in Him re - joice, Yea, let them shout for joy.
Why should I sink be - neath my load, When lean - ing on Thine arm.
With thanks for ev - 'ry gift from Thee, My troub - les all take wing.
My loss I count my rich - est gain, For Christ - His joy doth send.

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f CHORUS. *p* *mf*

Re - joice, re - joice in the Lord, re - joice in the Lord al - way;

f *p* *mf*

f *p* *f*

Re - joice, re - joice in the Lord, and a - gain I say, Re - joice!

p *f*

Re - joice in the Lord, re - joice in the Lord,

No. 319. O, Land of the Blessed!

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom."—MATT. 25 : 34.

EMILY H. MILLER. IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.

1. O Land of the bless-ed! thy shad-owless skies Sometimes in my dreaming I see;

rit. . . . . . FINE.

D.S. I hear the glad songs that the glo - ri-fied sing, Steal o - ver E - ter - ni-ty's sea;

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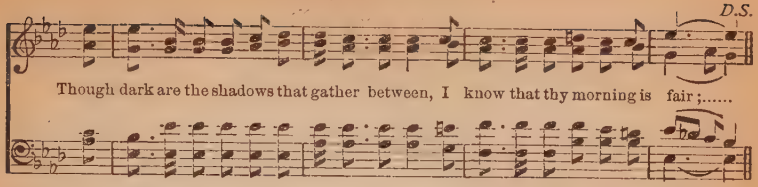
D.S.—I catch but a glimpse of thy glory and light, And whisper: "Would God I were there!"

O, Land of the Blessed!



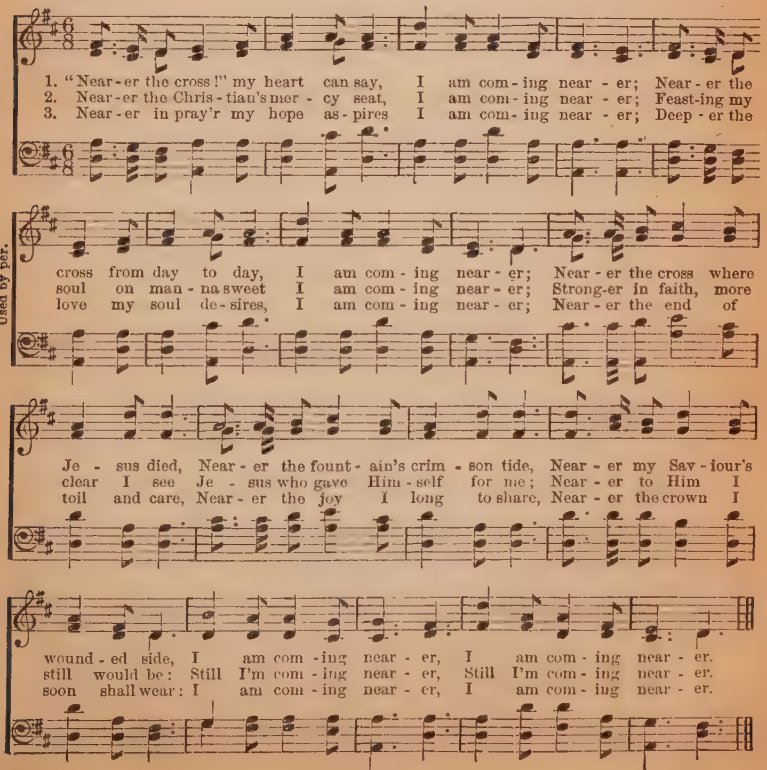
2 O Land of the blessed! thy hills of delight
Sometimes to my vision unfold;
Thy mansions celestial, thy palaces bright,
Thy bulwarks of jasper and gold;
Dear voices are chanting thy chorus of praise,
Their forms in thy sunlight are fair;
I look from the valley of shadows below,
And whisper: "Would God I were there!"

3 Dear home of my Father, thou City of peace,
No shadow of changing can mar;
How glad are the souls that have tasted thy joy!
How blest thine inhabitants are!
When weary of toiling, I think of the day—
Who knows if its dawning be near?—
When He who doth love me shall call me away
From all that hath burdened me here?

No. 320. Nearer the Cross.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GALATIANS 6: 14.

F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



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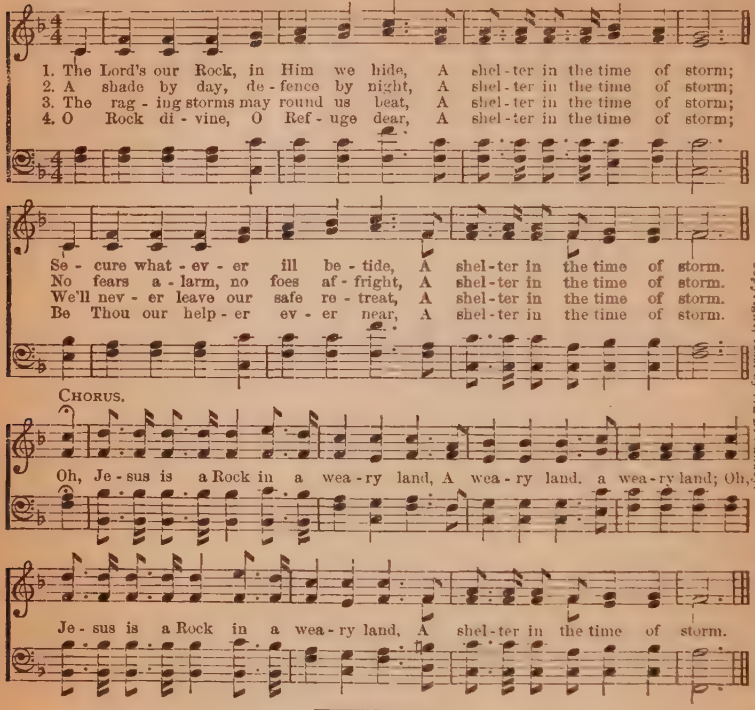
No. 321. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

Words arr. "My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22. IRA D. SANKEY.



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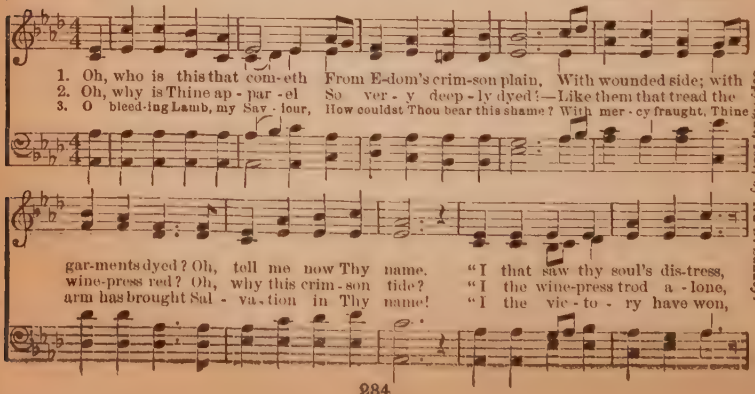
No. 322. Mighty to Save.

"I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."—ISAIAH 63: 1.

Rev. R. W. TODD. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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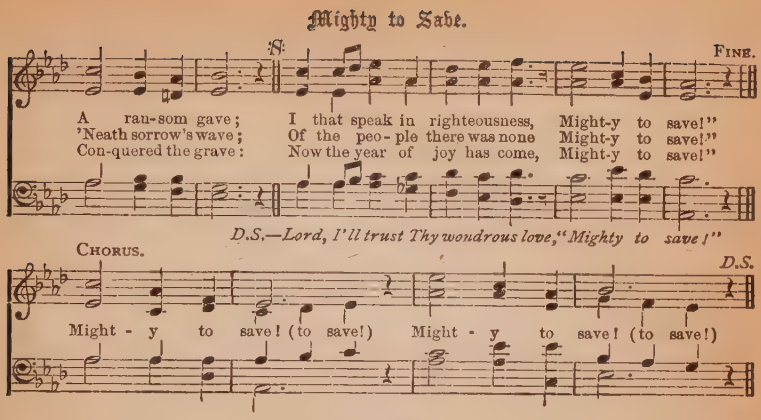
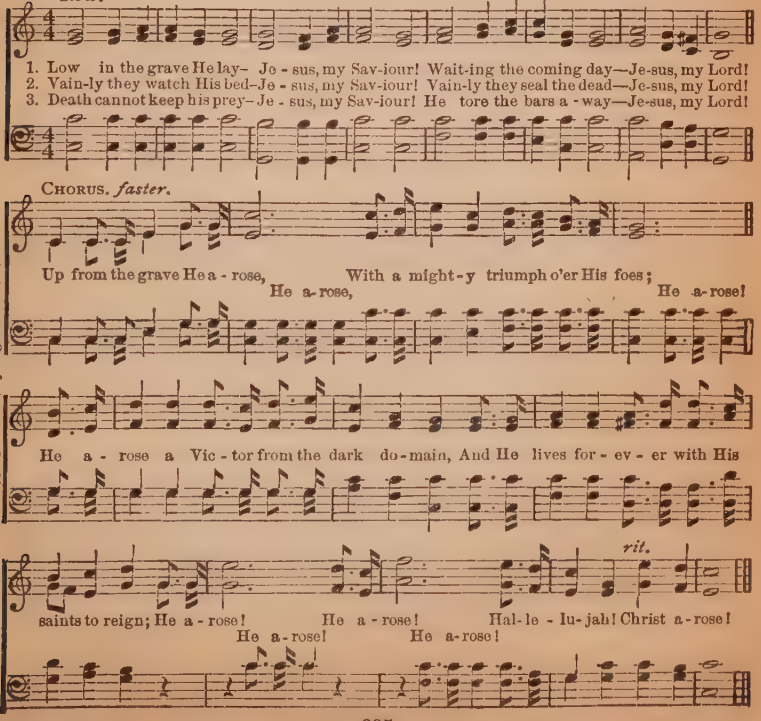


No. 323. Christ Arose!

"He is not here, but is risen."—LUKE 24: 6.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.



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No. 324. Softly and Tenderly.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Slow. *m*

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are passing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the won-der-ful love He has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me;

See on the por-tals He's wait-ing and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death-beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

m *cres.*

Come home,..... Come home,..... Ye who are wea-ry, come home;.....
Come home, Come home,

p *rit.* *p*

Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sinner, come home!

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No. 325. Whoever Will.

"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—REV. 22: 17.

A. MONTIETH. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O wan-d'ring souls, why will you roam A-way from God, a-way from home;
2. Be-hold His hands ex-tend-ed now, The dews of night are on His brow;
3. In sim-ple faith His word be-lieve, And His a-bun-dant grace re-ceive;
4. The "Spir-it and the Bride say, Come!" And find in Him sweet rest, and home;

The Sav - iour calls, O hear Him say, Who - ev - er will may come to - day.
He knocks, He calls, He wait - eth still; Oh, come to Him, who - ev - er will.
No love like His the heart can fill, Oh, come to Him, who - ev - er will.
Let him that hear - eth, ech - o still, The bless - ed *who - so - ev - er will.*

REFRAIN.

Who-ev - er will, who - ev - er will, Who-ev - er will may come to - day;
Who-ev - er will may come to - day, And drink of the wa - ter of life.

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No. 326. The Prodigal's Return.

"I will arise, and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Af - flic - tions, tho' they seem se - vere, In mer - cy oft are sent;
2. "What have I gained by sin," he said, "But hun - ger, shame, and fear?
3. "I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down be - fore his face;
4. His fa - ther saw him com - ing back; He saw, he ran, he smiled,
5. "O fa - ther, I have sinned—for - give!" "E - nough," the fa - ther said;
6. 'Tis thus the Lord His love re - veals, To call poor sin - ners home;

They stopp'd the prod - i - gal's ca - reer, And caused him to re - pent.
My fa- ther's house a - bounds in bread, While I am starv - ing here!
Un - wor - thy to be called his son, I'll seek a serv - ant's place."
And threw his arms a - round the neck Of his re - bell - ious child!
"Re - joice, my house; my son's a - live For whom I mourned as dead!"
More than a fa - ther's love He feels, And wel - comes all that come.

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CHORUS.

"I'll not die here for bread, "I'll not die here for bread," he cries; "Nor starve in for - eign lands; My father's house has large sup-plies, And bounteous are his hands."

No. 327. Casting all your Care upon Him.

1 PET. 5: 7.

From CÆSAR MALAN, by J. E. A. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. How sweet, my Sav - iour, to re - pose On Thine al-might - y pow'r!
2. It is Thy will that I should cast My ev - 'ry care on Thee;
3. That I should trust Thy lov - ing care, And look to Thee a - lone,
4. Why should my heart then be dis-trest By dread of fu - ture ill?

To feel Thy strength up - hold - ing me, Thro' ev - 'ry try - ing hour!
To Thee re - fer each ris - ing grief, Each new per - plex - i - ty;
To calm each troub - led thought to rest, In prayer be - fore Thy throne.
Or why should un - be - liev - ing fear My tremb - ling spir - it fill?

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CHORUS.

Cast - ing all ..... your care up - on Him,..... Cast - ing
Cast - ing all your care, all your care up - on Him,

all..... your care up-on Him,..... Cast-ing all..... your care up-on
all your care, all your care upon Him, your care,

Him,..... For He car - eth, He car - eth for you."
All your care up - on Him,

No. 328. Labor On.

"The harvest truly is plenteous; but the laborers are few."—MATT. 9: 37.

C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE.

Spirited.

1. In the har-vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe, and the reap-ers few;
2. Crowd the garner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad, and the heart be light;
3. In the gleaner's path may be rich re-ward, Tho' the time seems long, and the labor hard;
4. Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms a-bove Shall be gained by each who has toiled and strove;

And the Master's voice bids the workers true Heed the call that He gives to - day.
Fill the pre-cious hours, ere the shades of night Take the place of the gold - en day.
For the Master's joy, with His chosen shared, Drives the gloom from the dark-est day.
When the Master's voice, in its tones of love, Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day.

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CHORUS.

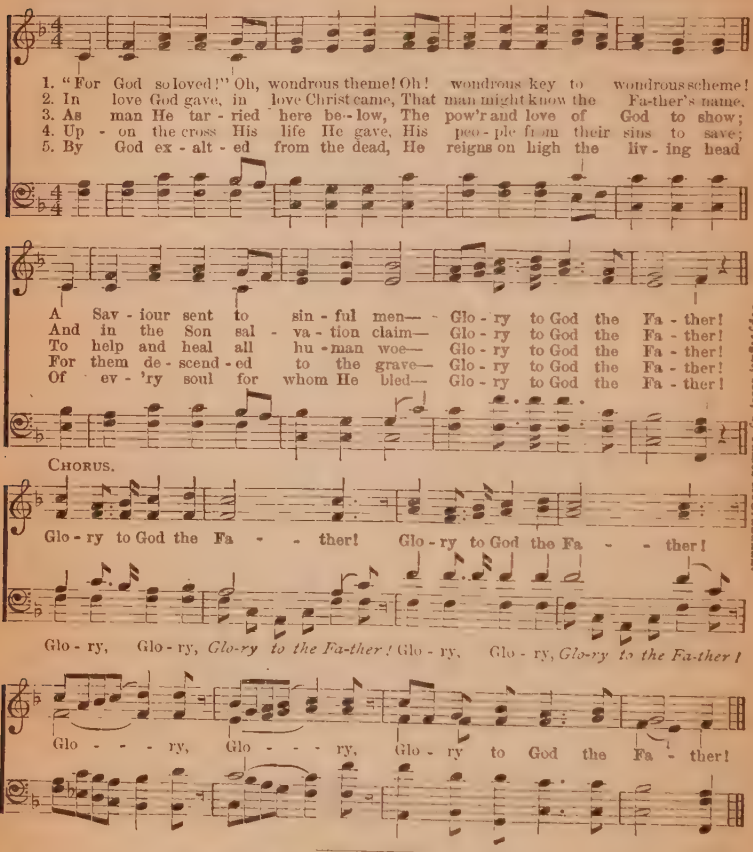
La - bor on! la - bor on! Keep the bright re - ward in view;
La - bor on! la - bor on!

For the Mas - ter has said, He will strength renew; La - bor on till the close of day.

No. 329. Glory to God the Father.

"Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the Glory of God the Father."—PHIL. 2: 11.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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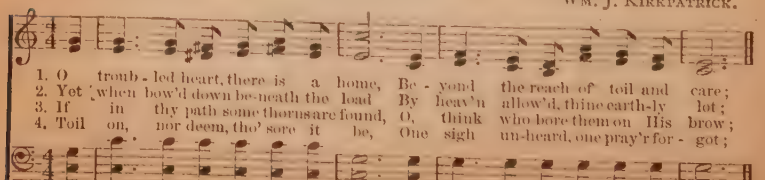
No. 330. Wait, and Murmur Not.

"It is good that a man hope and quietly wait."—SAM. 3: 26.

W. H. BELLAMY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



A home where changes nev - er come; Who would not fain be rest - ing there?
Look up! thou't reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur-mur not.
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur-mur not.

CHORUS.

O, wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O, meek - ly wait,

wait, meek - ly wait, and mur-mur not; O wait, meek - ly wait, meek-ly wait,

O, wait, O wait, and mur - mur not. meek - ly wait, O, mur-mur not.

From "Leaflet Gems," by per. John J. Hood.

No. 331. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—MATT. 9: 12.

Arr. from NEUMASTER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain:..... Christ re -
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain:

ceiv - - eth sin - ful men;..... Make the mes - - sage
ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the mes - sage plain:

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No. 332. Let the Saviour in!

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—REV. 3: 20.

J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door; Let Him in!
2. O - pen now to Him your heart; Let Him in!
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in!
4. Now ad - mit the heav'nly Guest; Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

He has been there oft be - fore; Let Him in!
If you wait He will de - part; Let Him in!
Now, oh, now make Him your choice; Let Him in!
He will make for you a feast; Let Him in!
Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

Let Him in ere He is gone; Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in; He is your Friend; And your soul He will de - fend,
He is stand - ing at the door; Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth - ties all are riv'n,

Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son; Let Him in!
He will keep you to the end; Let Him in!
And His name you will a - dore; Let Him in!
He will take you home to heav'n; Let Him in!
Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

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No. 333. I Looked to Jesus.

"I looked to him, he looked on me, and we were one for ever."—C. H. Spurgeon.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

Moderato.

1. I looked to Je - sus in my sin, My woe and want con - fess - ing;
2. I looked to Je - sus on the cross, For me I saw Him dy - ing;
3. I looked to Je - sus there on high, From death up-raised to glo - ry;
4. He looked on me! O look of love! My heart by it was bro - ken;
5. Now one with Christ, I find my peace In Him to be a - bid - ing,

Un - done and lost, I came to Him, I sought and found a bless - ing.
God's word be-lieved, that all my sins Were there up - on Him ly - ing.
I trust - ed in His power to save, Be - lieved the old, old sto - ry.
And, with that look of love, He gave The Ho - ly Spir - it's to - ken.
And in His love for all my need, In child-like faith con - fid - ing.

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I Looked to Jesus.

CHORUS.

I looked to Him,

"I looked to Him, to Him I looked," 'Tis true, His "Who-so-ev-er,"

He looked on me,

"He looked on me, on me He looked, And we were one for ev-er."

No. 334. Let us Crown Him.

"O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name."—Ps. 8: 9.

Rev. E. PERRONET. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto moderato.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;.....
2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,.....
3. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;.....

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

Let us crown Him, let us crown Him, Let us
Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us

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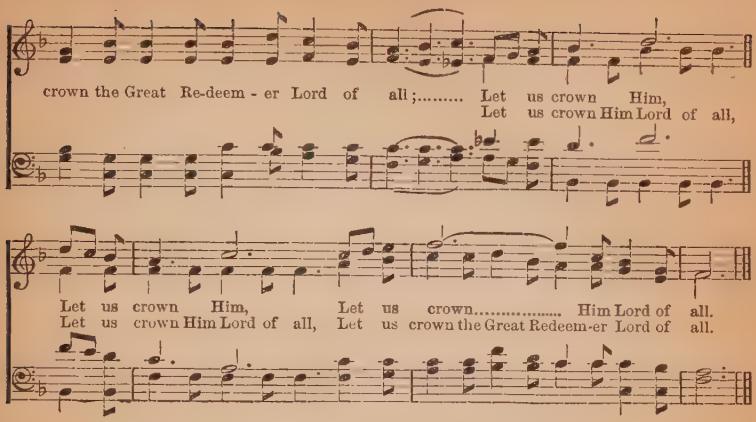
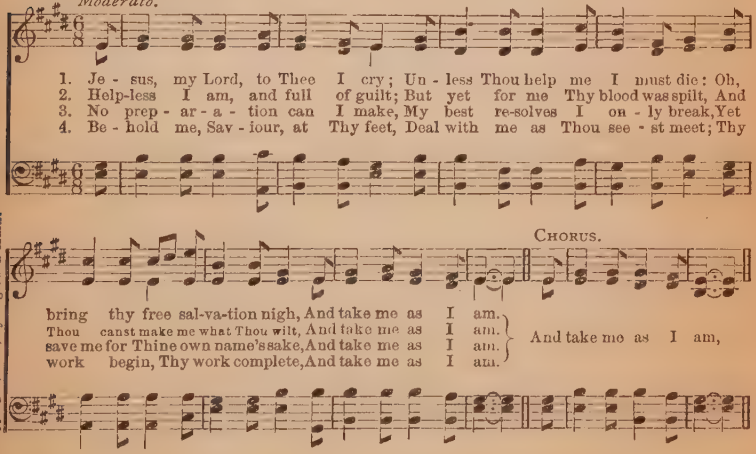


No. 335. Take Me as I Am.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.



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No. 336. Souls of Men, why will ye Scatter?

"All we like sheep have gone astray."—Isa. 53 : 6.

F. W. Faber. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Souls of men, why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of fright-en'd sheep?
2. It is God! His love *looks* might - y, But *is* might - ier than it seems:
3. There is no place where earth's sorrows Are more felt than up in heaven;

Fool - ish hearts! why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?
'Tis our Fa - ther, and His fond - ness Goes far out be - yond our dreams.
There is no place where earth's fail-ings Have such kind - ly judgment given.

Was there ev - er kind - er Shep-herd, Half so gen - tle, half so sweet,
There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more gra - ces for the good;

rall.

As the Sav - iour who would have us Come and gath - er round His feet?
There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.

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4 But we make His love too narrow,
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

5 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would all be sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

No. 337. Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

"This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."—Luke 15 : 24.

Horatius Bonar. Ira D. Sankey.

1. In the land of strangers, Wither thou art gone, Hear a far voice calling, "My son! my son!"
2. "From the land of hunger, Fainting, famished lone, Come to love and gladness, "My son! my son!"
3. "Leave the haunts of riot, Wasted, woe-begone, Sick at heart and weary, "My son! my son!"

Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

Copyright, 1884, by Ira D. Sankey.

CHORUS.

"Welcome! wand'rer, welcome! Welcome back to home! Thou hast wandered far away; Come home! come home!"

4 "See the door still open!
Thou art still my own;
Eyes of love are on thee,
My son! my son!"

5 "Far off thou hast wandered;
Wilt thou farther roam?
Come, and all is pardoned,
My son! my son!"

6 "See the well-spread table,
Unforgotten one!
Here is rest and plenty,
My son! my son!"

7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless, and undone;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son! my son!"

No. 338. What a Gathering!

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISA. 35: 10.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

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1. On that bright and gold - en morn - ing, when the Son of man shall come, And the radiance of His glo - ry we shall see; When from ev - 'ry clime and na - tion He shall call His peo - ple home, What a gath'-ring of the ran-somed that will be.
2. When the blest who sleep in Je - sus, at His bid - ding shall a - rise From the si - lence of the grave, and from the sea, And with bod - ies all ce - les - tial they shall meet Him in the skies, What a gath'-ring and re - joic - ing there will be.
3. When our eyes be - hold the cit - y, with its ma - ny mansions bright And its riv - er, calm and rest - ful, flow - ing free; When the friends that death has part - ed shall in bliss a - gain u - nite, What a gath'-ring and a greet - ing there will be.
4. O the King is sure - ly com - ing, and the time is draw - ing nigh, When the blessed day of promise, we shall see; Then the changing "in a moment," "in the twinkling of an eye," And for - ev - er in His pres - ence we shall be.

CHORUS.

What a gath' - - ring, what a gath' - - ring, What a gath'ring, what a gath'ring, gath'ring, what a gath'ring,

gath'ring of the ransomed in the summer land of love; What a gath' - - ring,
gath'ring, what a gath'ring
what a gath' - ring, Of the ran-somed in that hap-py home a - bove.

No. 339. Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. O hear my cry, be gra-cious now to me, Come, Great De-liv' - rer, come;
2. I have no place, no shel-ter from the night, Come, Great De-liv' - rer, come;
3. My path is lone, and wea-ry are my feet, Come, Great De-liv' - rer, come;
4. Thou wilt not spurn con-tri-tion's bro-ken sigh, Come, Great De-liv' - rer, come;

My soul bowed down is long-ing now for Thee, Come, Great De-liv' - rer, come.
One look from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great De-liv' - rer, come.
Mine eyes look up Thy lov-ing smile to meet, Come, Great De-liv' - rer, come.
Re - gard my prayer, and hear my hum-ble cry, Come, Great De-liv' - rer, come.

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REFRAIN.

I've wandered far a-way o'er mountains cold, I've wandered far a-way from home;
O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great De-liv' - rer, come.

No. 340. God be with You!

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—ROMANS 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Put His arms un - fail - ing round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!

By per. of J. E. Rankin.

CHORUS.

Till we meet!..... Till we meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain! Till we meet!

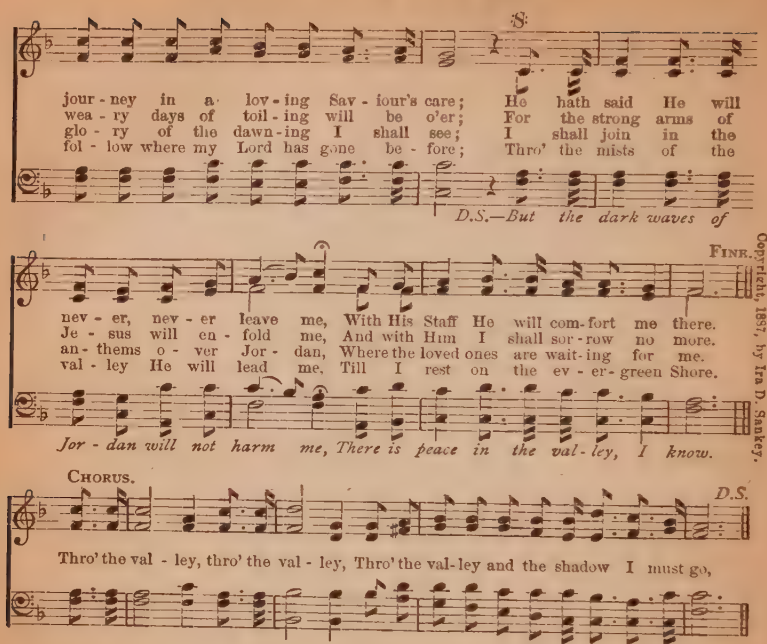
Till we meet!..... Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

No. 341. Through the Valley and the Shadow.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley and the shadow."—PSA. 23: 4.

RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I must walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, But I'll
2. When I walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, All the
3. Tho' I walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, Yet the
4. I shall walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, I shall



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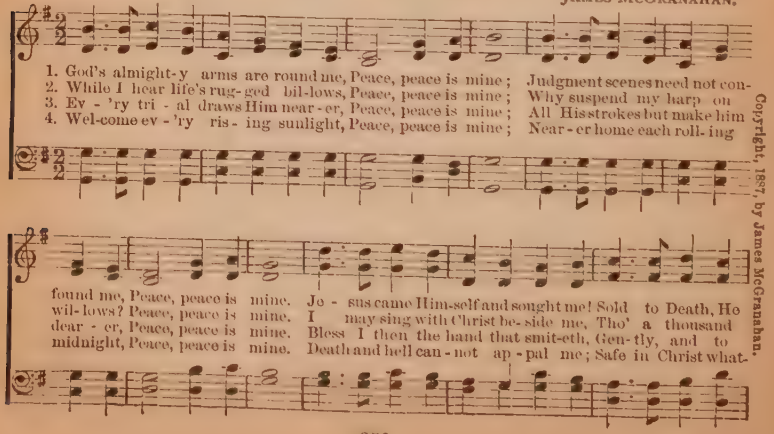
No. 342. Peace, Peace is Mine.

"He is our peace."—EPH. 2: 14.

J. DENHAM SMITH. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



Copyright, 1887, by James McGranahan.

found and bought me! Then my bless-ed freedom taught me, Peace, peace is mine.
ills be-tide me; Safe-ly He hath sworn to guide me, Peace, peace is mine.
heal de-light-eth; 'Tis a-gainst *my sins* He fight-eth, Peace, peace is mine.
e'er be-fall me; Calm-ly wait I till He call me, Peace, peace is mine.

No. 343. Look Unto Me.

ISA. 45: 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "Look un-to me, and be ye saved," O hear the blest command, Sal-va-tion
2. "Look un-to me," up-on the cross, O wea-ry, burdened soul, 'Twas there on
3. "Look un-to me," thy ris-en Lord, In dark temp-ta-tion's hour, The need-ful
4. "Look un-to me," and not *with-in*, No help is *there* for thee; For par-don

CHORUS.

full! sal-va-tion free! Proclaim thro' ev-'ry land.
Me thy sins were laid, Be-lieve and be made whole.
grace I'll free-ly give, To keep from Satan's pow'r.
peace and all thy need, Look on-ly un-to Me.

"Look un-to me,..... and be ye

"Look unto me,

all the ends of the earth,..... for I am

saved, all the ends, all the ends of the earth, for I am
and be ye saved,

God,.....

God, I am God, there is none else..... Look un-to me, and be ye saved."
there is none else, and be ye saved."

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No. 344. My Mother's Prayer.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—Prov. 21 : 28.

Words and Music by T. C. O'Kane.

Solo. *Moderato.*

1. As I wandered 'round the homestead, Ma-ny a dear fa-mil-iar spot
2. Tho' the house was held by strangers, All re-mained the same with-in;
3. Quick I drew it from the rub-bish, Cov-ered o'er with dust so long:

Bro't with-in my rec-ol-lec-tion Scenes I'd seem-ing-ly for-got;
Just as when a child I ram-bled Up and down, and out and in;
When, be-hold, I heard in fan-cy Strains of one fa-mil-iar song,

There, the or-chard—mead-ow, yon-der— Here, the deep, old fash-ioned well,
To the gar-ret dark as-cend-ing— Once a source of child-ish dread—
Oft-en sung by my dear moth-er To me in that trun-dle bed;

rit.

With its old moss-cov-ered buck-et, Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.
Peer-ing thro' the mist-y cob-webs, Lo! I saw my trun-dle bed.
[*Omit*.....
2d ending. Slow. *p*

pp

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slum-ber! Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed!"

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4 While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again:
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.

5 Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
* "Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name."

* Use second ending.

6 Prayer is over: to my pillow
With a "good-night!" kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild:
* "Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh, bless, my precious child!"

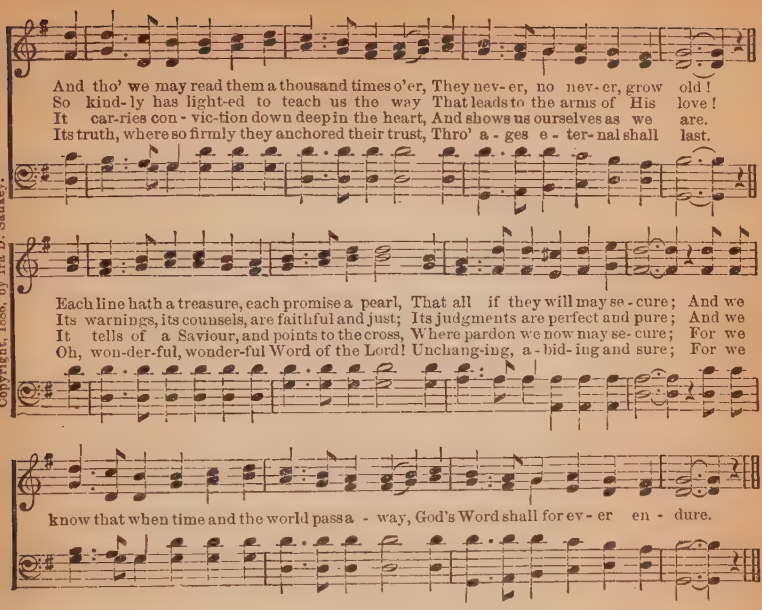
7 Yet I am but only dreaming:
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet churchyard lain;
But the mem'ry of her counsels
O'er my path a light has shed,
Daily calling me to heaven,
Even from my trundle bed.

No. 345. Oh, Wonderful Word!

"The Word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter 1 : 25.

J. L. Sterling. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Oh, won-der-ful, wonderful Word of the Lord! True wisdom its pa-ges un-fold;
2. Oh, won-der-ful, wonderful Word of the Lord! The lamp that our Fa-ther a-bove
3. Oh, won-der-ful, wonderful Word of the Lord! Our on-ly sal-va-tion is there;
4. Oh, won-der-ful, wonderful Word of the Lord! The hope of our friends in the past;



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No. 346. The Sweetest Name.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins."—MATT. 1; 21.

GEO. W. BETHUNE. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 2 FINE.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav-en
The name, be-fore His wondrous birth, To Christ the Sav-iour (*Omit.*) giv-en.
2. And when He hung up-on the tree, They wrote this name a-bove Him
That all might see the rea-son we For-ev-er-more must (*Omit.*) love Him.

D.C.—For there's no word ear ev-er heard So dear, so sweet, as (Omit.) "Je-sus!"

D.C.

REFRAIN.

We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je-sus!

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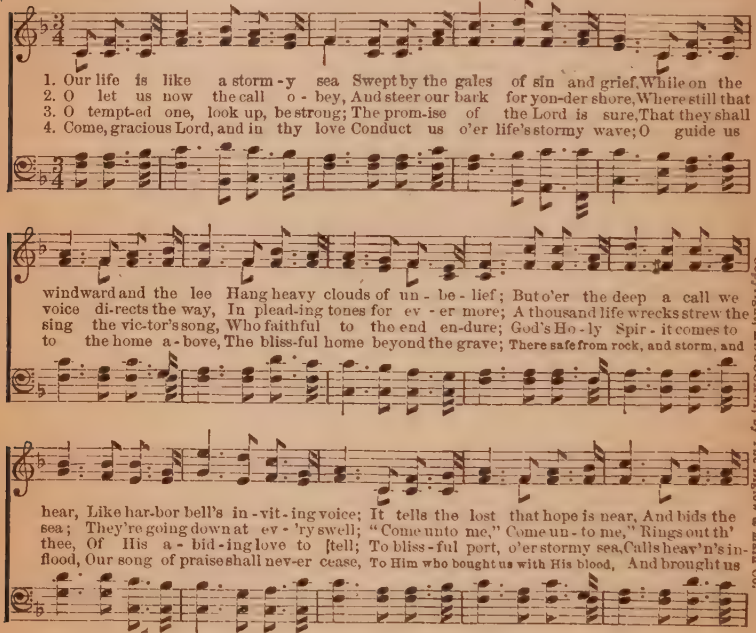
3 So now, upon His Father's throne—
Almighty to release us
From sin and pain—He ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

4 O Jesus! by that matchless Name
Thy grace shall fail us never
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ever!

No. 347. The Harbor Bell.

"We were nearing a dangerous coast, and night was drawing near; suddenly a heavy fog settled down upon us; no lights had been sighted, the pilot seemed anxious and troubled, not knowing how soon we might be dashed to pieces on the hidden rocks along the shore; The whistle was blown loud and long, but no response was heard; the Captain ordered the engines to be stopped and for some time we drifted about on the waves; Suddenly the pilot cried,—Hark! and far away in the distance, we heard the welcome tones of the Harbor bell, which seemed to say, This way,—this way,— Again the engines were started, and guided by the welcome sound we entered the port in safety."

JOHN H. YATES. (SOLO AND CHORUS.) IRA D. SANKEY.



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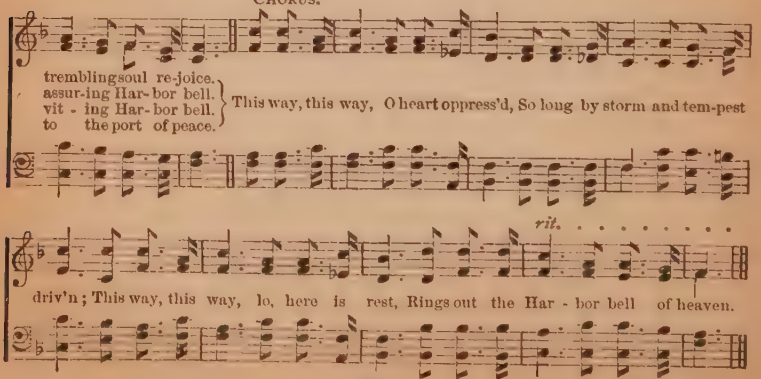
CHORUS.



No. 348. No Hope in Jesus.

"Having no hope, and without God in the world."—EPH. 2: 12.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! No Rock, no Ref-uge nigh! When the dark days
2. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! How lone-ly life must be! Like a sail-or,
3. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! No hand to clasp thine own! Thro' the dark, dark
4. Now, we pray thee, come to Je-sus; His pard'ning love re-ceive; For the Sav-iour

CHORUS.

'round thee gath-er, When the storms sweep o'er the sky!
lost and driv-en, On a wide and shoreless sea.
vale of shadows, Thou must press thy way a-lone.
now is call-ing, And He bids thee turn and live.

Oh, to have no hope in Je-sus!
* Come to Je-sus, He will save you;

No Friend, no Light in Jesus! Oh, to have no hope in Je-sus! How dark this world must be!
He is the Friend of sinners; Then, when thou hast found the Saviour, How bright this world will be!

* For last verse only.

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No. 349. There is a Land.

"A better country, that is a heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

Words arr. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. There is a land which lies a-far, Where grief is all un-known;
2. We are but pil-grims on the earth, And brief our so-journ here;
3. There is a realm of bound-less love, A goal for hearts dis-trest,

A land where-in the an-gels sing A-round the heav'n-ly throne.
But well we know when hence we go, There is a bright-er sphere.
Where all may find for end-less years A home a-mong the blest.

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REFRAIN.

O 'twill be sweet when we shall meet Up-on that dis-tant shore, Where-on the glo-rious sun ne'er sets, But shines for-ev-er-more, But shines for-ev-er-more.

No. 350. "I am He that Liveth."

"And was dead; and behold I am alive forever more."—REV. 1: 18.

C. R. H. J. H. BURKE.

1. He dies! He dies! the low-ly Man of sor-rows, On whom were laid our many griefs and woes; Our sins He bore, be-neath God's awful bil-lows, And He hath triumph'd o-ver all our foes.
2. He lives! He lives! what glorious conso-la-tion! Ex-alt-ed at His Father's own right hand, He pleads for us, and by His in-ter-ces-sion, En-a-bles all His saints by grace to stand.
3. He comes! He comes! O blest an-tic-i-pa-tion! In keep-ing with His true and faithful word; To call us to our heav'nly con-sum-ma-tion—Caught up, to be *with the Lord.*"

CHORUS.

"I am he that liv-eth, that liv-eth and was dead, I am he that liv-eth, that liv-eth and was dead; And be-hold,..... I am a-I am, I

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live..... for - ev - er - more, Be - hold,..... I am a-
am a - live for - ev - er - more, I am, I

live..... for-ev-er - more;..... I am he that liv - eth, that liv - eth and was
am a-live for - ev-er-more;

dead, And be - hold,..... I am a - live for - ev - - er - more."
I am, I am a - live for - ev - er, ev - er - more."

No. 351. Joy Cometh in the Morning!

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

M. M. Wienland. E. S. Lorenz, (Arr.)

1. Oh, wea - ry pil - grim, lift your head: For joy com-eth in the morn-ing!
2. Ye tremb-ling saints, dis - miss your fears: For joy com-eth in the morn-ing!
3. Let ev - 'ry bur-den'd soul look up: For joy com-eth in the morn-ing!
4. Our God shall wipe all tears a - way: For joy com-eth in the morn-ing!

For God in His own Word hath said That joy com-eth in the morn - ing!
Oh, weep-ing mourn-er, dry your tears: For joy com-eth in the morn - ing!
And ev - 'ry tremb-ling sin - ner hope: For joy com-eth in the morn - ing!
Sor - row and sigh - ing flee a - way: For joy com-eth in the morn - ing!

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Joy Cometh in the Morning!

CHORUS.

Joy com - eth in the morn - ing! Joy com - eth in the morn - ing!

Weep - ing may en - dure for a night; But joy com - eth in the morn - ing!

No. 352. Rejoice, Rejoice Believer.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—PHIL. 4: 4.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Re - joice, re-joice be - liev - er, And let thy joy and glo - ry ev - er be
2. Re - joice, in thy Re - deem - er, Thou hast a place that noth - ing can re-move;
3. Re - joice, re-joice be - liev - er, A home on high is wait - ing now for thee;
4. Re - joice, re-joice be - liev - er, Press on to join the hap - py, hap - py throng;

In Him, the Great De - liv - 'rer, Who gave Him-self a sac - ri - fice for thee.
He bids thee dwell in safe - ty, And rest be-neath the shad - ow of His love.
And there, in all His bean - ty, The King of saints with won - der thou shalt see.
Where soon thy Lord will call thee To realms of joy and ev - er - last - ing song.

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CHORUS.

Re - joice, O re - joice, be - liev - er, Re - joice..... O re - joice, and sing Of

Him who lives for - ev - er, Thy great High Priest and King.

No. 353. Come unto Me.

"Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11 : 28.

NATH. NORTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. "Come un - to Me," It is the Sav - iour's voice, The Lord of
2. Wea - ry with life's long strug - gle full of pain, O doubt - ing
3. Oh, dy - ing man, with guilt and sin dis - mayed, With con - science
4. Rest, peace, and life, the flow'rs of death - less bloom, The Sav - iour

life, who bids thy heart re - joice; O wea - ry heart, with
soul, thy Sav - iour calls a - gain; Thy doubts shall van - ish
wak - ened, of thy God a - fraid; Twixt hopes and fears— oh,
gives us, not be - yond the tomb— But here, and now, on

heav - y cares op - press'd, "Come un - to Me," and I will give you rest.
and thy sor - rows cease, "Come un - to Me," and I will give you peace.
end the anx - ious strife, "Come un - to Me," and I will give you life.
earth, some glimpse is giv'n Of joys which wait us thro' the gates of heav'n.

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REFRAIN.

"Come un - to me," "come un - to me," "Come un - to me, and
"Come un - to me," oh, come un - to me, Come un - to me,

ritard.....

I will give you rest," I will give you rest,..... I will give you rest.....
will give you rest, will give you rest.

No. 354. Safe Home in Port.

"So he bringeth them to their desired haven."—Ps. 107: 30.

Tr. by J. M. Neale. A. S. Sullivan.

1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cord-age, shattered deck, Torn sails, pro - vis-ions short,
2. The prize, the prize se - cure! The wrest-ler near - ly fell; Bare all he could en-dure,

Rit.

And on - ly not a wreck: But, oh! the joy, upon the shore, To tell our voyage per - ils o'er.
And bare not always well: But he may smile at troubles gone Who sets the victor-gar-land on!

3 No more the foe can harm!
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:—
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4 The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day,
When God has wiped all tears away!

No. 355. Calvary.

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."—Luke 23: 33.

W. M'K. Darwood. Jno. R. Sweney.

Moderato.

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Sav-iour died, 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, My Sav-iour
3. O Je - sus, Lord, how can it be, That Thou shouldst

Lord was cru - ci - fied; 'Twas on the cross He bled for
bows His head and dies The opening vail re-veals the
give Thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag - o -

me, And purchased there my par - don free.
way To heav - en's joys and end - less day.
ny, In that dread hour on Cal - va - ry?

Copyright, 1886, by Jno. R. Sweney.

CHORUS.

O Cal - va - ry! dark Cal - va - ry! Where Je - sus shed His blood for me, for me;

O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Sav-iour died for me.

No. 356. Hold Thou my Hand.

"I the Lord have called thee.....and will hold thine hand."—ISAIAH 42: 6.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Moderato.

1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help - less, I dare not take one step without Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O lov - ing Sav - iour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid.
2. Hold Thou my hand; and clos - er, clos - er draw me To Thy dear self— my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest hap - ly I should wan - der, And, miss - ing Thee, my tremb - ling feet should fall.
3. Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark be - fore me With - out the sun - light of Thy face di - vine; But when by faith I catch its ra - diant glo - ry, What heights of joy, what rapt - urous songs are mine!
4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar - gin Of that lone riv - er Thou didst cross for me, A heaven-ly light may flash a - long its wa - ters, And ev - 'ry wave like crys - tal bright shall be.

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No. 357. Be ye Strong in the Lord.

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—Eph. 6. : 10.

Ira D. Sankey.

El. Nathan.

1. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow - er of His might," Firm - ly
2. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow - er of His might," Nev - er
3. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow - er of His might," For His

standing for the truth of His word; He shall lead you safe - ly through the
turn-ing from the face of the foe; He will sure - ly by you stand, as you
prom - is - es shall nev - er, nev - er fail; By thy right hand He'll hold thee while

thick-est of the fight, You shall con - quer in the name of the Lord.
bat - tle for the right, In the pow - er of His might on - ward go.
bat - tling for the right, Trusting Him thou shalt for ev - er - more pre - vail.

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Chorus.

Firm - ly stand for the right, On to
Firm - ly stand for the right,

vic - t'ry at the King's com-mand; For the hon - or of the Lord, and the

tri - umph of His word, In the strength of the Lord firm - ly stand.

No. 358. Resurrection Morn.

"The dead in Christ shall rise first."—1 Thess. 4: 16.

S. Baring-Gould. Ira D. Sankey.

1. On the Res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, Soul and bod - y meet a - gain,
2. Here a - while they must be part - ed, And the flesh its sab - bath keep,
3. For a space the tir - ed bod - y Waits in peace the morn-ing's dawn,
4. On that hap - py East - er morn - ing All the graves their dead re - store,
5. Soul and bod - y, re - u - nit - ed, Henceforth noth - ing shall di - vide,

No more sor - row, no more weep - ing, No . . . . . more pain.
Wait - ing in a ho - ly still - ness, Wrapped in sleep.
When there breaks the last and bright - est East - - er morn.
Fa - ther, moth - er, sis - ter, broth - er, Meet . . . . once more.
Wak - ing up in Christ's own like - ness, Sat - - - is - fied.

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No. 359. Beloved, now are we.

El. Nathan. 1 Jno. 3: 2. James McGranahan.

1. Sons of God, be - loved in Je - sus! O the won-drous word of grace;
2. Bless-ed hope now bright-ly beam-ing, On our God we soon shall gaze;
3. By the power of grace transform-ing, We shall then His im - age bear;

f

In His Son the Fa - ther sees us, And as sons He gives us place.
And in light ce - les - tial gleam-ing, We shall see our Sav - iour's face.
Christ His prom - ised word per - form - ing, We shall then His glo - ry share.

f

Chorus.

Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet ap - pear what we

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but we know . . . . that when He shall ap-pear, ...

shall be: but we know, we know, , we know that when He shall ap-pear, we

know . . . . that when He shall ap - pear, ... we shall be
know, we know, we know that when He shall ap-pear,

f *Rit.*

like Him; we shall be like Him, for we shall see . . . Him as . . . He is. . . . . .

No. 360. There is a Name I Love.

F. Whitfield. (Geer. C. M.) H. W. Greatorex.

1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav - iour's love Who died to set me free;
3. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my small - est woe—
4. It bids my tremb - ling soul re - joice, And dries each ris - ing tear;

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear— The sweet - est Name on earth.
It tells me of His pre - cious blood—The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
Who in each sor - row bears a part That none can bear be - low.
It tells me in a "still small voice," To trust, and not to fear.

No. 361. Blessed be the Fountain.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—PSALM 51: 7.

E. R. LATTA. H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.

1. Bless-ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wan-dered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On-ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can-not wash them a-way.

Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Foun-tain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
Je-sus to that Foun-tain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise I go;

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - - er than the snow, ... Whit - - - er than the snow; . . . .

Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow;

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, ... And I shall be whit-er than snow. . . .

rit. . . . .

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow, than snow.

snow. . . .

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No. 362. Now the Day is Over.

"For the shadows of the evening are stretched out."—JER. 6: 4.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,

Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy tend'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch - ing round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run. A - men.

evening Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 363. In the Secret of His Presence.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence."—PSALM 31: 20.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH, of India. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

1. In the se - cret of His pres - ence how my soul de - lights to hide!
2. When my soul is faint and thirst - y, 'neath the shad - ow of His wing
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
4. Would you like to know the sweet - ness of the se - cret of the Lord?

Slowly.

Oh, how pre - cious are the les - sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth - ly
There is cool and pleas - ant shel - ter, and a fresh and crys - tal spring; And my
Oh, how pa - tient - ly He list - ens! and my droop - ing soul He cheers: Do you
Go and hide be - neath His shad - ow: this shall then be your re - ward; And when-

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cares can nev - er vex me, neither tri - als lay me low; For when Sa - tan comes to
Sav - iour rests be - side me, as we hold commu - nion sweet: If I tried, I could not
think He ne'er re - proves me? what a false friend He would be, If He nev - er, nev - er
e'er you leave the si - lence of that hap - py meeting place, You must find and bear the

rit.

tempt me, to the se - cret place I go, to the se - cret place I go.
ut - ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
im - age of the Mas - ter in your face, of the Mas - ter in your face.

rit.

No. 364. Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10: 37.

Henry Alford. P. P. Bliss.

Moderato. Fine.

1. "*Till He come!*"—Oh, let the words Lin - ger on the trem - bling chords,
2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on their rest a - bove,

D.C.—Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be - yond that, "Till He come."
D.C.—Hush! be ev - 'ry mur - mur dumb! It is on - ly "Till He come."

D.C.

Let the "lit - tle while" be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;
When their words of love and cheer Fall no long - er on our ear,

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "*Till He come.*"

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread:
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come.*"

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No. 365. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Be strong and of a good courage."—Deut. 31: 6.

S. Baring-Gould. A. S. Sullivan.

Presto.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are tread-ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces,

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we—
Constant will re - main: Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail:
In the tri-umph song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:

Chorus.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise— And that can-not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
} Onward, Christian sol - diers!

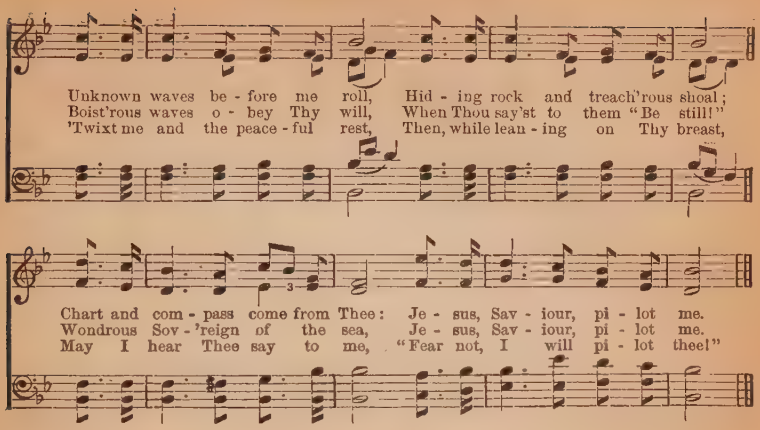
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
With the cross of

No. 366. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

(Pilot. 7s. 6 lines.)

Rev. Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

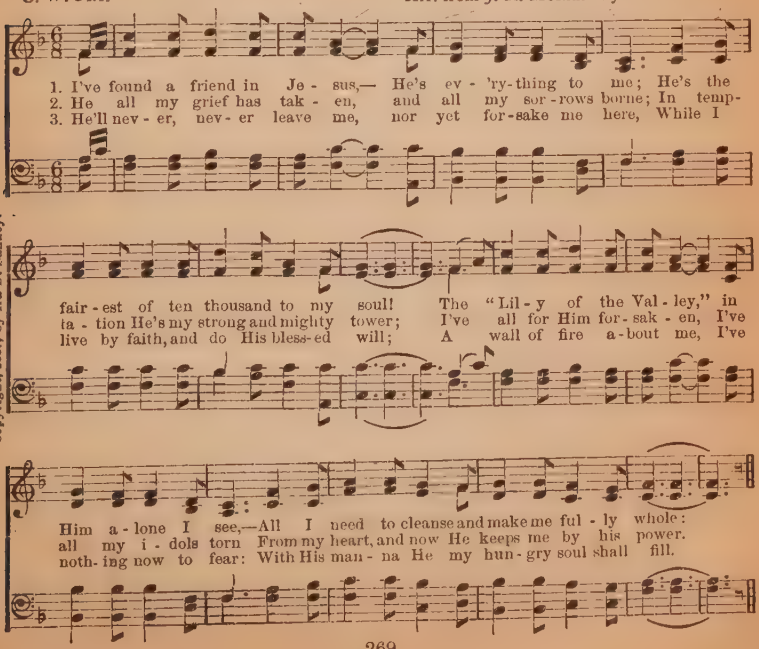
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest - ous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar



No. 367. The Lily of the Valley.

"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."—SONG OF SOLOMON 2: 1.

C. W. FRY. Arr. from J. R. MURRAY by I. D. SANKEY.



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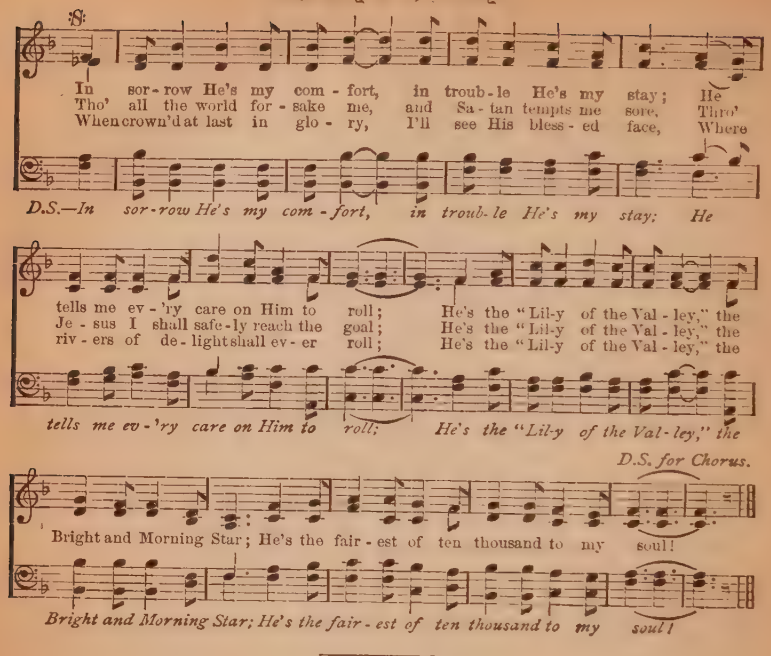
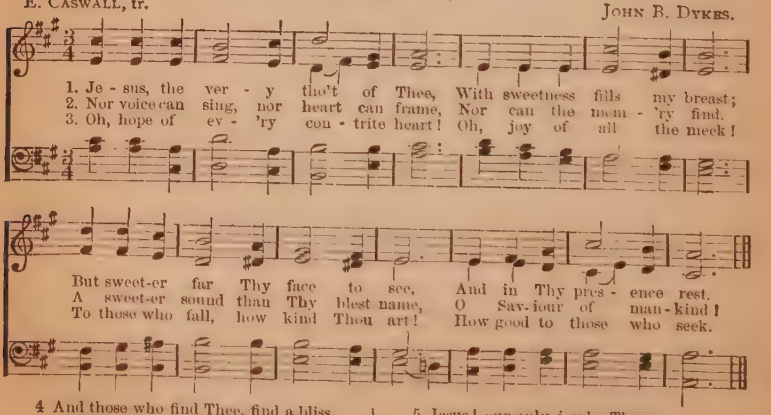


No. 368. Jesus, the very Thought.

(St. Agnes. C. M.)

E. Caswall, tr. John B. Dykes.



4 And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

No. 369. I Am the Way.

JNO. 14: 6.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Like wand-'ring sheep o'er mount-ains cold, Since all have gone a - stray;
2. Be - wil-dered oft with doubt and care, To God I fain would go;
3. To Christ the WAY, the TRUTH, the LIFE, I come, no more to roam;

To "Life" and peace with - in the fold, How may I find the way?.....
While ma - ny cry "Lo here! lo there!" The Truth how may I know?.....
He'll guide me to my "Father's house," To my E - ter - nal home.....

CHORUS.

I..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the life;..... no man com - eth un - to the Fa - ther, but by me.
I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the truth, and the life:

I..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the life;.....
I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the truth, and the life:

I..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the life;..... no man com - eth un - to the Fa - ther, but by me."

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No. 370. Have Faith in God.

MARK 11: 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Have faith in God; what can there be For Him too hard to do for thee?
2. Have faith thy par - don to be - lieve, Let God's own word thy fears re - lieve;
3. Have faith in God, and trust His might That He will con - quer as you fight,
4. Have faith in God; press near His side; Thy troubled soul trust Him to guide;

He gave His Son; now all is free; Have faith, have faith in God.
Have faith the Spir - it to re - ceive; Have faith, have faith in God.
And give the tri - umph to the right; Have faith, have faith in God.
In life, in death, what - e'er be - tide, Have faith, have faith in God.

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No. 371. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

"Then I shall know."—1 COR. 13: 12.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. We shall reach the sum - mer - land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
2. At the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
3. Oh, these part - ing scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall

press the gold - en strand, Some sweet day, by and by; Oh, the
find each brok - en link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the
gath - er friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be -

loved ones watch-ing there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we
star that, fad - ing here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall
fore our Fa - ther's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall

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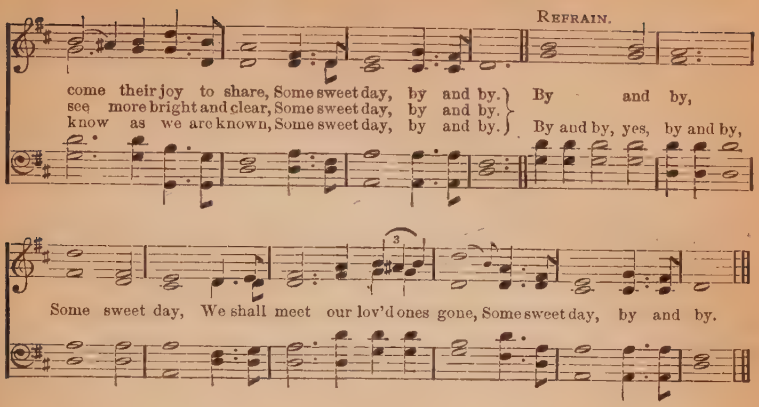
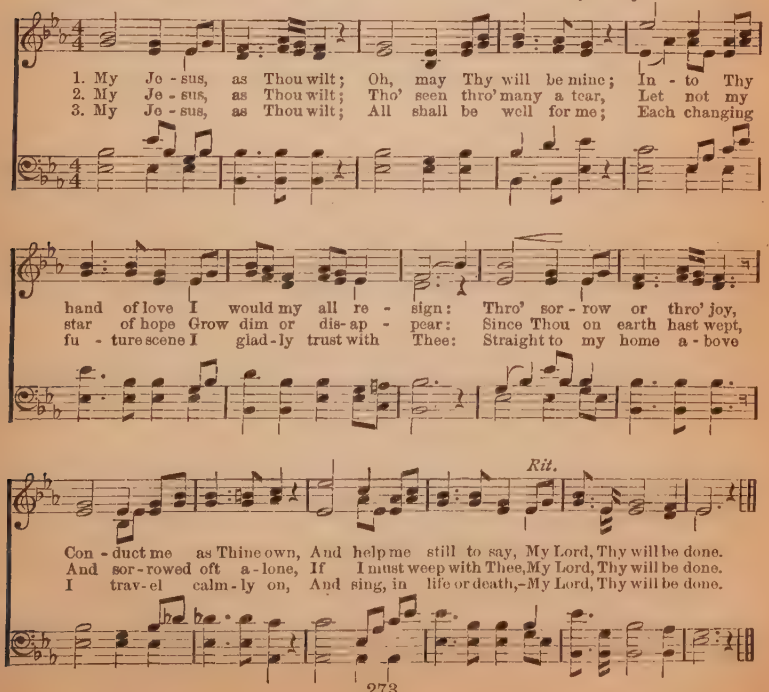


No. 372. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

(Jewett. 6s. D.)

Jane Borthwick, tr. Weber, arr. by H. P. Main.



No. 373. What will you do with Jesus?

"What shall I do with Jesus, which is called Christ?"—MATT. 27: 22.

NATHANIEL NORTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh, what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes low and sweet;
2. Oh, what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes loud and clear;
3. Oh, think of the King of Glo - ry From heav'n to earth come down,

As ten - der - ly He bids you Your bur - dens lay at His feet;
The sol - emn words are sound - ing In ev - 'ry list - 'ning ear;
His life so pure and ho - ly, His death, His cross, His crown;

Oh, soul so sad and wea - ry, That sweet voice speaks to thee;
Im - mor - tal life's in the ques - tion, And joy thro' e - ter - ni - ty;
Of His di - vine com - pas - sion, His sac - ri - fice for thee;

Then what will you do with Je - sus? Oh, what shall the an - swer be?

REFRAIN.

What shall the an - swer be? What shall the an - swer be?

What will you do with Je - sus? Oh, what shall the an - swer be?

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No. 374. Laborers of Christ, Arise.

(AHIRA. S. M.)

Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. H. W. GREATOREX.

1. La - borers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil:
2. Go where the sick re - cline, Where mourn - ing hearts de - plore;
3. Be faith, which looks a - bove, With pray'r, your con - stant guest;
4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er de - spoil.

The dew of prom-ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.
And where the sons of sor - row pine, Dis - pense your hal - lowed lore.
And wrap the Sav-iour's changeless love A man - tle round your breast.
And the blest gos - pel's sav - ing health Re - pay your ardu-ous toil.

No. 375. God is Calling Yet.

"My spirit shall not always strive with man."—GEN. 6: 3.

GERHARDT TERSTEEGEN. E. O. EXCELL.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock?
4. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond - age live?
5. God call-ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with - out de - lay:

Shall life's swift pass - ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
He still is wait - ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir - it grieve?
I wait, but He does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!
Vain world, fare-well, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

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CHORUS.

Call - - ing, Call - - ing,
God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him, God is

Call - - ing,
call-ing yet, oh, hear Him call-ing, call-ing, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him,

Call - - ing,
God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him call-ing yet.

No. 376. Oh Cease, my Wandering Soul.

(ADRIAN. S. M.)

W. A. MUHLENBERG. J. E. GOULD.

1. Oh, cease, my wand-'ring soul, On rest - less wing to roam;
2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door!
3. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest;
4. Ah, yes! I all for - sake, My all to thee re - sign;

All this wide world, to eith - er pole, Hath not for thee a home.
Oh, haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.
And ev - 'ry long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.
Gra - cious Re - deem - er, take, oh take And seal me ev - er Thine!

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No. 377. How Shall we Escape?

HEB. 2: 3.

G. M. J.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. God loved a world of sin - ners, For them He gave His Son;
2. Be - hold the bleed - ing Sav - iour Up - on the cru - el tree,—
3. God loves the vil - est sin - ner, But hates the small - est sin;
4. Re - turn to God, O wand - 'rer, Thy pur - chased par - don take;

And who - so - e'er re - ceives Him, He saves them, ev - 'ry one;
The Just, con-demned, for - sak - en— He dies for you and me;
Then who shall see His King - dom? Or who can en - ter in?
Thy sins He'll not re - mem - ber, For thy Re - deem - er's sake;

He came to bring sal - va - tion, To bear our sins a - way,
The "Son of God" be - lov - ed, For us a curse was made;
'The pre - cious blood of Je - sus'—Let ev - 'ry creat - ure know—
He'll cast them all be - hind Him, Or 'neath the deep - est sea,

That we with Him in glo - ry Might live thro' end - less day.
That we might have re - demp - tion, The aw - ful price He paid.
Can make the "chief of sin - ners" Full whit - er than the snow.
And love us ev - er free - ly Thro' - out E - ter - ni - ty.

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CHORUS.

"How shall we es - cape if we ne - glect so great sal - va - tion? How shall we es -

cres.

cape if we ne-glect so great sal - va - tion, ne - glect so great sal - va - tion?"

No. 378. Come to Jesus! Come Away!

JOHN 6: 37.

1. Come to Je - sus! come a - way! For - sake thy sins—oh, why de - lay?
2. Come to Je - sus! all is free; Hark! how He calls, "Come un - to Me!
3. Come to Je - sus! cling to Him; He'll keep thee far from paths of sin;
4. Come to Je - sus!—Lord, I come! Wea - ry of sin, no more I'd roam.

His arms are o - pen night and day; He waits to wel - come thee!
I cast out none, I'll par - don thee," Oh, thou shalt wel - come be!
Thou shalt at last a vic - t'ry win, And He will wel - come thee!
But with my Sav - iour be at home; I know He'll wel - come me!

No. 379. The Handwriting on the Wall.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—DANIEL 5: 5.

Words and Music by KNOWLES SHAW. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

1. At the feast of Bel-shazzar and a thou-sand of His lords, While they drank from golden
2. See the brave cap-tive, Daniel, as he stood before the throng, And re-buk'd the haughty
3. See the faith, zeal and courage, that would dare to do the right, Which the Spir-it gave to
4. So our deeds are recorded—there's a Hand that's writing now: Sin - ner, give your heart to

ves - sels, as the Book of Truth re-cords—In the night, as they revelled in the
mon-arch for his might - y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writing—'twas the
Dan-iel—'twas the se - cret of his might In his home in Ju - de - a, or a
Je - sus to his roy - al man-dates bow; For the day is approaching—it must

roy - al pal - ace hall, They were seized with consternation,—'twas the Hand upon the wall!
doom of one and all, For the kingdom now was finished—said the Hand up-on the wall!
cap - tive in the hall, He un-der-stood the writing of his God up-on the wall!
come to one and all, When the sin-ners' condem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall!

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CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall! 'Tis the writ-ing on the wall!

hand of God on the wall! Shall the rec-ord be "Found wanting!" or writ-ing on the wall!

rit.

shall it be "Found trusting!" While that hand is writing on the wall? writing on the wall!

No. 380. Jerusalem my Happy Home.

(MANOAH. C. M.)

Anon. F. J. HAYDN.

1. Je - ru - sa-lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
2. Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,
3. Je - ru - sa-lem! my hap - py home! My soul still pants for thee;

When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, in thee!
Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end?
Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joy shall see.

No. 381. The Banner of the Cross.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."—Ps. 60: 4.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers
2. Tho' the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand - ard
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glor - ious
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis draw - ing ver - y near— It is hast'n - ing

of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,
be dis - played; And be - neath its folds, as sol - diers of the Lord,
ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,

CHORUS.
March - ing on!..... March - ing

While as ran - somed ones we sing.
For the truth be not dis - mayed!
While the Lord shall claim His own!
And the Cross the world shall sway.
March - ing on! on! on! March - ing

on!..... For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing but loss;..... And to

on! on! on! For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry - thing but loss; And to

crown Him King, toil and sing, 'Neath the ban - ner of the cross.

crown Him King, we'll toil and sing, Be - neath the ban - ner of the cross.

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No. 382. A Sinner like Me!

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

C. J. B. C. J. Butler.

Slow.

1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - iour, And as vile as a sin - ner could be; And I won - der'd if Christ the Re - deem - er Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
2. I wan - der'd on in the dark - ness, Not a ray of light could I see; And the tho't filled my heart with sad - ness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.
3. And then, in that dark lone - ly hour,..... A voice sweet - ly whis-pered to me, Say - ing, Christ the Re - deem - er has pow - er To save a poor sin - ner like me.

rit.

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4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

No. 383. There is a Calm.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

Ernest Rickman. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. There is a calm be - yond life's fit - ful fe - ver, A deep re -
2. There is a Hope, to which the Christ - ian, cling - ing; Is lift - ed
3. There is a spot - less robe of Christ's own weav - ing; Will you not

pose, an ev - er - last - ing rest; Where white-robed angels welcome the be - lie - v - er
high a - bove life's surging wave; Finds life in death, and fadeless flowers springing
wrap it round your sin-stained soul? Poor wand'ring child, up - on thy past life griev-ing,

rit.

A - mong the blest, a - mong the blest. There is a Home, where all the soul's deep
From the dark grave, from the dark grave. There is a Crown pre-pared for those who
Christ makes thee whole! Christ makes thee whole! There is a Home, a Harp, a Crown in

yearn-ings, And si - lent pray'rs shall be at last ful - filled; Where strife and
love Him; The Christ-ian sees it in the dis-tance shine, Like a bright
Heav - en;—A - las! that an - y should Thy gift re - fuse!—The aw - ful

rit.

sor - row, murm'rings and heart burnings At last are stilled, at last are stilled.
bea - con glit - ter - ing a - bove Him, And whispers, "Mine!" and whispers, "Mine!"
choice of life and death is giv - en— Which wilt thou choose? which wilt thou choose?

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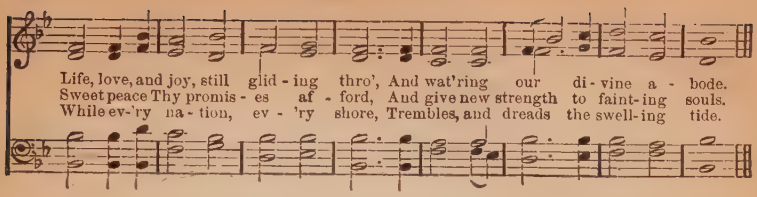
No. 384. There is a Stream.

(Ward. L. M.)

Isaac Watts. Lowell Mason.

1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the cit - y of our God;
2. That sacred stream, Thy ho - ly Word, Supports our faith, our fears con - trols;
3. Loud may the troubled o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide;

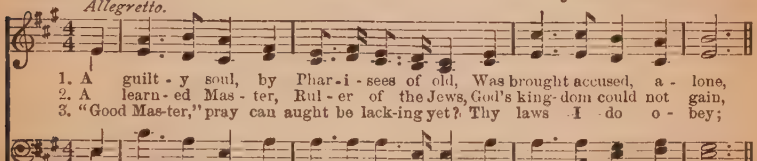


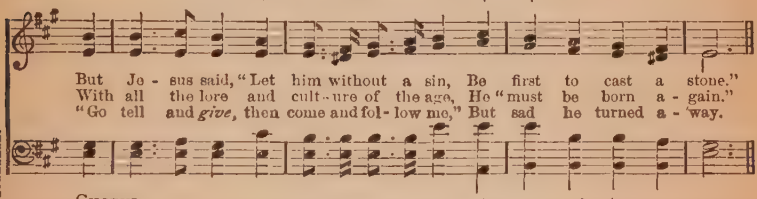
No. 385. There is None Righteous.

ROM. 3: 10, 23.

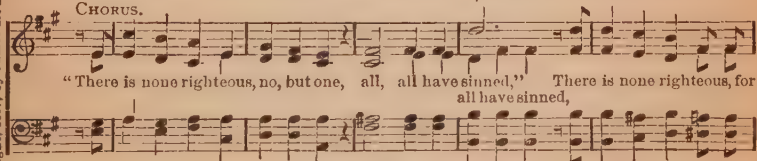
G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

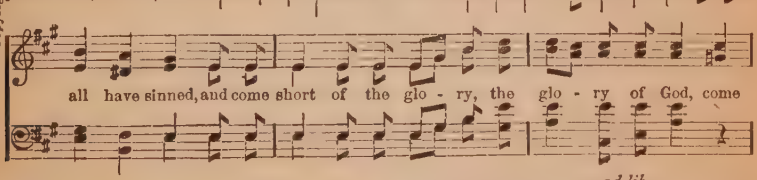
Allegretto.

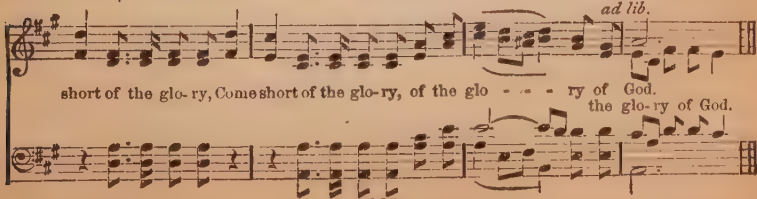




CHORUS.







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No. 386. Little Lights.

ANNA B. WARNER, by per. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Je - sus bids us shine with a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine first of all for Him, Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of

can - dle burn-ing in the night; In the world is dark - ness;
knows it if our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
dark - ness in the world are found; Sin and want and sor - row;

so we must shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.
He sees us shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.
so we must shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.

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No. 387. Abundantly Able to Save.

"He will abundantly pardon."—ISA. 55: 7.

E. A. HOFFMAN. P. P. BLISS.

1. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Who - ev - er be -
2. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the message of God, And trusts in the
3. Who - ev - er re - pents and for-sakes ev - 'ry sin, And o - pens his

liev - eth on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal - va-tion shall
power of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal redemption shall
heart for the Lord to come in, A pres - ent and per - fect sal - va-tion shall

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have: For He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
have: For He is both a - ble and will - ing to save.
have: For Je - sus is read - y this mo - ment to save.

CHORUS.

My broth-er, the Mas - - ter is call - ing for thee;.....
Broth-er, the Mas - ter is come, and is call-ing for thee;

His grace and His mer - - - cy are won-drous-ly free;.....
Broth-er, His grace and His mer - cy are won-drous - ly free;

His blood as a ran - - - som for sin - ners He gave,.....
Broth-er, His blood as a ran - som for sin-ners He gave,

rit......

And He is a - bund - - - ant - ly a - ble to save.
And He is a - bund- ant - ly a - ble to save.

No. 388. Come, Come to Jesus.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

GEO. B. PECK. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to wel - come thee
2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ran - som thee
3. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to light - en thee
4. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to give to thee

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O wand'rer, ea - ger - ly Come, come to Je - sus!
O slave! so will - ing - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
O burdened! trust - ing - ly Come, come to Je - sus!
O blind! a vis - ion free; Come, come to Je - sus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee
O weary! blessedly
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee
O lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

No. 389. Carried by the Angels.

LUKE 16: 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Sit - ting by the gate - way of a pal - ace fair, Once a child of
2. What shall be the end - ing of this life of care? Oft the ques - tion
3. Fol - low - er of Je - sus, scant - y tho' thy store, Treasures pre-cious
4. Up - ward, then, and on - ward! on - ward for the Lord; Time and tal - ent

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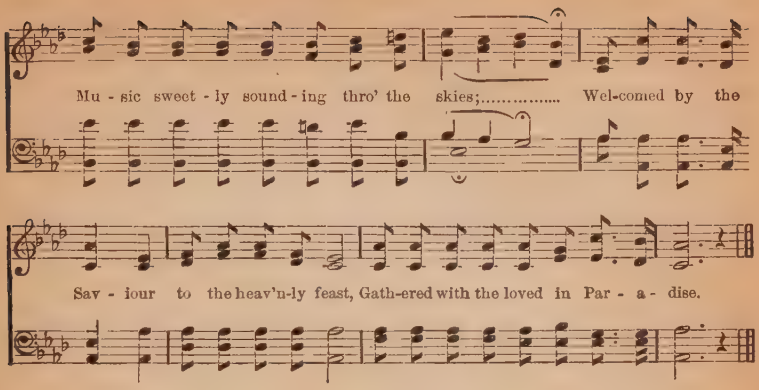
God was left to die; By the world neg-lect - ed, wealth would nothing share;
com - eth to us all; Here up - on the path - way hard the bur - dens bear,
treas-ures wait on high; Count the tri - als joy - ful, soon they'll all be o'er;
all in His em - ploy; Small may seem the serv - ice, sure the great re - ward;

CHORUS.

See the change awaiting there on high.
And the burning tears of sor-row fall.
O the change that's coming bye and bye.
Here the cross, but there the crown of joy.
} Carried by the an - gels to the land of rest,

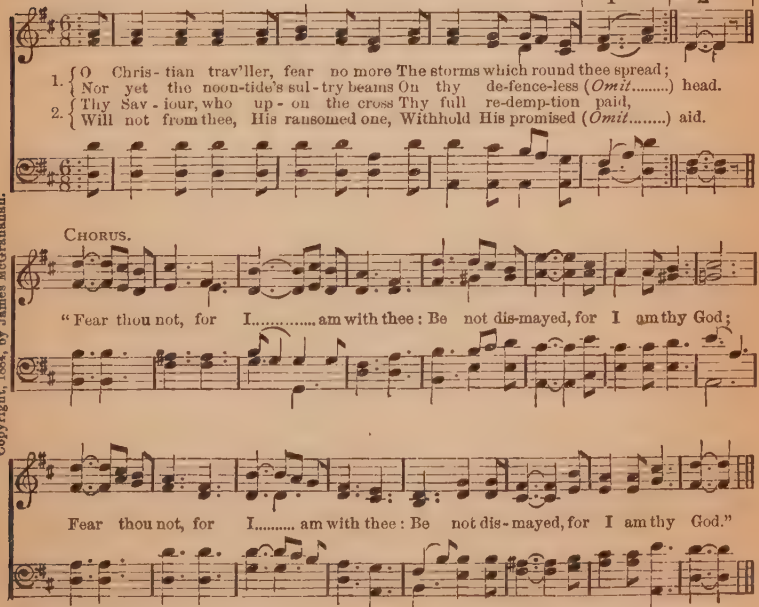


No. 390. Fear Thou Not.

J. E. A.
Trans. from Dr. MALAN.

ISA. 41: 10.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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3 A safe retreat and hiding-place
Thy Saviour will provide;
And sorrow cannot fill thy heart,
While sheltered at His side.

4 No; in thy darkest days on earth,
When every joy seems flown,
Believer, thou shalt never tread
The toilsome way alone.

No. 391. Repent Ye.

G. M. J. MATT. 3: 2. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Have our hearts grown cold since the days of old? Have we left our souls' "first
2. Has the God a - bove our su - preme true love? Have we bowed to Him al -
3. Do we hon - or those who have soothed our woes? Have we ren - dered good for
4. Are we al - ways tru in the thing we do, In our words, our works, our
5. Dare a mor - tal say— for a sin - gle day—"I have kept Thy law, O

love?" Nei - ther cold nor hot, God commends us not, Nor our luke-warm ways ap - prove.
way? Do we own His claim and re - vere His name, And ob-serve His ho - ly day?
ill? Are we pure in heart, do - ing *all* our part To ful - fil the Saviour's will?
ways? Are we quite con-tent with the bless-ings sent, Giv - ing God a - lone the praise?
God! Un - de - filed by sin, I am pure with - in, And I need no cleansing blood?"

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CHORUS.

Re - pent ye, re-pent ye, re - pent ye! 'Tis the call of God to ev - 'ry land;

Re-pent ye, re-pent ye, re - pent ye! For the king-dom of heav-en is at hand.

No. 392. Cling to the Bible.

M. J. SMITH. PS. 119: 105. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Cling to the Bi - ble, tho' all else be tak - en; Lose not its prom - is - es
2. Cling to the Bi - ble, this jew - el, this treas - ure Brings to us hon - or and
3. Lamp for the feet that in by - ways have wander'd, Guide for the youth that would

pre - cious and sure; Souls that are sleep - ing its ech - oes a - wak - en,
saves fall - en man; Pearl whose great val - ue no mor - tal can meas - ure,
oth - er - wise fall; Hope for the sin - ner whose best days are squan-der'd,

CHORUS.

Drink from the fount - ain, so peace - ful, so pure.
Seek and se - cure it, O soul, while you can.
Staff for the a - ged, and best book of all.
} Cling to the Bi - ble!

Cling to the Bi - ble! Cling to the Bi - ble, Our Lamp and Guide.

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No. 393. Hark! Hark, my Soul!

"Are they not all ministering spirits."—HEB. 1: 14.

F. W. FABER. C. C. CONVERSE. Arr. by I. D. S.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and
2. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev-'ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for

o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls, by thousands meek - ly steal - ing,
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,

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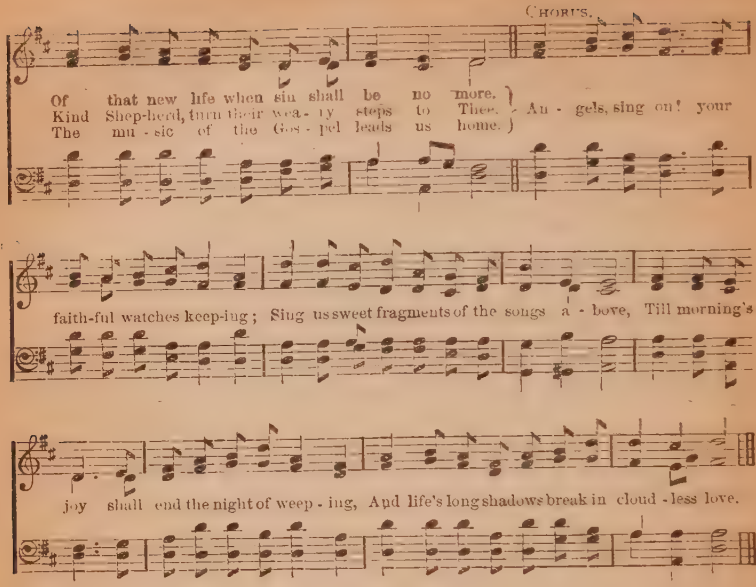
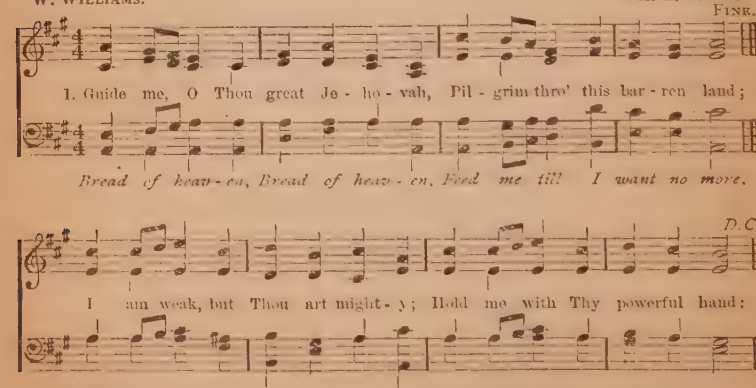
Hark! Hark, my Soul!



No. 394. Guide Me.

"For thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me."—PSALM 31 : 3.

W. WILLIAMS. WM. L. VINER.



2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey thro':
Strong Deliv'rer, Strong Deliv'rer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 395. Waiting for the Promise.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS. LUKE 24: 49. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. We bow our knees un - to the Fa - ther Of Christ the Lord of earth and heaven,
2. O fill the in - ward man with pow - er, As Christ with-in our hearts doth dwell;
3. The love that pass - eth knowledge give us, Its height and depth and breadth and length;
4. Thy pow'r it is that work-eth in us, O mul - ti - ply it here to - day,

That rich - es of His grace and glo - ry And pow'r for serv - ice may be given.
Our root in Him, tho' storms may low - er, Vic - to - rious love we still shall tell.
A - bun - dant - ly be-yond our ask - ing, Be - yond our thought give us Thy strength.
And Christ, our Lord, shall have the glo - ry With - in His church thro' endless day.

CHORUS, *not too fast.*

We are waiting for the promise of the Fa - ther—For the Ho - ly Spir - it's power;

(*May end here.*)

O our Father, for Thy Spirit we are wait - ing, e - ven now, this ver - y hour.

We are waiting for His coming, We are waiting for His coming, For the Ho - ly Spir - it's

power; O our Father, for Thy Spirit we are wait-ing, e - ven now, this ver - y hour.

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No. 396. Come, Praise the Lord.

A. Mc. G.

Con spirito.

1. Come, praise the Lord, ex - alt His name, Our Sav - iour and our King;
2. How great, how pre - cious is His name, How poor the praise we bring;
3. A day will come, its dawn we greet, When heav'n it - self shall ring,

'Tis meet we should His praise pro - claim, And hal - le - lu - jah sing.
His peo - ple still should own His claim, And hal - le - lu - jah sing.
And all the saints with joy shall meet, And hal - le - lu - jah sing.

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No. 397. But is that All?

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

Horatius Bonar.

Mrs. C. Barnard, arr.

1. Some-times I catch sweet glimpses of His face, But that is all; Some -
2. And is this all He meant when first He said, "Come un - to me?" Is
3. Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heav - y thoughts, But love His love; Do
4. Christ and His Love shall be thy bless-ed all For ev - er-more; Christ

times He looks on me and seems to smile, But that is all;
there no deep - er, more en - dur - ing rest In Him for thee?
thou full jus - tice to His ten - der - ness, His mer - cy prove;
and His light shall shine on all thy ways For ev - er - more;

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Sometimes He speaks a pass-ing word of peace, But that is all:
Is there no stead-ier light for thee in Him? O come and see;
Take Him for what He is, O take Him all, And look a-bove;
Christ and His peace shall keep thy troub-led soul For-ev-er-more;

Sometimes I think I hear His lov-ing voice Up-on me call;
Is there no deep-er, more en-dur-ing rest In Him for thee?
And do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts, But love His love.
Christ and His love shall be thy bless-ed all For-ev-er-more.

No. 398. Christian, Walk Carefully.

"Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called."—Eph. 4: 1.

Words arr. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Christian, walk *care-ful-ly*, dan-ger is near; On in thy jour-ney with trem-bling and fear. Snares from with-out and temp-ta-tions with-in,
2. Christian, walk *cheer-ful-ly* thro' the fierce storm, Dark tho' the sky with its threat of a-larm. Soon will the clouds and the tem-pest be o'er,
3. Christian, walk *pray'r-ful-ly*, oft wilt thou fall If thou for-get on thy Sav-iour to call; Safe thou shalt walk thro' each tri-al and care,
4. Christian, walk *hope-ful-ly*, sor-row and pain Cease when the ha-ven of rest thou shalt gain; Then from the lips of the Judge, thy re-ward:

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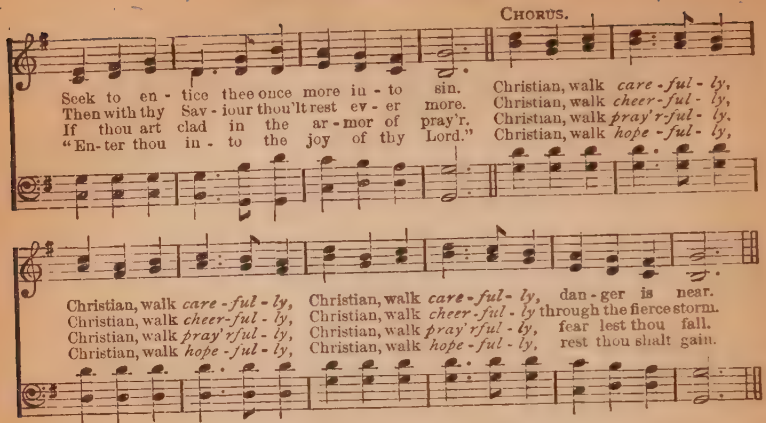
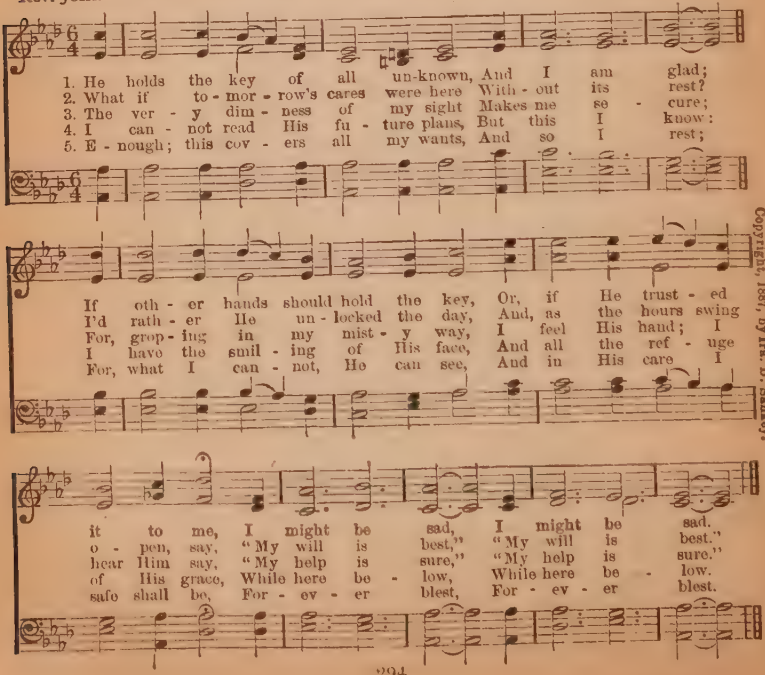


No. 399. He Holds the Key.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 PET. 5: 7.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

REV. JOHN PARKER.



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No. 400. Hallelujah for the Cross!

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

Dr. Horatius Bonar (arr.)

James McGranahan.

1. The cross it stand - eth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! De -
2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! It's
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Our

fy - ing ev - 'ry blast, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! The winds of hell have blown,
tri-umph let us tell, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! The grace of God here shown,
sins on Je - sus laid, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! So round the cross we sing,

cres. ..... *ff*

The world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o - ver-thrown, Hal-le - lu-jah for the cross!
Thro' Christ the blessed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal-le - lu-jah for the cross!
Of Christ our of - fer - ing, Of Christ our liv - ing King, Hal-le - lu-jah for the cross!

cres. ..... *ff*

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*Solo. Sop. or Ten. or Duet.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

Soprano and Alto.

Cho. *mp* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

Tenor and Bass.

lu - - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

lu - jah for the cross, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper Staff, *omitting* the middle Staff.

Hal-le-lu-jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss.

Hal-le-lu-jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer, nev-er suf-fer loss.

f FULL CHORUS.

* Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah for the cross;

cres. ..... *ff*

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss.

cres. ..... *ff*

* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

No. 401. Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."—JAMES 4 : 7.

H. R. PALMER.

P. S.

SOLO.

1. You're starting, my boy, on life's jour-ney, A-long the grand highway of life;
2. In courage, my boy, lies your safe-ty, When you the long journey be-gin;
3. Be care-ful in choos-ing com-pan-ions, Seek on-ly the brave and the true;

You'll meet with a thou-sand temp-ta-tions—Each cit-y with e-vil is rife.
Your trust in a heav-en-ly Fa-ther Will keep you un-spot-ted from sin.
And stand by your friends when in tri-al, Ne'er changing the old for the new;

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Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

This world is a stage of ex - cite-ment, There's danger wher-ev-er you go;
Temp-ta- tions will go on in - creas - ing, As streams from a riv-u - let flow;
And when by false friends you are tempt-ed The taste of the winecup to know,

But if you are tempt-ed in weak-ness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
But if you'd be true to your man-hood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
With firm-ness, with pa-tience and kind-ness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

CHORUS.

Have courage, my boy, to say No! Have courage, my boy, to say No!
say No! say No!
Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

No. 402. God's Time Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 COR. 6: 2.

JOSEPH COOK, D.D. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Choose I must, and soon must choose Hol - i - ness, or heav - en lose;
2. End - less sin means end - less woe; In - to end - less sin I go,
3. As the stream its chan - nel grooves, And with - in that chan - nel moves,

While what heav - en loves, I hate, Shut for me is heav - en's gate.
If my soul, from rea - son rent, Takes from sin its fi - nal bent.
So doth hab - it's deep - est tide Groove its bed, and there a - bide.

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4 Light obeyed increaseth light;
Light resisted bringeth night;
Who shall give me will to choose,
If the love of light I lose?

5 Speed, my soul; this instant yield;
Let the Light its sceptre wield;
While thy God prolongeth grace,
Haste thee toward His holy face!

No. 403. O Morning Land.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—CANT. 2: 17.

EBEN H. REXFORD. EDWARD H. PHELPS.

DUET.

1. "Some day," we say, and turn our eyes Tow'rd the fair hills of Par - a - dise; Some day, some
2. Some day our ears shall hear the song Of triumph o - ver sin and wrong; Some day, some

SOLO. *Alto.*

time, a sweet new rest Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast; Some day, some time, our eyes shall
time, but oh! not yet; But we will wait and not for - get, That some day all these things shall

SOLO. *Soprano.*

see The fa - ces kept in mem-o - ry; Some day, some time, our eyes shall see
be, And rest be giv'n to you and me; That some day all these things shall be,

DUET. *Slowly.*

The fa - ces kept in mem - o - ry; Some day their hands shall clasp our
And rest be giv - en you and me; So wait, my friends, tho' years move

Tempo.

hand, Just o - ver in the morning land, Just o - ver in the morning land; Some day their
slow, That happy time will come, we know, That happy time will come, we know, So wait, my

p *rit.* *pp*

hands shall clasp our hand, Just o - ver in the morning land; O morning land! O morning land!
friends, tho' years move slow, That happy time will come, we know, O morning land! O morning land!

Arranged by Geo. C. Stebbins and Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

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No. 404. O What a Saviour.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11 : 28.

J. L. STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Come to the Sav-iour, hear His loving voice Nev-er will you find a Friend so true;
2. Blest words of com-fort, gently now they fall, Je-sus is the Life, the Truth, the Way;
3. Soft-ly the Spir-it whispers in th' heart, Do not slight the Saviour's of-fered grace;
4. Light in the dark-ness, joy in a-ny pain, Ref-uge for the wea-ry and op-pressed;

FINE.

Now He is wait-ing, trust Him and re-joice, Ten-der-ly He call-eth you.
Come to the fount-ain, there is room for all, Je-sus bids you come to-day.
Glad-ly re-ceive Him, let Him not de-part, Hap-py they who seek His face.
Still He is wait-ing, call-ing yet a-gain, Come and He will give you rest.

D.S.—Still He is wait-ing, grieve His love no more, Ten-der-ly He call-eth you.

D.S.

O, what a Sav-iour standing at the door, Haste while He lin-gers, pardon now im-plore;

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No. 405. O Paradise!

"With me in Paradise."—LUKE 23 : 43.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. O gold-en day, O day of God, When sin-less souls the gar-den trod! In bliss su-preme,
2. To Christ the Lord up-on the tree, A sin-ner cries:— "Re-mem-ber me!" "To-day shalt thou,"
3. O gold-en day when Christ de-scends, The curse re-moves and sor-row ends; All glo-ry-clad,

1. O gold-en day, &c.

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O Paradise!

'neath sun-ny skies, In E-den fair, in Par-a-dise.
the Lord re-plies, "Be with me there in Par-a-dise."
the ransomed rise To reign with Him in Par-a-dise.

CHORUS.

O Par-a-dise, sweet Par-a-dise, From scenes of earth we long to rise; O

FINE.

Par-a-dise, bright Par-a-dise, Where Je-sus reigns..... be-yond the skies.
be-yond the skies,

2. The fa-tal fall, the sin, the shame, The death, the doom,
3. The bead-ed brow, the silvered hair, The ach-ing heart,

the sword a-flame, The curse, the crime be-yond dis-
the va-cant chair, The grass-y graves, the bro-ken

Go to Chorus.

guise, The earth no more is Par-a-dise.
ties, Are not the scenes of Par-a-dise.

No. 406. I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. 1: 89.

F. H. Rawley. Peter Bilhorn.

1. I will sing the wond-rous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears pos - sessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

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Chorus.

Yes' I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - ry Of the
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry

Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing it with..... the saints in
Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with

glo - - ry, Gath-ered by..... the crys - tal sea,
the saints in glo - ry, gath-ered by the the crys - tal sea.

No. 407. Loving Kindness. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. Western Melody.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined by the fall, Yet loved me not - with-standing all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might - y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom - y cloud, Has gath - er'd thick, and thunder'd loud,

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how great!
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how strong!
He near my soul has al - ways stood, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how good!

Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free!
Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how great!
Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how strong!
Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how good!

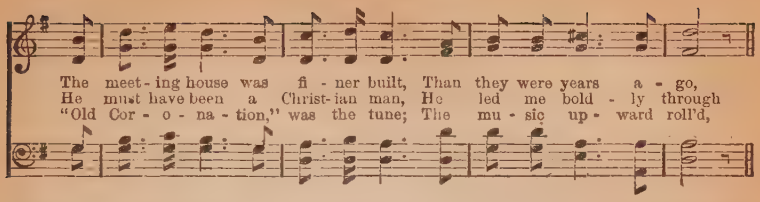
No. 408. The Model Church.

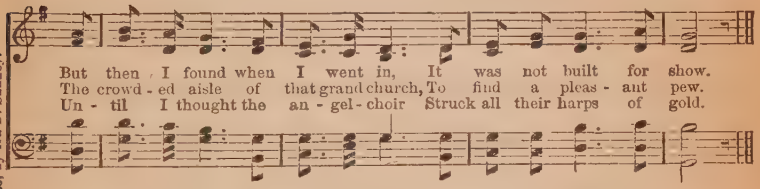
(SOLO AND CONGREGATION.)

JOHN H. YATES. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Well, wife, I've found the mod - el church, And worshipp'd there to - day;
2. The sex - ton did not set me down, A - way back by the door;
3. I wish you'd heard the sing - ing, wife, It had the old - time ring;

It made me think of good old times, Be - fore my hair was gray;
He knew that I was old and deaf, And saw that I was poor;
The preach - er said with trump - et voice, Let all the peo - ple sing:





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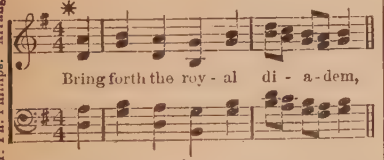
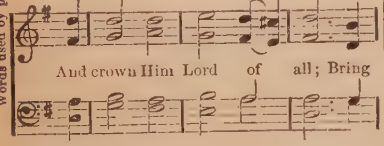
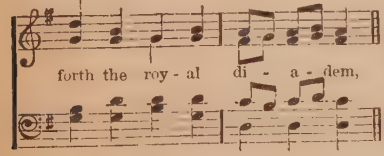
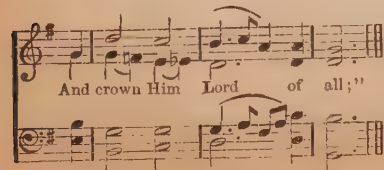
4.

My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice
With that melodious choir;
And sang as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;









* All join in singing the old tunes.

5.

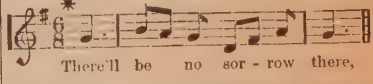
I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

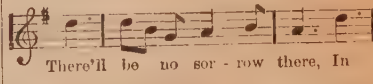
6.

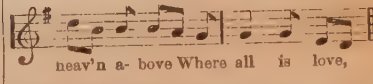
'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth;
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

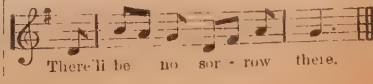
7.

Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The vic'try soon be won;
The shining land is just-ahead,
Our race is nearly run:
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;









No. 409. The Gospel Call.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come."—Rev. 22: 17.

Arthur T. Pierson. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!" And take the wa - ter of life!"
2. Let ev - 'ry one who hears, say "Come!" And joy - ful wit - ness give;
3. Ye souls who are a - thirst, for-sake Your bro - ken cis - terns first;
4. Yea, who - so - ev - er will may come, Your long - ings Christ can fill;

O bless - ed call! Good news to all Who tire of sin and strife.
I heard the sound, The stream I found, I drank, and now I live!
Then come, par-take, One draught will slake Your soul's con - sum - ing thirst.
The stream is free To you and me, And who - so - ev - er will.

Chorus.

The Spir - - it says, "Come!" The bride..... says, "Come!"
The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!" The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!"
And take..... of the wa - ter of life..... free - ly.
And take the wa - ter of life, of life, The wa - ter of life free - ly.
The Spir - - it says, "Come!" The bride..... says, "Come!"
The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!" The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!"
And take..... of the wa - ter of life..... free - ly.
And take the wa - ter of life, of life, The wa - ter of life free - ly.

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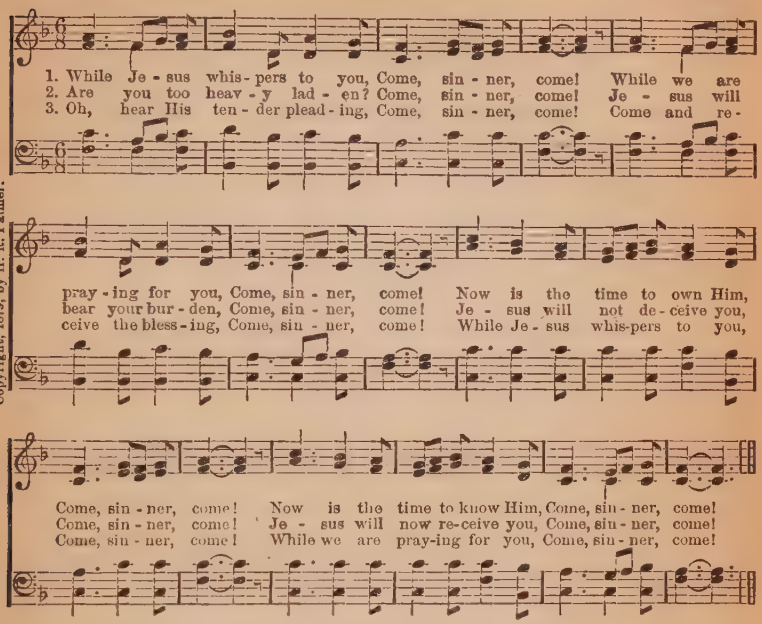
No. 410. Come, Sinner, Come.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—MATT. 11: 28.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.



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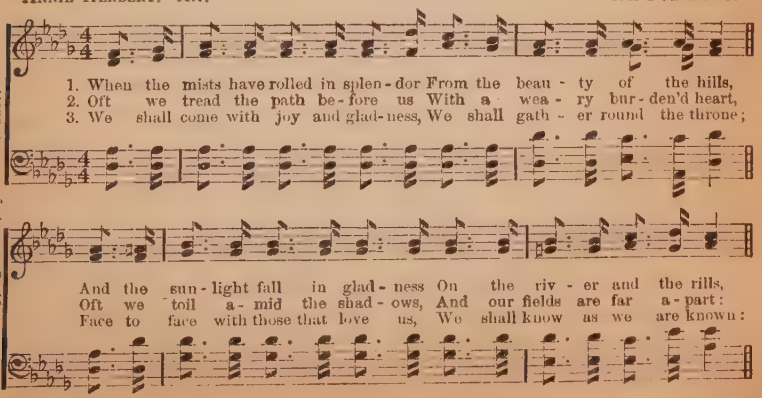
No. 411. When the Mists have Rolled Away.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—CANT. 2: 17.

ANNIE HERBERT. Arr. IRA D. SANKEY.



Copyright, 1883, by Ira D. Sankey.

We re - call our Fa - ther's prom - ise In the rain - bow of the spray:
But the Sav - iour's "Come, ye bless - ed," All our la - bor will re - pay,
And the song of our re - demp - tion, Shall re - sound thro' end - less day,

rit.

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have rolled a - way.
When we gath - er in the morn - ing Where the mists have rolled a - way.
When the shad - ows have de - part - ed, And the mists have rolled a - way.

CHORUS.

We shall know..... known, as we are known, as we are known,..... Nev - er - more..... to walk a-

We shall know as we are known, Nevermore to walk a-

lone,..... In the dawning of the morning Of that bright and happy day:

lone, to walk a - lone,

rit.

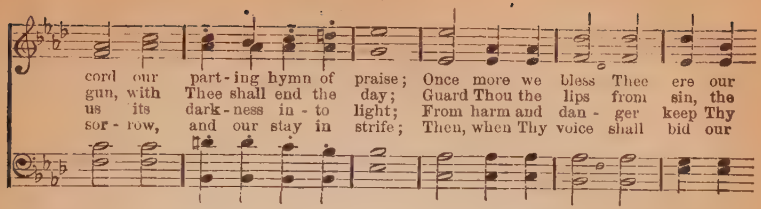
We shall know each oth - er bet - ter, When the mists have rolled a - way.

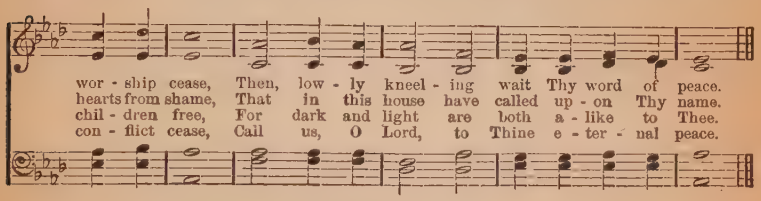
No. 412. Saviour, Again.

"The Lord will bless his people with peace."—Ps. 29: 11.

JOHN ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord thro' the com - ing night, Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace through - out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

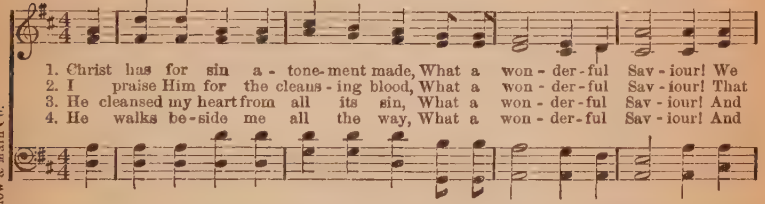


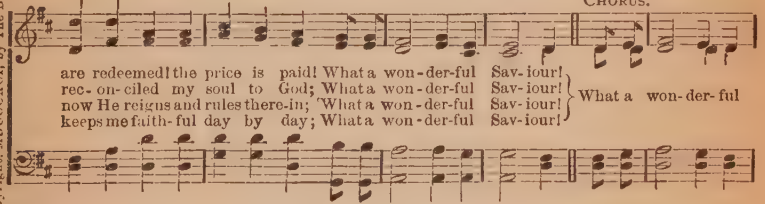


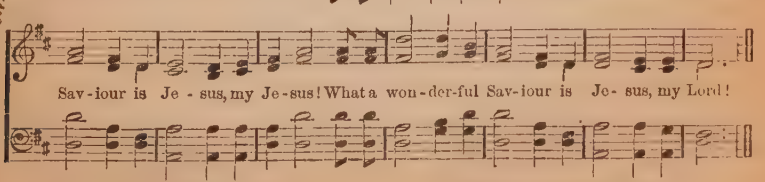
No. 413. What a Wonderful Saviour!

"And his name shall be called Wonderful."—Isa 9: 6.

E. A. H. Elisha A. Hoffmann.







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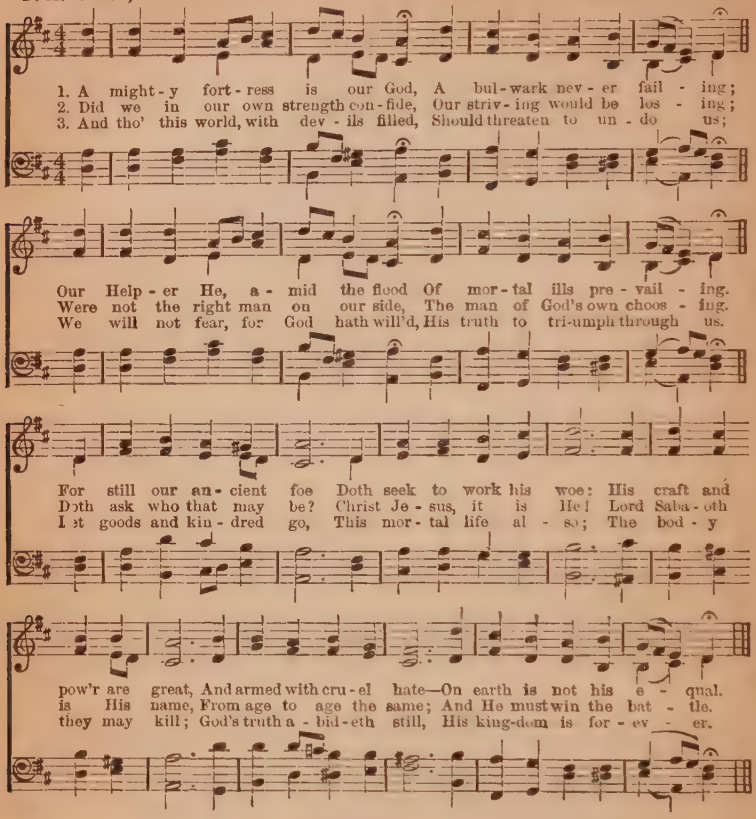
5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Saviour!
And triumph in each trying hour;
What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Saviour!
The world shall never share a part;
What a wonderful Saviour!

No. 414. A Mighty Fortress.

"The Lord is my rock and my fortress."—2 SAM. 22: 2.

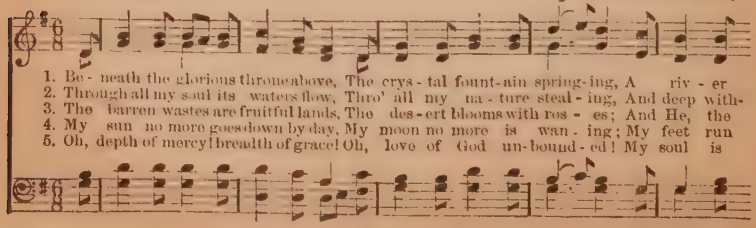
F. H. HEDGE, tr. MARTIN LUTHER.



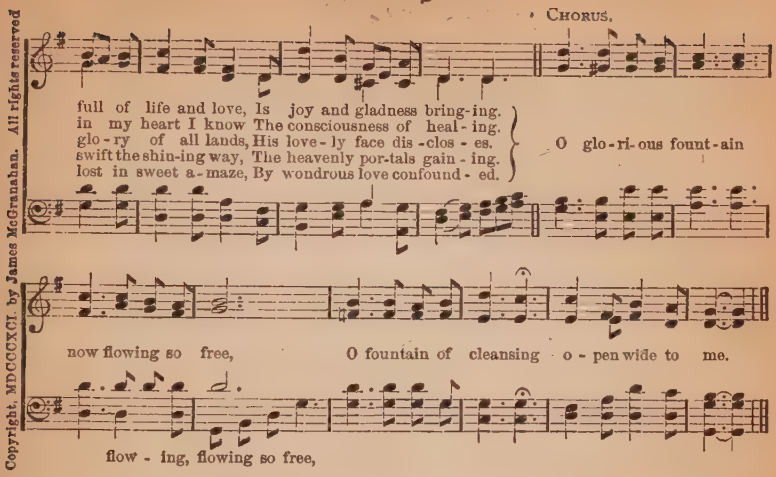
No. 415. O Glorious Fountain.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."—ZEC. 13: 1.

Rev. F. BOTTOME. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



O Glorious Fountain.



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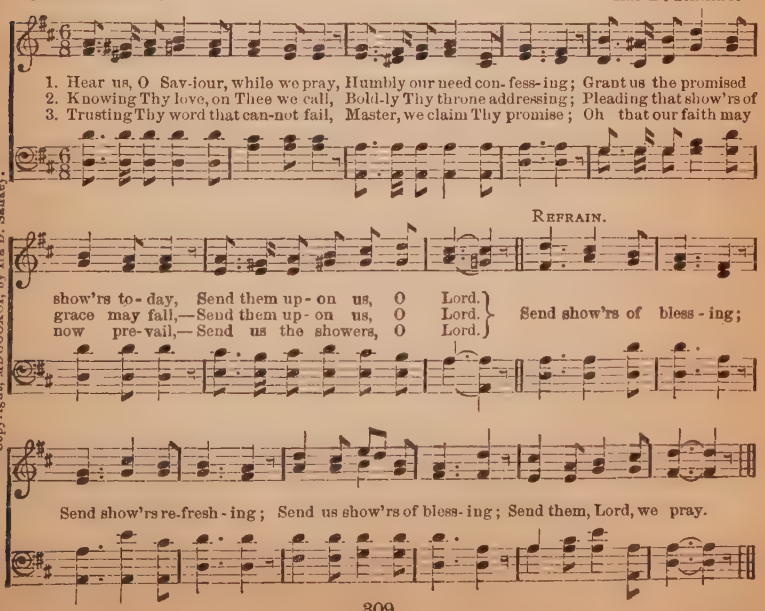
No. 416. Hear us, O Saviour.

"There shall be showers of blessing."—EZEK. 34: 26.

CHARLES BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.



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No. 417. His Praises I Will Sing.

"I will sing praise to the Lord."—Judg. 5: 3.

J. B. Atchinson. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. I've learn'd to sing a glad new song Of praise un - to our King!
2. I've learn'd to sing the song of peace, 'Tis sweet - er ev - 'ry day,
3. I sing the song of per - fect love, It cast - eth out all fear!
4. I've learn'd to sing the song of joy, My cup is run - ning o'er
5. Soon I shall sing the new, new song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb,

And now with all my ran - som'd pow'rs His prais - es I will sing.
Since Je - sus calmed my troub - led soul, And bore my sins a - way.
O breadth, O length, O depth, O height! O love so full of cheer!
With bless - ings full of peace and love, And still there's more and more!
With all the saint - ed hosts a - bove, Be - fore the great I AM!

Chorus.

His prais - es I will sing, He is my Lord and King;

And now with all my ran-somed powers His prais - es I will sing.

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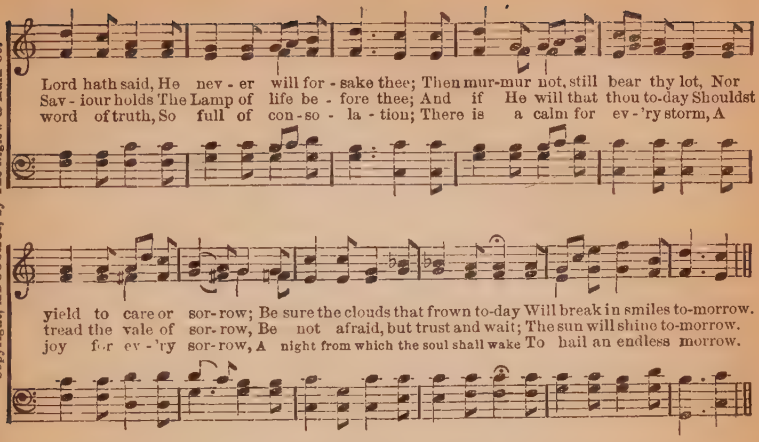
No. 418. Hope On.

"Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord."—Ps. 146: 5.

Robert Bruce. J. H. Burke.

1. Hope on, hope on, O troubled heart; If doubts and fears o'ertake thee, Remember this—the
2. Hope on, hope on, tho' dark and deep The shadows gath - er o'er thee; Be not dismayed; thy
3. Hope on, hope on, go brave-ly forth Thro' tri-al and temp-ta - tion, Di-rect - ed by the



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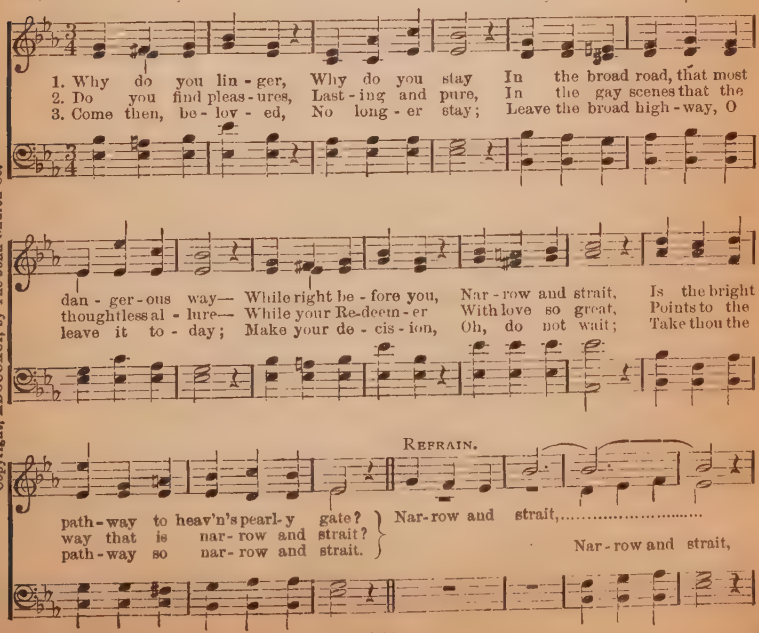
No. 419. Narrow and Strait.

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way."—MATT. 7: 14.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.



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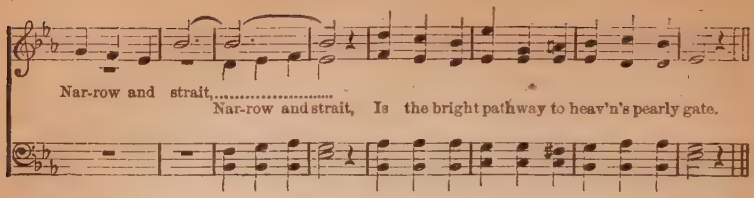
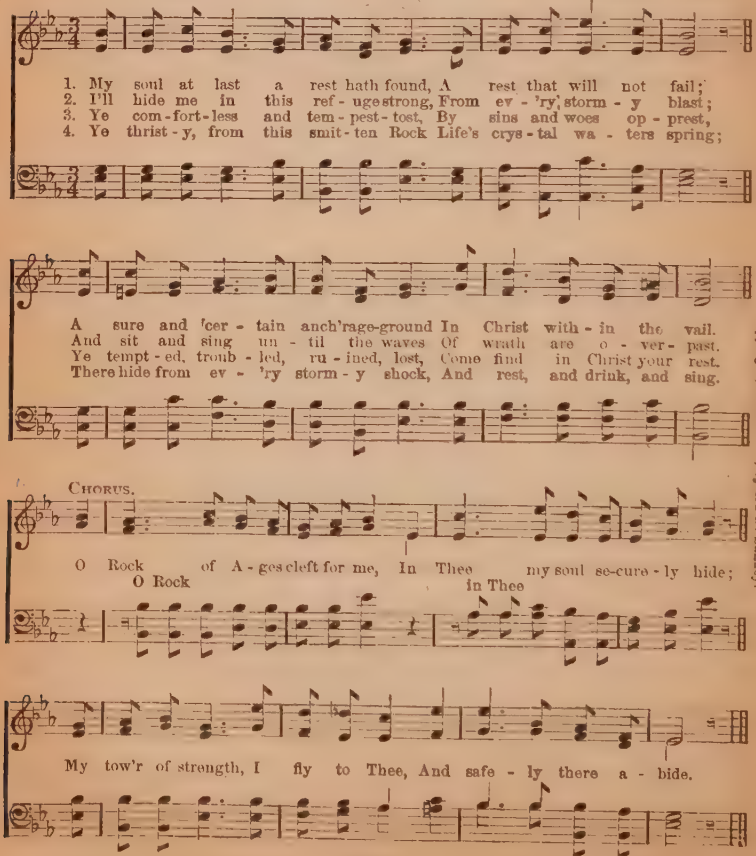


No. 420. O Rock of Ages.

"The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages."—Isa. 26: 4.

Rev. H. L. Hastings. Hubert P. Main.



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No. 421. Jesus Saves! O Blessed Story.

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost."—Heb. 7: 25.

Claudia May Ferrin. J. R. Murray.

1. Je-sus saves! O bless-ed sto-ry, Full of love and peace divine, Bursting from the realms of glo-ry, Echoing thro' this world of time.
2. Je-sus saves! O, who can fath-om All the ful-ness of His love? He once died for our re-demption, Now He waits for us a-bove.
3. Je-sus saves! O sin-ner, hearken To the call of love to-day; There's no oth-er way to heav-en, Je-sus is the on-ly way.

Chorus.

Je-sus saves! O glo-ry! glo-ry! Shout the ti-dings o'er and o'er; Tell to all the earth the sto-ry, Je-sus saves for ev-er-more.

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No. 422. Christ is my Redeemer.

"I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer."—Isa. 49: 26.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.

Allegro.

1. How sweet the joy that fills my soul: Christ is my Re-deem-er;
2. Tho' Sa-tan oft my way op-pose, Christ is my Re-deem-er;
3. When tri-als come I still con-fess, Christ is my Re-deem-er;
4. The vic-to-ry by this I gain, Christ is my Re-deem-er:

His pre-cious blood has made me whole: Christ is my Re-deem-er;
With this I bold-ly meet my foes: Christ is my Re-deem-er;
He gives me grace each care to bless: Christ is my Re-deem-er;
By this I break sin's gall-ing chain: Christ is my Re-deem-er;

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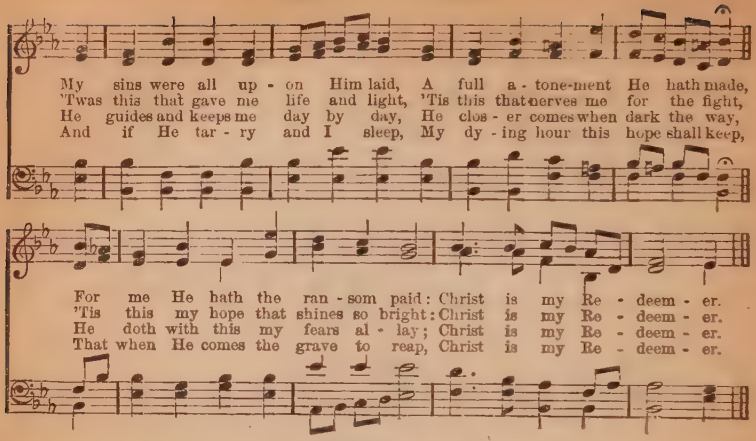
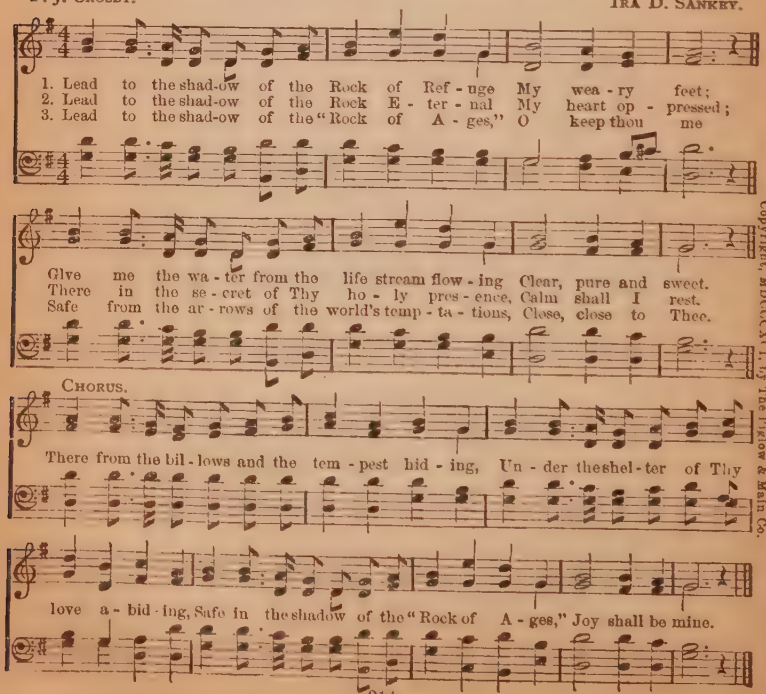


No. 423. The Shadow of the Rock.

"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. 32: 2.

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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No. 424. To Thee I Come.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11 : 28.

Words arr. J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, I come to Thee for light, Re - store to me my blind - ed sight, And
2. Je - sus, I come—I can - not stay From Thee an - oth - er pre - cious day; I
3. Je - sus, I come—"just as I am," To Thee, the ho - ly, spot - less Lamb; Thou

from my soul dis - pel the night—Jesus, to Thee I come! Jesus, to Thee I come!
would Thy word at once o - bey— Jesus, to Thee I come! Jesus, to Thee I come!
wilt my troub-led spir - it calm— Jesus, to Thee I come! Jesus, to Thee I come!

No. 425. Ride on in Majesty.

"And in thy majesty ride prosperously."—Ps. 45 : 4.

H. H. MILMAN. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes hosan-na cry! O Saviour meek, pur-
2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an - gel ar - mies of the sky Look down with sad and
3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The last and fiercest strife is nigh; The Father on His
4. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die; Bow Thy meek head to

CHORUS.
Ride on, ride on in

sue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strew'd.
wond'ring eyes To see the approaching Sac - ri - fice.
sapphire throne A - waits His own a - noint-ed Son.
mor - tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign.
} Ride on, ride on, ride on, ride on in

maj - - es - ty! In low - ly pomp, ride on to die.

maj-es-ty, in maj-es-ty! In low-ly pomp, in low-ly pomp, ride on, ride on to die, to die.

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No. 426. Raise high the Song.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—JOHN 14: 3.

THOS. LAURIE. J. J. LOWE.

1. Our Sav-iour will descend a-gain, Earth's buried millions raising; With Him will come a
2. And tho' these bod-ies lie in dust Be-fore that glad appear-ing, Yet shall they stand a-
3. What, tho' earth's gath'ring tempests lower, And a-ges pass in sadness? Yet we may see that
4. Then, safe at last, this blessed throng, Set free from trib-u-la-tion, Shall ev-er praise in

CHORUS.

glo-rious train, A-dor-ing Him and prais-ing.
mong the just, Our Saviour's im-age wear-ing.
glo-rious hour, And hail the dawn with gladness.
ho-ly song The God of their sal-va-tion.
} Raise high the song that loud and long Be-

fore Him ceaseth nev-er, Till, casting down each golden crown, We worship Him forev-er.

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No. 427. O Glad and Glorious Gospel.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."—JNO. 3: 16.

M. FRASER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. 'Tis a true and faithful say-ing, Je-sus died for sin-ful men; Tho' we've told the story
2. He has made a full a-tonement, Now His saving work is done; He has sat-is-fied the
3. Still upon His hands the nail prints, And the scars up-on His brow, Our Redeem-er, Lord and
4. But remem-ber this same Je-sus In the clouds will come again, And with Him His blood-bought

CHORUS.

oft-en, We must tell it o'er a-gain.
Fa-ther, Who accepts us in His Son.
Sav-iour In the glo-ry stand-eth now.
peo-ple Ev-er-more shall live and reign.
} O glad and glo-rious Gos-pel! With

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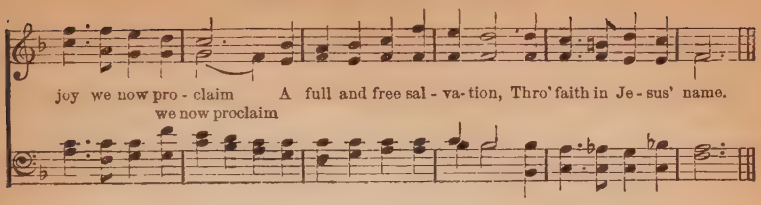
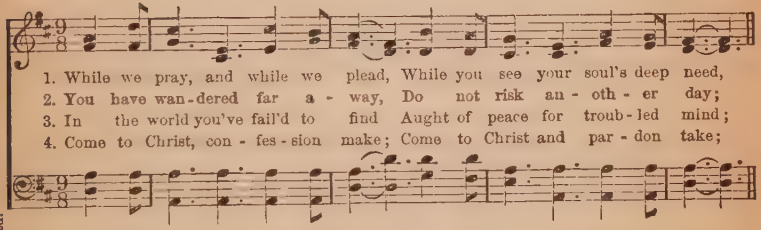
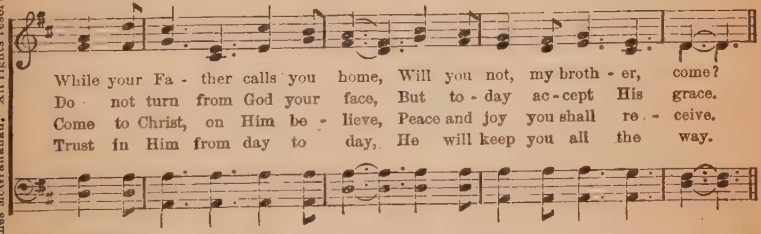


No. 428. Why Not Now?

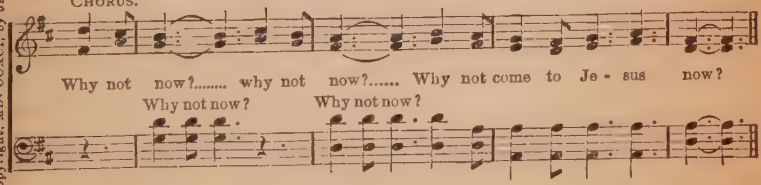
"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

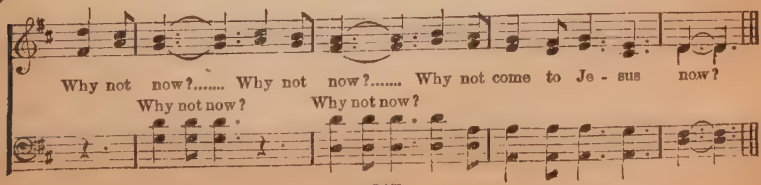
El Nathan. C. C. Case.





Chorus.





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No. 429. Victory Through Grace.

"He went forth conquering and to conquer."—Rev. 6: 2.

S. Martin. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Rid-eth a King in His might,
2. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
3. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Rul-er of all,

Lead-ing the host of all the faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence all the ar-mies which He lead-eth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their scepters all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall;

See them with cour-age ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their brill-iant ar-ray
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-iour and Mon-arch di-vine,
Yet shall the arm-ies Thou lead-est, Faithful and true to the last,

Shout-ing the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say:
They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in His king-dom will shine.
Find in Thy mansions e-ter-nal, Rest when their war-fare is past.

Chorus.

"Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race,

Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vict'-ry is prom-ised through grace."

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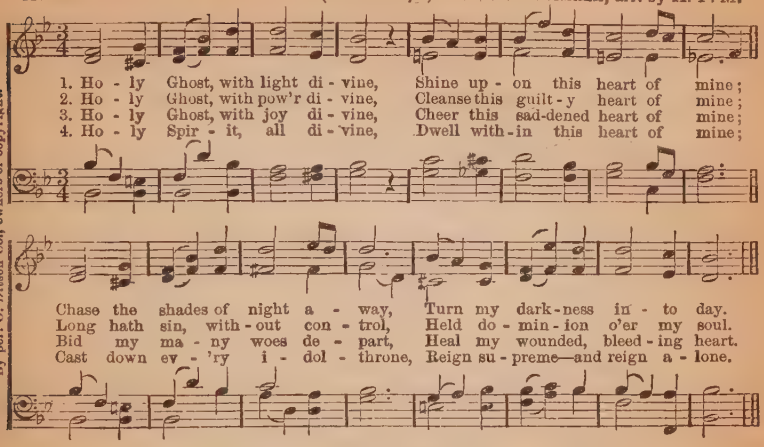
No. 430. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

"Lead me in thy truth, and teach me."—Ps. 25: 5.

ANDREW REED. (MERCY. 7s.) L. M. GOTTSCHALK, arr. by H. P. M.



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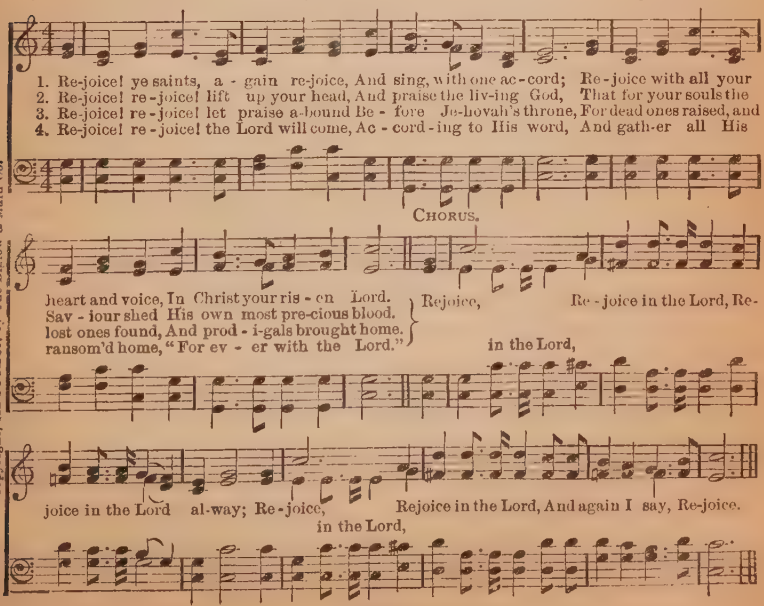
No. 431. Rejoice! Ye Saints.

"And again, I say, rejoice."—PHIL. 4: 4.

C. R. H. J. H. BURKE.



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No. 432. Never Shone a Light so Fair.

"I am come a light into the world."—JOHN 12: 46.

F. J. CROSBY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Nev - er shone a light so fair, Nev - er fell so sweet a song, As the cho - rus
2. Still that Ju - bi - lee of song Breaks up - on the ris - ing morn; While the an-them
3. Wel-come now the bless-ed day When we praise the Lord our King; When we meet to

in the air, Chant-ed by the an - gel-throng; Ev - ery star took up the sto - ry,
rolls a - long, Floods of light the earth a - dorn; Old and young take up the sto - ry,
praise and pray, And His love with glad-ness sing; Let the world take up the sto - ry,

"Christ has come, the Prince of glo - ry, Come in hum - ble hearts to dwell,

God with us, God with us, God with us, Im - man - u - el."

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No. 433. Hallelujah, Bless His Name.

"And again they said, Alleluia."—REV. 19: 3.

M. FRASER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. O breth - ren, rise and sing, Make hal - le - lu - jahs
breth - - ren, rise and sing, Hal - - le - -
2. He wins for us the fight, He makes our dark - ness
3. No lack or want have they Who make the Lord their
4. O trust Him then to guide, And for His own pro -

Hallelujah, Bless His Name.

ring To our Al-might-y King, And bless His name.
lu-jahs ring And bless His name.
light, All drear-y doubts take flight When He ap-pears.
stay; New strength for ev-'ry day His grace sup-plies.
vide; Should weal or woe be-tide, Trust to the end.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, bless His name; Hal-le-
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah. Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, bless His name!
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

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No. 434. Following Fully.

M. FRASER. "The Lord is my shepherd."—PSA. 23: 1. M. A. SEA.

1. One day the Shepherd passed, and turning, said, "Come, fol-low me;"
2. He led me through green pasture land, By wa-ters still;
3. From out no other eye had ever beamed Such love on me;
4. Black clouds were gathering on a blacker sky, the World all so drear;
5. Dear Lord, the darkness falls upon me, I can-not see;
6. And soon there came a loving call in answer, "Be not a-fraid;
7. None ever perished following Jesus fully, No, nev-er one;

What wonder that in haste I rose, So kind was He!
With such a Guide, who would not follow, Go where He will?
Good Shepherd, lead, and I will follow Hard aft-er Thee.
Upon the night wind rose the cry of One in great fear.
My feet are stumbling on the mountains; Oh! suc-cor me.
Mine eye shall guide the blind ones, and the weary Mine arm shall aid."
The weakest lambs are carried in His bosom, and Brought safe-ly home.

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No. 435. Whosoever Will May Come.

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come."—Rev. 22: 17.

A. Montieth. Ira D. Sankey.

1. O wand-'ring souls, why long - er roam A - way from God, a - way from home?
2. Be - hold His hands ex - tend - ed now, The dews of night are on His brow;
3. In sim - ple faith His word be - lieve, And His a - bun - dant grace re - ceive;
4. The "Spir - it and the Bride say, Come!" And find in Him sweet rest and home;

The Sav - iour calls, O hear Him say,—Who - ev - er will may come to - day.
He knocks, He calls, He wait - eth still; Oh, come to Him, who - ev - er will.
No love like His the heart can fill; Oh, come to Him, who - ev - er will.
Let Him that hear - eth ech - o still, The bless - ed "*who - so - ev - er will.*"

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Chorus.

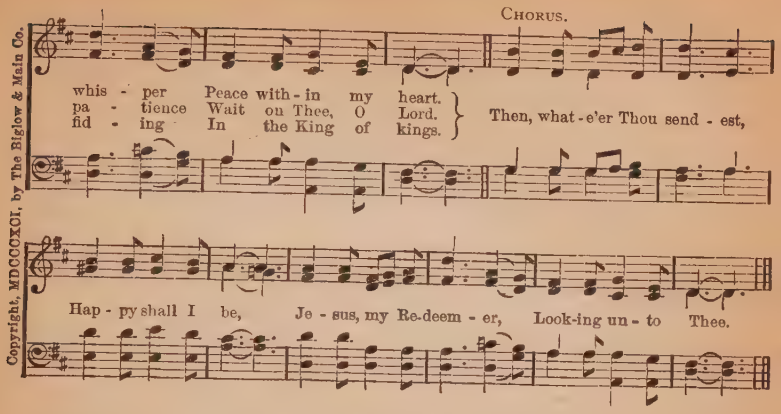
All praise and glo - ry be un - to Je - sus, For He hath purchased a full sal-
va - tion; Behold how wondrous the proc - la - ma - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will may come!"

No. 436. Hear Me, Blessed Jesus.

"Consider and hear me, O Lord my God."—Ps. 13: 3.

Words arr. J. H. Burke.

1. Hear me, bless - ed Je - sus, Bid all fear de - part; Let Thy Spir - it
2. Let me ful - ly trust Thee, Rest - ing on Thy Word; Let me still with
3. Hid - ing in the shad - ow Of Thy shelt - 'ring wings, I shall rest con -



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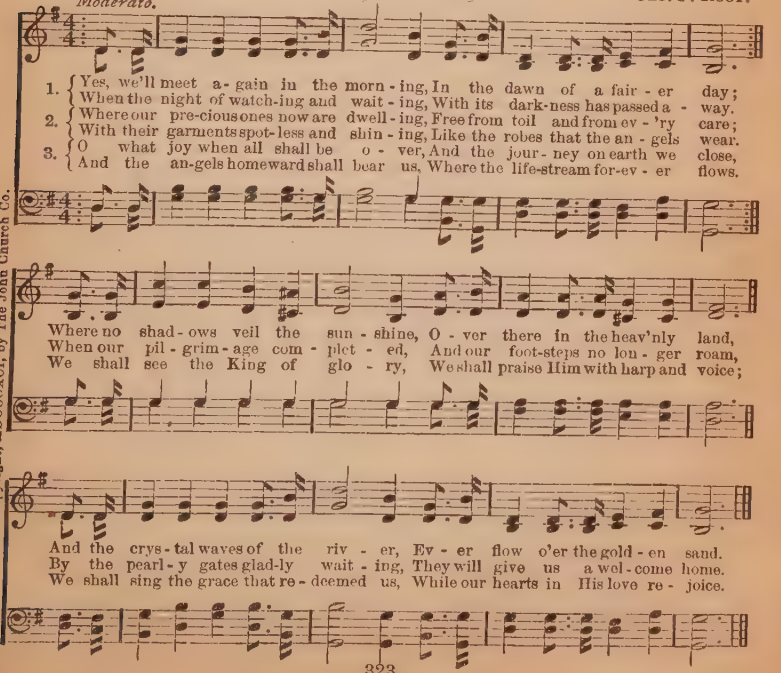
No. 437. Yes, We'll Meet in the Morning.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

C. E. B, arr. Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.



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No. 438. Gird on the Sword and Armor.

"Put on the whole armor of God."—Eph. 6: 11.

C. H. Mann. J. H. Tenney.

1. Gird on the sword and ar - mor, Go raise the ban-ner high; The Cap-tain of Sal - va - tion To Thee is ev - er nigh.
2. Gird on the sword and ar - mor, Let faith be thy strong shield; His prom-ise shall sus - tain thee On ev - 'ry bat - tle field.
3. Gird on the sword and ar - mor, Press on the foe to fight; No en - e - my can harm thee, For God sustains the right.

Chorus.

Then wave the glo-rious ban - ner, Press for-ward in His name; And soon thy Guide and Cap - tain Will vic - to - ry proclaim. His name;

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No. 439. My Saviour tells me so.

"Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out."—Jno. 6: 37.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. How do I know my sins for-given? My Sav-iour tells me so; That now I am an heir of heav'n? My Sav - iour tells me so.
2. By trusting Christ the wit-ness came, My Sav-iour tells me so; The pardon's free in Je - sus' name, My Sav - iour tells me so.
3. Be - lieve and thou shalt sure-ly live, My Sav-iour tells me so; The Spir-it's wit-ness God will give, My Sav - iour tells me so.
4. Though rough the way, I shall en - dure, My Sav-iour tells me so; His sheep are ev - er kept se - cure, My Sav - iour tells me so.
5. How do I know I'll live a - gain? My Sav-iour tells me so; With Christ in glo - ry I shall reign, My Sav - iour tells me so.

Chorus.

A - way with doubt, a - way with fear, When

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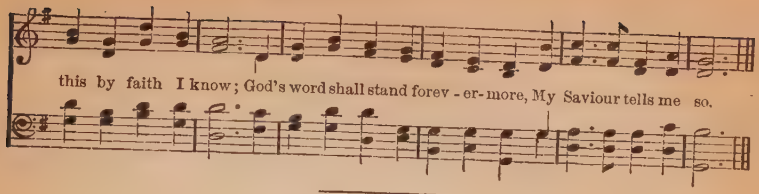
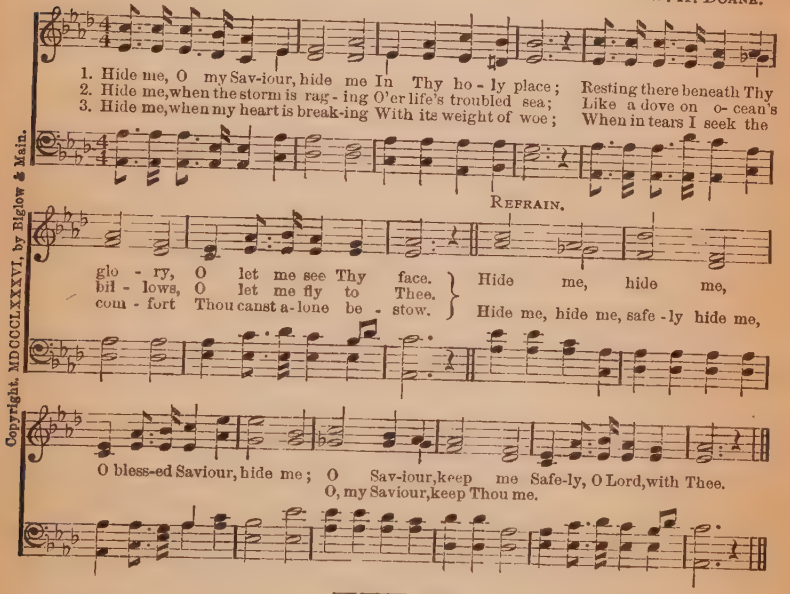


No. 440. Hide Me.

"He shall hide me."—Ps. 27: 5.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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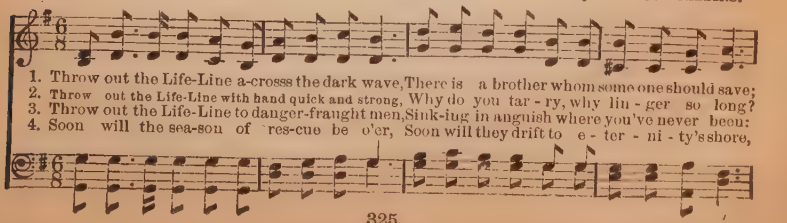
No. 441. Throw out the Life-Line.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

Rev. E. S. Ufford. E. S. Ufford. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.



Throw out the Life-Line.

Somebod - y's brother! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
See! he is sinking; oh, hast - en to - day—And out with the Life-Boat! away, then, a - way!
Winds of temptation and bil - lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
Haste then, my brother, no time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

CHORUS.

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift - ing a - way;

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to - day.

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No. 442. O Worship the King.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord."—PSA. 145: 10.

ROBERT GRANT. F. J. HAYDN.

1. O wor - ship the King all glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly sing
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light,
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the air,
4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we trust,

His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of days,
whose can - o - py space; His chari - ots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain,
nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies, how ten - der! How firm to the end,

Pa - vil - ion'd in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

No. 443. Holy Spirit, Teacher Thou.

"He shall teach you all things."—JOHN 14: 26.

L. W. MUNHALL. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Teach-er Thou, At the throne of grace we bow; Come, perform Thine
2. Comfort - er in-deed Thou art, Giv-ing strength to ev - 'ry heart; Let Thy pres-ence
3. Sent to be our Guide to - day, Keep us in the nar-row way; Grant that we may
4. Teacher, Com-fort - er, and Guide, In our hearts do Thou a - bide; And in life, what-

REFRAIN.

of - fice now, Teach us ev - er - more.
ne'er de - part, Com - fort ev - er - more.
nev - er stray, Guide us ev - er - more.
e'er be - tide, Help us ev - er - more.

Ho - ly Spir - it, teach us ev - er,

Comfort, guide, and leave us never; Dwell within us, we im-plore, Now and ev-er - more.

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No. 444. Preach the Gospel.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—MARK 16: 15.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Preach the gos - pel, sound it forth, Tell of free and full sal - va - tion;
2. Preach the gos - pel full of joy, While on grace and mer - cy dwell - ing;
3. Preach the gos - pel, make it clear, By the blood of Christ re - mis - sion;
4. Preach the gos - pel full of love, Christ's com-pas - sion ful - ly know - ing;
5. Preach the gos - pel as if God Sin - ners lost through you were seek - ing;

Spread the ti - dings o'er the earth, Go to ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
Heart and soul in full em - ploy, As the sto - ry you are tell - ing,
Give the mes - sage, make them hear, This a - lone is our com - mis - sion.
Seek the pow - er from a - bove, While His great com-pas - sion show - ing.
His sal - va - tion through the word, Speaks as if the Lord were speak - ing.

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CHORUS.

Spread..... the joy-ful ti - dings in an-them and sto-ry;
Spread the joy-ful ti - dings, spread the joy-ful ti-dings in

Je - - - - - sus hath redeemed us, O give Him the glo-ry.
Je-sus hath redeemed us, Je-sus hath redeemed us, O

No. 445. I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112: 7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. H. BURKE.

1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee! Trust-ing
2. I am trust-ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I bow; For Thy
3. I am trust-ing Thee for cleans-ing In the crim-son flood; Trust-ing
4. I am trust-ing Thee for pow - er, Thine can nev - er fail; Words which
5. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall; I am

CHORUS.

Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
grace and ten-der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.
Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood.
Thou Thy-self shalt give me, Must pre - vail.
trust-ing Thee for - ev - er, And for all.

I am trust - ing,
I am trusting, I am trusting,

Trusting on-ly Thee! I am trust - ing, trust - ing, Trusting on-ly Thee.
trusting, trusting, I am trusting,

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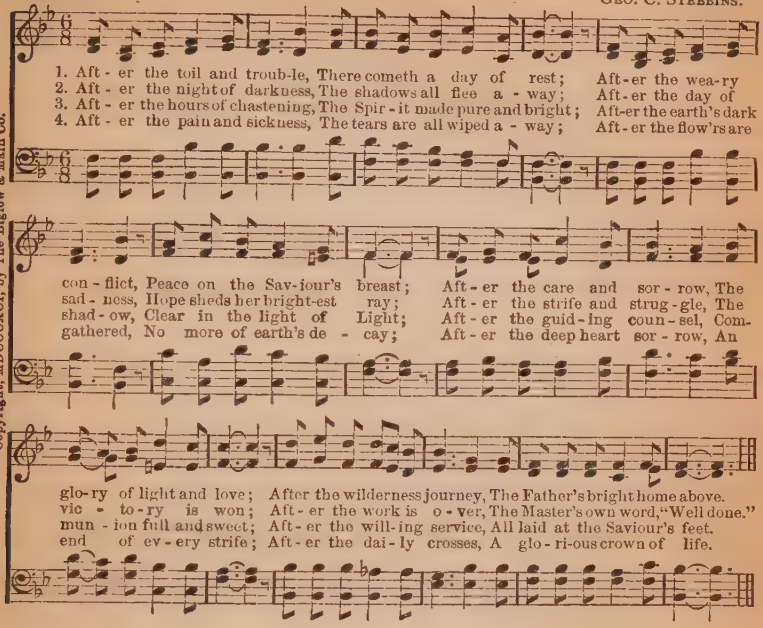
No. 446. After.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

Words arr. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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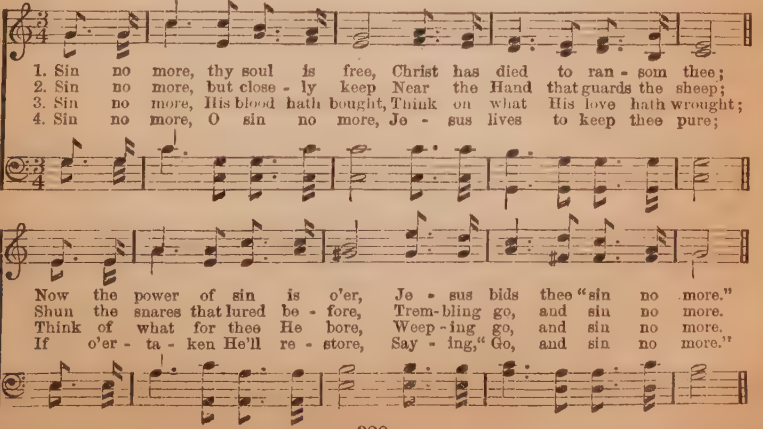
No. 447. Sin no More.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."—Jno. 8: 11.

M. A. B., arr. by El. Nathan. James McGranahan.



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CHORUS.

Sin no more,..... thy soul is free, Christ has died..... to ransom thee; Sing the message o'er and o'er.....Christ forgives thee, "sin no more."

sin no more, thy soul is free, Christ has died to ransom thee;

ritard.

No. 448. Take Time to be Holy.

"Be ye holy: for I am the Lord your God."—LEV. 20: 7.

W. D. LONGSTAFF. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His Word; Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak, For - get - ing in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on; Spend much time in se - cret With Je - sus a - lone; By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide, And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide; In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low the Lord, And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul, Each thought and each mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol; Thus led by His Spir - it, To fountains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

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No. 449. The Lord is Coming.

"Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him"—MATT. 25: 6.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMANN.

1. The Lord is com - ing by and by, Be read - y when He comes;
2. He comes from His fair home on high, Be read - y when He comes;
3. He soon will come to earth a - gain, Be read - y when He comes;
Be - gin His u - ni - ver - sal reign, Be read - y when He comes;
Be - hold! He comes to one and all, Be read - y when He comes;
He quick - ly comes with trum - pet call, Be read - y when He comes;

He is the Lord our Righteous - ness, And comes His chos - en ones to bless,
With Hal - le - lu - jahs heav'n will ring, When Je - sus does re - demp - tion bring;
To judgment called at His command, Drawn thith - er by His might - y hand,

And at His Fa - ther's throne con - fess; Be read - y when He comes.
O trim your lamps to meet your King; Be read - y when He comes.
Be - fore His throne we all must stand; Be read - y when He comes.

CHORUS.

Will you be read - y when the Bride - groom comes? Will you be read - y when the Bridegroom comes? Will your lamps be trim'd and bright, when He comes?

Be it morning, noon or night? Will you be read - y when the Bridegroom comes?

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No. 450. Behold a Stranger.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

Rev. J. Grigg. (Federal St. L. M.) Henry K. Oliver.

1. Be-hold a Stran-ger at the door, He gen-tly knocks, has knocked be-fore;
2. O love-ly at-ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and la-den hands;
3. But will He prove a Friend in-deed? He will, the ver-y Friend you need;
4. Rise, touch'd with grati-tude di-vine; Turn out His en-e-my and thine,

Has wait-ed long,—is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sin-ners, yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
That soul-de-stroy-ing mon-ster, Sin; And let the heavenly Stran-ger in.

No. 451. We Praise Thee, we Bless Thee.

"We thank thee, and praise thy glorious name."—1 Chr. 29: 13.

Fanny J. Crosby. Koschat, arr. by Ira D. Sankey.

1. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, Our Sav-iour di-vine, All pow'r and do-min-ion For-
2. All hon-or and praise to Thine ex-cel-lent name; Thy love is un-changing, For-
3. The strength of the hills, and The depths of the sea, The earth and its full-ness, Be-
4. Thine in-fi-nite good-ness Our tongues shall employ; Thou giv-est us rich-ly All

ev-er be Thine; We sing of Thy mer-cy With joy-ful ac-claim; For Thou hast re-
ev-er the same; We bless and a-dore Thee, O Saviour and King; With joy and thanks-
long un-to Thee; And yet to the low-ly Thou bendest Thine ear, So read-y their
things to en-joy; We'll fol-low Thy footsteps, We'll rest in Thy love, And soon we shall

deemed us; All praise to Thy name; For Thou hast redeemed us; All praise to Thy name.
giv-ing Thy prais-es we sing; With joy and thanksgiving Thy prais-es we sing.
hum-ble Pe-ti-tions to hear; So read-y their humble Pe-ti-tions to hear.
praise Thee In mansions a-bove; And soon we shall praise Thee In mansions a-bove.

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No. 452. What a Gospel!

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."—Rom. 1: 16.

M. Fraser. James McGranahan.

1. It is fin-ished; what a gos-pel! Noth-ing has ‖: *been left :‖ to do,
2. It is fin-ished; what a gos-pel! Bringing news of ‖: vic-t'ry :‖ won,
3. It is fin-ished; what a gos-pel! Here each wea-ry ‖: la-den :‖ breast,
4. It is fin-ished; what a gos-pel! Je-sus died ‖: to save :‖ your soul;

But to take with grate-ful glad-ness What the Sav-iour did for you.
Tell-ing us of peace and par-don Thro' the blood of God's dear Son.
That ac-cepts God's gra-cious of-fer, En-ters in-to per-fect rest.
Have you tak-en His sal-va-tion? Have you let Him make you whole?

Chorus.

It is fin-ished; Hal-le-lu-jah! It is fin-ished, Hal-le-lu-jah!

Christ the work has ful-ly done; Hal-le-lu-jah! All who will may

have their par-don Through the blood of God's own Son.

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* Repeat for Alto and Tenor only.

No. 453. There is a Paradise of Rest.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—Heb. 4: 9.

W. R. Lindsay. Ira D. Sankey.

1. There is a Par - a - dise of rest On yon - der tran - quil shore;
2. There is a Cit - y crown'd with light, Its joys no tongue can tell;
3. There is a crown laid up on high That Christ the Lord will give
4. Oh, then be faith-ful un - to death, Press on the heaven - ly way,

Be - yond the shad - ow and the gloom of night, Where toil and tears are o'er.
For they who en - ter shall be - hold the King, And in His pres-ence dwell.
To those who pa - tient-ly His com - ing wait, And for His glo - ry live.
That we may en - ter thro' the Gates of Life To realms of end - less day.

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Chorus.

Meet me there,..... oh, meet me there, At the dawning of the morning bright and fair;
meet me there, meet me there,

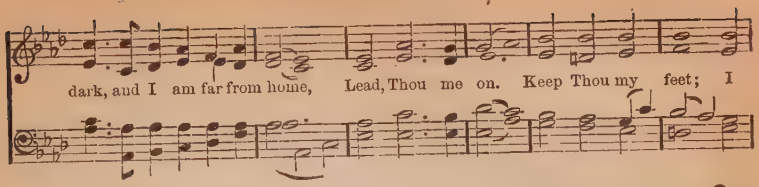
Meet me there,..... oh, meet me there, In the land beyond the river, meet me there.
meet me there, meet me there,

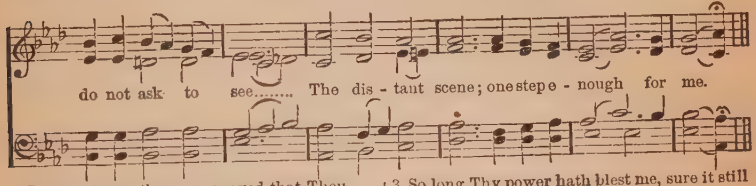
No. 454. Lead, Kindly Light.

"Send thy light and truth, let them lead me."—Ps. 43: 3.

John H. Newman. John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is





2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

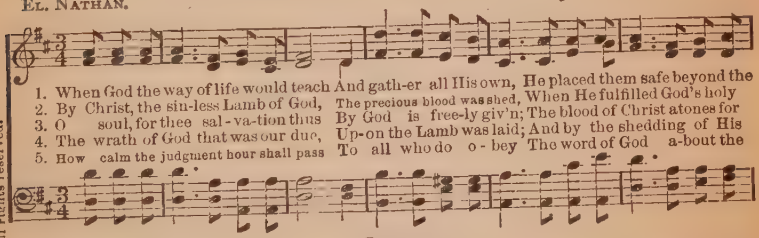
3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

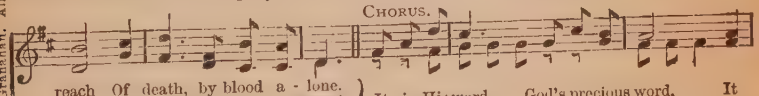
No. 455. I will Pass over You.

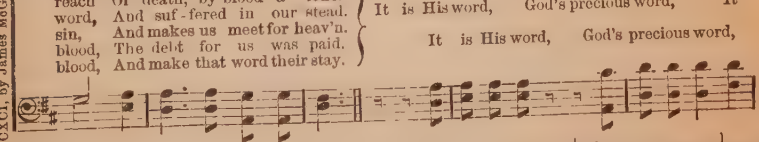
"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."—Ex. 12: 13.

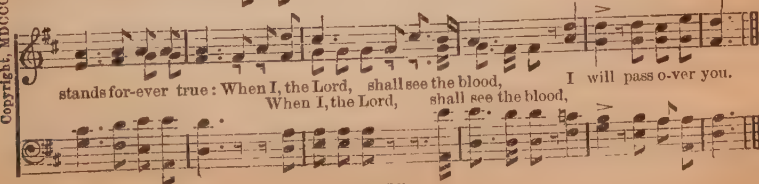
JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

EL. NATHAN.









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No. 456. Calling to Thee.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Out on the mountain, sad and for-sak-en, Lost in its maz-es, no light can'st thou see;
2. Far on the mountain, why wilt thou wander? Deep-er in darkness thy path-way will be;
3. Flee from thy bond-age, Je-sus will help thee, On-ly believe Him, and thou shalt be free;

Yet in His mer-cy, full of com-pas-sion, Lo! the Good Shepherd is call-ing to thee.
Turn from thy roam-ing, fly from its dan-gers, While the Good Shepherd is call-ing to thee.
Won-der-ful mer-cy, boundless com-pas-sion, Still the Good Shepherd is call-ing to thee.

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CHORUS.

Call-ing to thee, call-ing to thee; Je-sus is call-ing, "Come un-to me;"

Call-ing to thee, call-ing to thee. Hear the Good Shepherd call-ing to thee.

No. 457. The Eye of Faith.

"Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not."—JER. 45: 5.

Rev. J. J. MAXFIELD. W. A. OGDEN.

1. I do not ask for earthly store Be-yond a day's sup-ply; I on-ly cov-et,
2. I care not for the emp-ty show That thoughtless worldlings see; I crave to do the
3. Whate'er the crosses mine shall be, I will not dare to shun; I on-ly ask to
4. And when at last, my la-bor o'er, I cross the nar-row sea, Grant, Lord, that on the

more and more, The clear and sin - gle eye, To see my du - ty face to face, And
best I know, And leave the rest with Thee;—Well sat - is-fied that sweet re - ward Is
live for Thee, And that Thy will be done; Thy will, O Lord, be mine each day, While
oth - er shore My soul may dwell with Thee; And learn what here I can - not know, Why

CHORUS.

trust the Lord for dai- ly grace.
sure to those who trust the Lord.
press-ing on my homeward way.
Thou hast ev- er loved me so.
Then shall my heart keep sing - ing While to the cross I
singing, singing,
cling; For rest is sweet at Jesus' feet, While homeward faith keeps winging, While homeward faith keeps winging.
cling, I cling;

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No. 458. Lead Me On.

"For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me."—Ps. 31 : 3.

Words arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Trav - 'ling to the bet - ter land, O'er the des - ert's scorch - ing sand,
2. When at Ma - rah, parched with heat, I the spark - ling fount - ain greet,
3. When the wil - der - ness is drear, Show me E - lim's palm-groves near,
4. Thro' the wa - ter and the fire, This, O Lord, my one de - sire:
5. When I stand on Jor - dan's brink, Do not let me fear or shrink;

And lead me on.

Fa - ther, do Thou hold my hand,
Make the bit - ter wa - ters sweet,
With its wells, as crys - tal clear,
With Thy love my heart in - spire,
Hold me, Fa - ther, lest I sink,
And lead me on.

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No. 459. Only a Little Way.

"Make no tarrying, O my God."—Ps. 40: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis on - ly a lit-tle way on to my home, And there in its sunshine for-ev - er I'll
2. 'Tis on - ly a lit-tle way farther to go, O'er mountain and valley where dark waters
3. 'Tis on - ly a lit-tle way; there I shall see The friends that in glo-ry are waiting for

roam; While all the day long I journey with song, O beau-ti - ful Eden-land, thou art my home.
flow; My Saviour is near with blessings to cheer, His word is my guiding-star; why should I fear?
me; Their voices from home now float on the air, They're calling me tenderly, calling me there.

'Tis on - ly a little way, on-ly a little way, 'Tis on - ly a little way on to my home.

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No. 460. I Will Praise Thee.

"Praise ye the Lord."—PSALM 148: 1.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.

1. I will praise the Lord my Glo - ry, I will praise the Lord my Light;
2. I will praise the Lord my Proph - et, Ho - ly Priest and Righteous King;
3. I will praise the Lord my Shepherd, Keep-er, Past - ure, Door and Fold;
4. I will praise the Lord my Fa - ther, Sav - iour, Broth - er, Guide and Friend;
5. I will love Him, I will trust Him, All the rem - nant of my days;

He my cloud by day to cov - er, He my fire to guide by night.
With the an - gels who a - dore Him, "Ho - ly, ho - ly," I will sing.
O'er the lone - ly hills He sought me, When the night was dark and cold.
He thus far in life hath led me, He will lead me to the end.
And will sing thro' end - less a - ges, On - ly my Re - deem - er's praise.

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I Will Praise Thee.

CHORUS.

I will praise Thee with my whole heart, will praise Thee, O Lord;

I will be glad and re - joice in Thee, O Thou most high.

No. 461. Not Try, but Trust.

"I will trust and not be afraid."—ISA. 12: 2.

E. G. TAYLOR, D.D. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Not saved are we by try - ing, From self can come no aid; 'Tis on the blood re - ly - ing,
2. 'Twas vain for Is-rael bit - ten By serpents on their way, To look to their own do - ing,
3. No deeds of ours are need-ed To make Christ's merit more; No frames of mind, or feelings,

Once for our ran-som paid; 'Tis looking un - to Je - sus, The ho - ly One and Just;
That aw-ful plague to stay; The on - ly way for heal-ing, When humbled in the dust;
Can add to His great store; 'Tis sim-ply to re-ceive Him, The ho - ly One and Just;

CHORUS.

'Tis His great work that saves us, It is not Try, but Trust.
Was of the Lord's re-veal-ing, It was not Try, but Trust.
'Tis on - ly to be-lieve Him, It is not Try, but Trust.
} It is not Try, but Trust;

It is not Try, but Trust; 'Tis His great work that saves us; It is not Try, but Trust.

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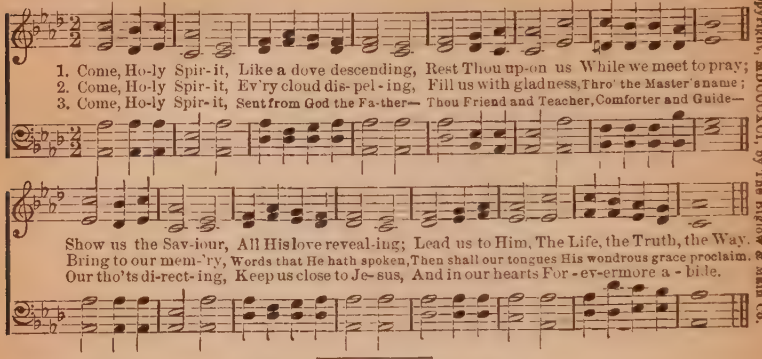
No. 462. Come, Holy Spirit.

"I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove."—JOHN 1: 32.

ROBERT BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.



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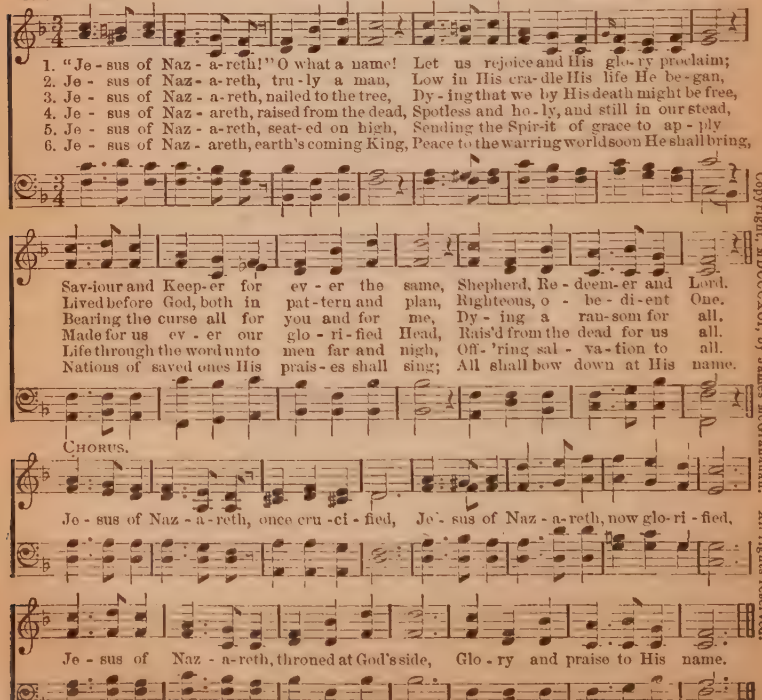
No. 463. Jesus of Nazareth.

"Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you."—ACTS 2: 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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No. 464. I Belong to Jesus.

"Whose I am and whom I serve."—Acts 27 : 23.

M. Fraser. M. A. Sea.

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1. I be-long to Je-sus; I am not my own; All I have and
2. I be-long to Je-sus; He is Lord and King, Reigning in my
3. I be-long to Je-sus; What can hurt or harm, When He folds a-
4. I be-long to Je-sus; Bless-ed, bless-ed thought! With His own most

all I am, Shall be His a-lone.
in-most heart, O-ver ev-'ry-thing.
round my soul His al-might-y Arm?
pre-cious blood Has my soul been bought.

5 I belong to Jesus;
He has died for me;
I am His and He is mine,
Through eternity.

6 I belong to Jesus;
He will keep my soul,
When the deathly waters dark
Round about me roll.

7 I belong to Jesus;
And ere long I'll stand
With my precious Saviour there
In the glory land.

No. 465. O Come to the Saviour.

"Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. 8 : 17.

Words arr. J. J. Lowe.

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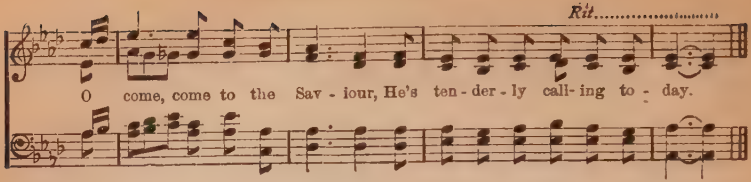
1. O come to the Sav-iour while now He is call-ing, O come while there's mercy and
2. There's no oth-er name a-mong men that is giv-en, There's no oth-er way to be
3. The door of His mer-cy is now standing o-pen; O has-ten and en-ter, for
4. And he that be-liev-eth, the prom-ise is writ-ten, Is saved thro' the blood of the

par-don so free; O trust in His grace, He will keep thee from falling, And strength to o'er-
saved but His way; O trust in His mer-cy; too long hast thou striven With sin and with
"Yet there is room;" For if you re-ject Him, this word He hath spoken, That where He now
Cru-ci-fied One; The Spir-it is pleading; O will you not has-ten, And find in his

Refrain.

come He of-fers to thee.
self; O come while you may.
is "Ye never can come."
love a refuge and home.

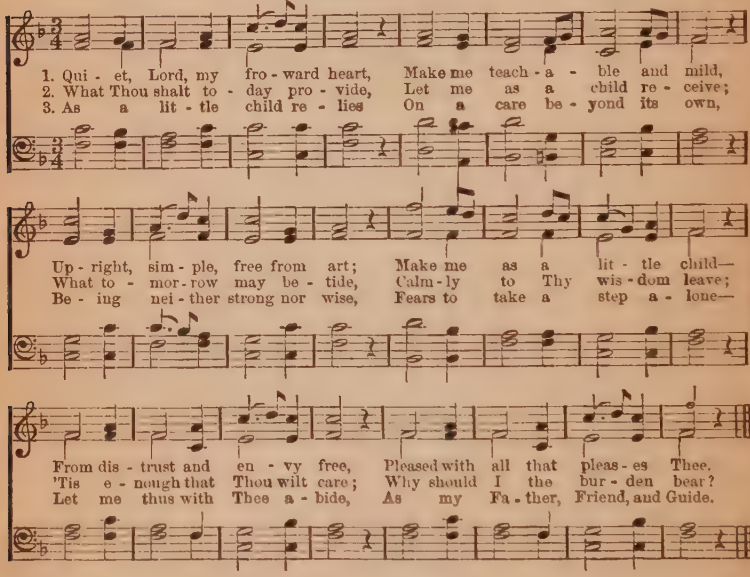
O come, come to the Sav-iour, O come, come while you may;



No. 466. Quiet, Lord, my froward Heart.

"My people shall dwell in quiet resting-places."—Isa. 32: 18.

J. Newton. (Repose. 7s, 6l.) Arr. from F. Kücken.



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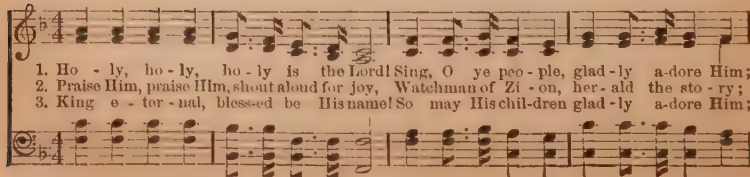
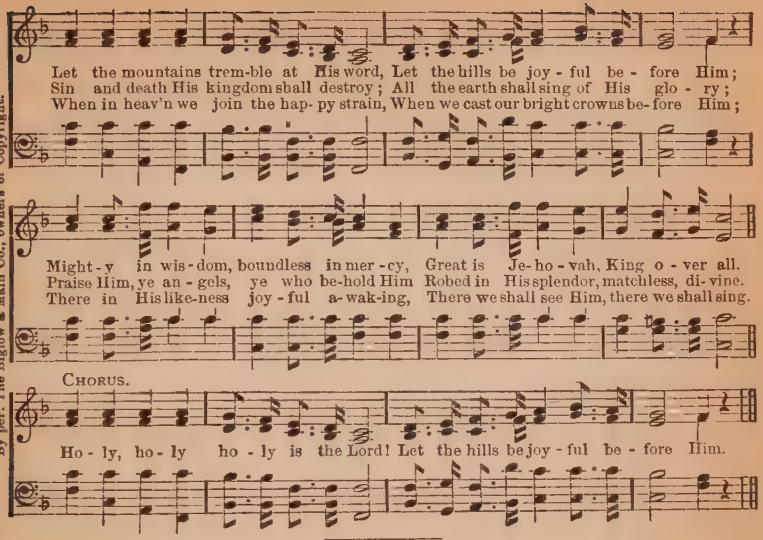
No. 467. Holy is the Lord.

"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Ps. 67: 5.

F. J. C. Wm. B. Bradbury.





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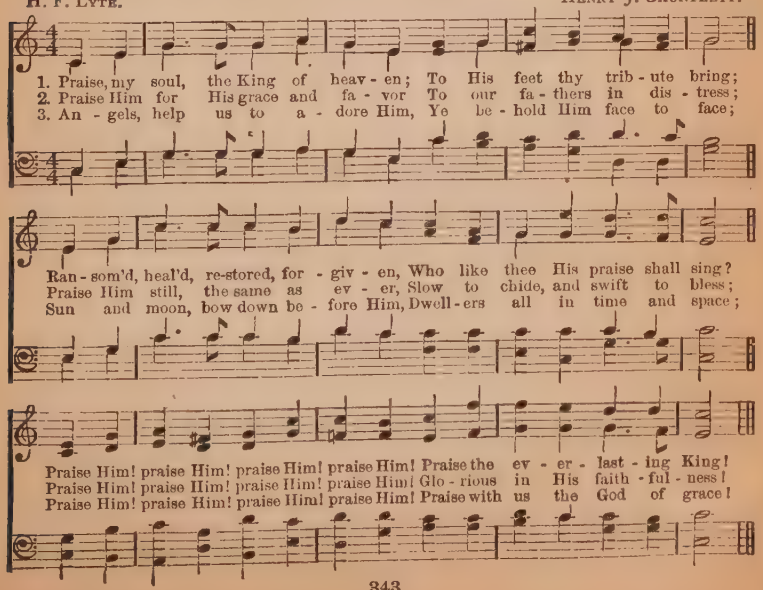
No. 468. Praise, my Soul, the King of Heaven.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul."—Ps. 146: 1.

H. F. LYTE. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT.



No. 469. Christ, my All.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

Horatius Bonar. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. In the hour when guilt as - sails me, On His gra-cious name I call, Then I
2. In the night when sor-row clouds me, And the burn - ing tear-drops fall, Then I
3. In the day when this im - mor - tal Shall fling off its mor-tal thrall, Then my

Chorus.

find the heavenly full-ness, Christ, my righteousness, my all.
sing the song of patience, Christ, my Brother and my all.
song of res-ur - rec-tion Shall be Christ, my all in all.
All my song when standing yon-der, Shall be Christ, my joy, my all, This shall ev - er be my anthem, "Christ my glo - ry, Christ my all;" This shall ev - er be my anthem, "Christ my glory, Christ my all."

Rit.

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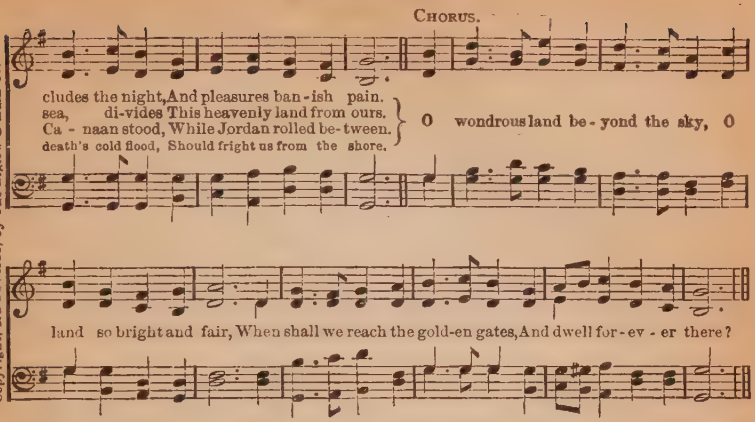
No. 470. O Wondrous Land.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33: 17.

I. Watts, arr. Ira D. Sankey.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immor-tal reign; E - ter - nal day ex-
2. There ev - er-last-ing spring abides, And nev - er-with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar - row
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in liv-ing green; So to the Jews old
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor



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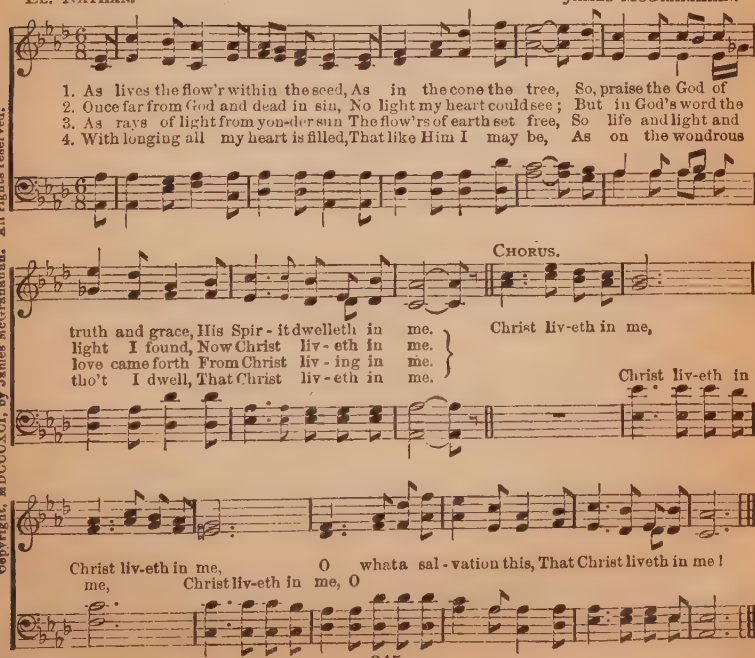
No. 471. Christ Liveth in Me.

"Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."—GAL. 2 : 20.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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No. 472. We Have Felt the Love of Jesus.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—JER. 31: 3.

Rev. J. P. HUTCHINSON. Arr. by E. N. WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. We have felt the love of Je - sus In our hearts with rap - ture glow;
2. Chos - en not for our de - serv - ings, But that God His grace might show;
3. Will He leave when care en - croach - es? When we're tempt-ed will He go?

Will that love for-sake and leave us? Nev - er, no! oh, nev - er, no!
For our fail - ures will He leave us? Nev - er, no! oh, nev - er; no!
When the last dread hour ap - proach - es? Nev - er, no! oh, nev - er, no!

If on beds of pain we lan - guish, Earth - ly friends may light - ly go,
'Tis in Christ the Fa - ther sees us, To His Son the love doth flow;
And when safe - ly home in glo - ry, When sad tears no long - er flow,

Will He leave us in our an - guish? Never, no! oh, nev - er, no!
Will He turn a - way from Je - sus? Never, no! oh, nev - er, no!
Can we e'er for - get the sto - ry? Never, no! oh, nev - er, no!

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No. 473. We'll Meet Each Other There.

"So shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 THESS. 4: 17.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Soon will come the set - ting sun, When our work will all be done, And the
2. Deep the shad - ows in the vale, Fierce the howl - ing of the gale, Long and
3. Flood the heart with part - ing tears, Frost the head with pass - ing years, Let the

wea - ry heart at last be still; But the Lord with gentle cry, Will a-wake us by and by,
dark the storm around our door; But the Lord will make a way To the shining realms of day,
days of earth be fill'd with care; But the Lord at length will come, In His love to take us home,

CHORUS.

And we'll meet again on Zi- on's hill.
With the shadow and the storm no more.
And we'll never know a sor- row there.
} We'll meet each other there, Yes, we'll meet each other there,

And the Saviour's likeness bear, When we meet each other there; We'll meet each other there,

Yes, we'll meet each oth - er there, And His glo - - - - - ry we shall share.
glo - ry, and His glo - ry

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No. 474.

"'Tis Midnight."

"It is finished."—JOHN 19: 30.

WM. B. TAPPAN. VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all re - mov'd, The Sav - iour wres - tles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth - ers' guilt, The Man of sor - row weeps in blood;

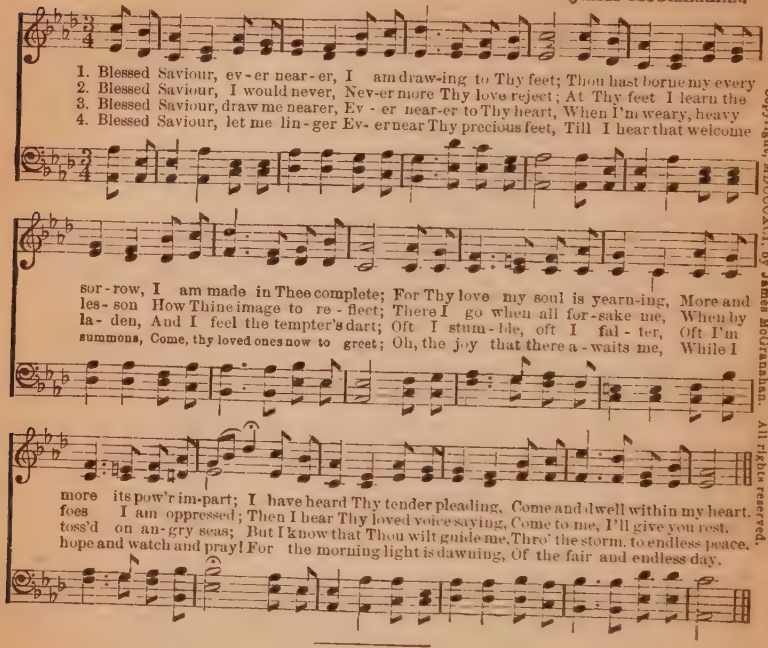
'Tis midnight; in the gar- den now The suff'- ring Sav - iour prays a - lone.
Ev'n that dis - ci - ple whom He lov'd Heeds not His Mas - ter's grief and tears.
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt, Is not for - sak - en by His God.

No. 475. Blessed Saviour, Ever Nearer.

"Ye are made nigh by the blood of Christ."—EPH. 2: 13.

Furnished by MERTON SMITH.
Arr. by EL. NATHAN.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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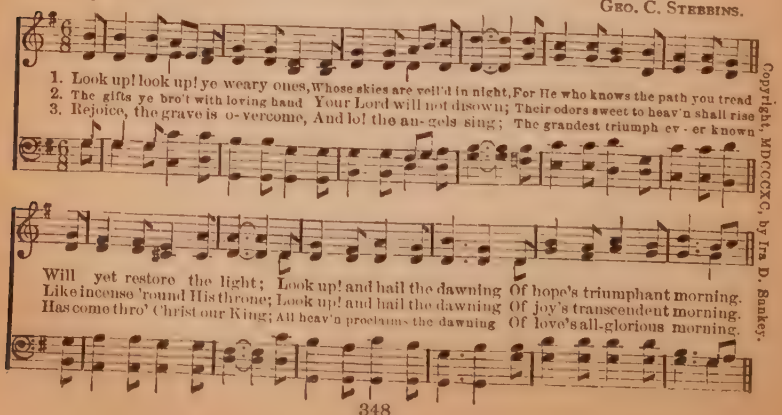
No. 476. Behold Him!

"Behold the Lamb of God."—JOHN 1: 29.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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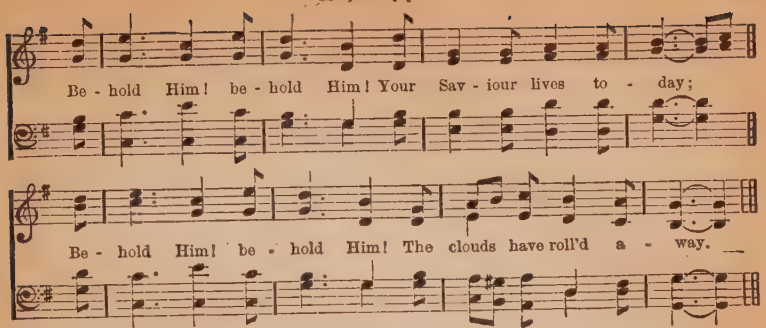
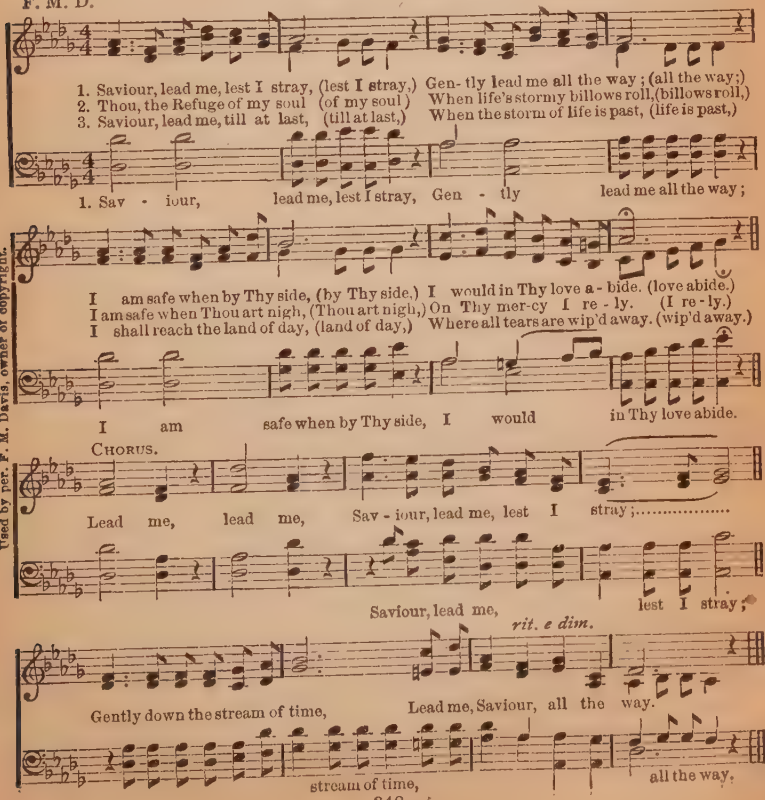


No. 477. Lead me, Saviour.

"For thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

F. M. D.



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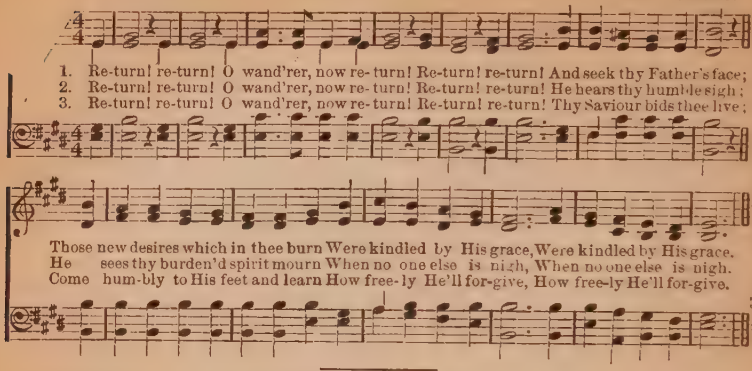
8. Return, O Wanderer!

"Return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy."—ISA. 55 : 7.

OLLYER, arr. GEO. F. ROOT.



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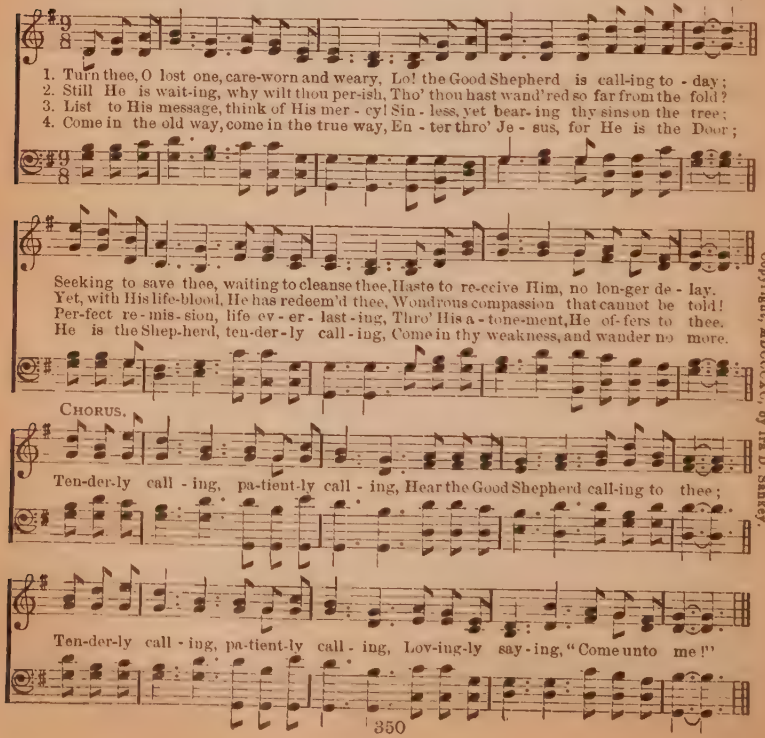
No. 479. Tenderly Calling.

"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die."—EZEK. 33 : 11.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.



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No. 480. Search me, O Lord.

"And know my heart."—Psa. 139: 23.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.

1. Search me, O Lord, and try this heart of mine, Search me, and prove if I indeed am Thine;
2. Search me, O Lord, subdue each vain de-sire, And in my soul a deep-er love in-spire;
3. Search me, O Lord, and from the dross of sin, Re-fine as gold, and keep me pure within;
4. Search me, O Lord, let faith thro' grace divine Thy-self re-flect in ev-'ry act of mine,

Test by Thy word, that never changed can be, My strength of hope and living faith in Thee.
Hide Thou my life, that I, supreme-ly blest, Beneath Thy wings in perfect peace may rest.
Search Thou my tho'ts whose springs Thine eyes can see, From secret faults, O Saviour, cleanse Thou me.
Till at Thy call my waiting soul shall rise, Caught up with joy to meet Thee in the skies.

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No. 481. Hear the Blessed Invitation.

"The Spirit and the bride say come."—Rev. 22: 17.

G. M. J. James McGranahan.

1. Hear the bless-ed in-vi-ta-tion, Come, come, come; To the fount-ain of sal-va-tion,
2. 'Tis the voice of Je-sus say-ing, Come, come, come; Now His blest command o-bey-ing,
3. 'Tis the Ho-ly Spir-it call-ing, Come, come, come; Ere the shades of death be fall-ing,
4. Lo! the Spir-it and the Bride say, Come, come, come; And let him that heareth now say,

Come, come, come; Healing streams are flow-ing still; Welcome, "who-so-ev-er will;
Come, come, come; He will cleanse from ev-'ry ill; Welcome, "who-so-ev-er will;
Come, come, come; He the heart with peace will fill; Welcome, "who-so-ev-er will;
Come, come, come; And let him that is a-thirst Come, and "who-so-ev-er will;

Chorus.

Let him take the wa-ter of life free-ly." Let him take,..... let him
Let him take,

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take,..... Let him take the wa-ter of life free - ly; Let Him
let him take,

take,..... let him take,..... Let him take the wa-ter of life free - ly.
let him take, let him take,

rit.

No. 482. Up Yonder.

"Where I am, there ye may be also."—Jno. 14: 3.

M. Frazer. M. A. Sea.

1. Safe up - on the heav'n-ly shore, Done with pain for - ev - er-more, Wea - ri-
2. Storms shall nev - er reach us there, No more sor - row, pain or care, No more
3. Safe up - on the heav'n-ly shore, Done with sin for - ev - er-more, Wea - ri -

ness and weak-ness o'er, Up yon - der; O the calm and qui - et rest
cross for us to bear, Up yon - der; Gain for them that suf - fered loss,
ness and weak-ness o'er, Up yon - der; Nev - er more to know a fear,

On the lov - ing Saviour's breast; It is bet - ter than earth's best, Up yon - der.
Crowns for them that bore the cross, And a calm for hearts that toss, Up yon - der.
Nev - er - more to shed a tear, Bet - ter far than ev - er here, Up yon - der.

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No. 483. In Heavenly Pastures.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."—Ps. 23: 2.

Mrs. M. A. Whitaker. Geo. F. Root.

1. In the heav'n-ly past-ures fair, 'Neath the ten-der Shepherd's care, Let us
2. Far from all the noise and strife That dis-turb our dai-ly life, Let us
3. O how good and true and kind, Seek-ing His stray sheep to find, If they

rest be-side the liv-ing stream to-day; Calm-ly there in peace recline, Drink-ing
pause a-while in si-lence and a-dore; Then the sound of His dear voice Will our
wan-der in-to dan-ger from His side; Ev-er close-ly may we tread Where His

in the truth di-vine, As His lov-ing call we now with joy o-bey (with joy obey).
wait-ing souls re-joice, As He nam-eth us His own for ev-er-more (for ever-more).
ho-ly feet have led, So at last with Him in heav'n we may a-bide (we may abide).

Chorus.

Glorious stream of life e-ter-nal, Beauteous fields of liv-ing green (living green),

Tho' re-vealed with-in the word Of our Shep-herd and our Lord,

rit.

By the pure in heart a-lone can they be seen (ev-er seen).

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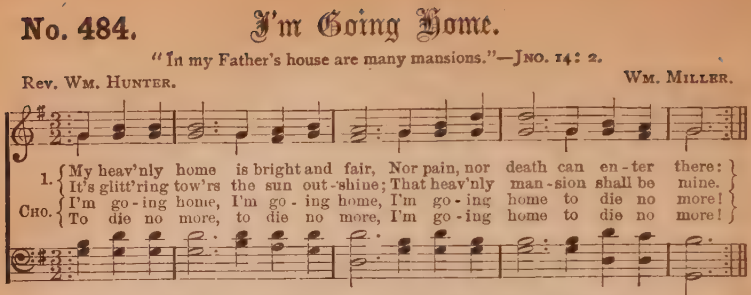
No. 484. I'm Going Home.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—Jno. 14: 2.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Wm. Miller.



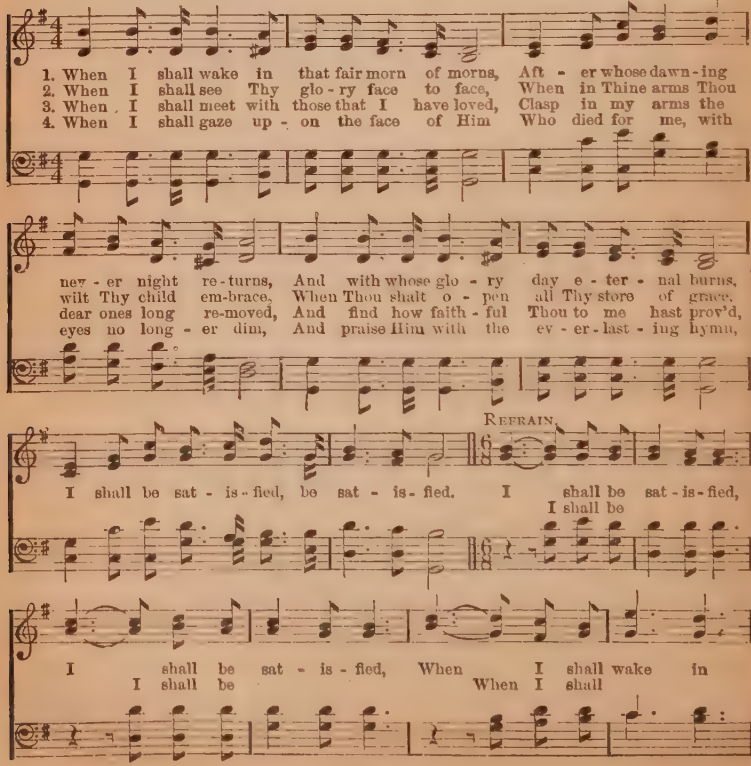
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

No. 485. Satisfied.

"I shall be satisfied, when I wake with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

Horatius Bonar. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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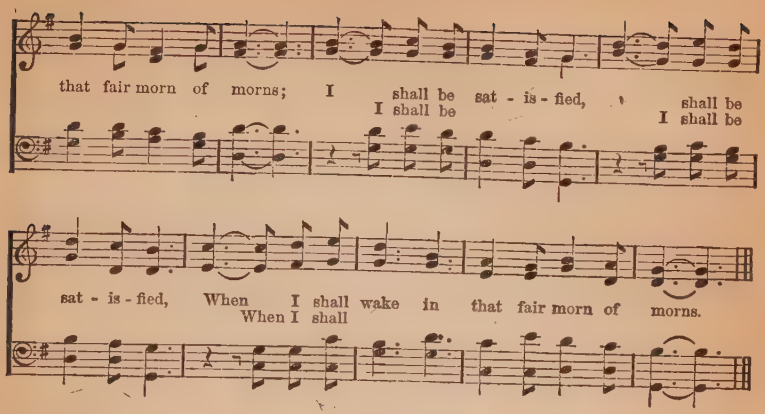
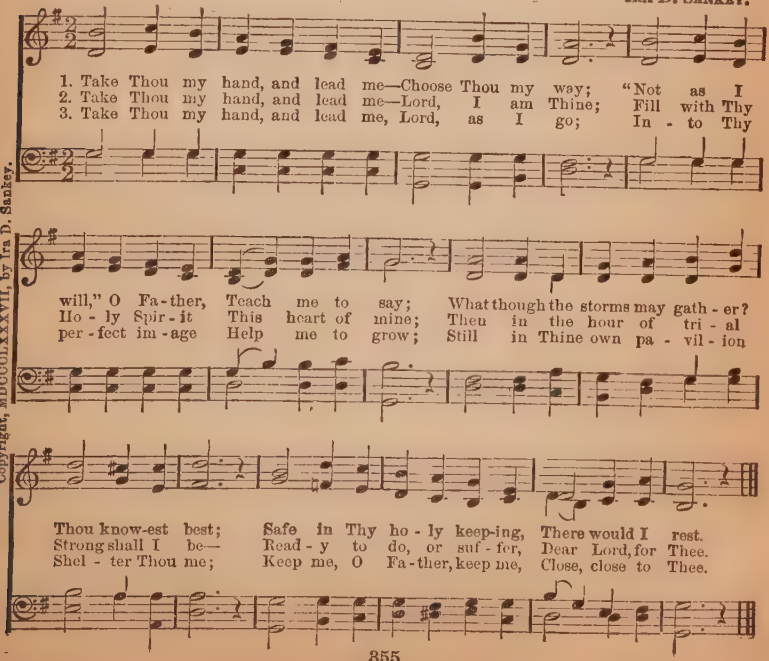


No. 486. Take Thou My Hand.

"I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand."—Isa. 41: 13.

Julia Sterling. Ira D. Sankey.



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No. 487. Waiting at the Door.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—JOHN 14: 3.

Mrs. K. M. REASONER. T. C. O'KANE.

1. I am wait - ing for the Mas - ter, Who will bid me rise and come
2. Many a wea - ry path I've trav - eled, In the dark - est storm and strife,
3. Ma - ny friends that trav - eled with me Reached that por - tal long a - go;
4. Yes, their pil - grim - age was short - er, And their tri - umphs soon - er won;

To the glo - ry of His pres - ence, To the glad - ness of His home.
Bear - ing many a heav - y bur - den, Oft - en strug - gling for my life.
One by one they left me bat - tling With the dark and craft - y foe.
Oh, how lov - ing - ly they'll greet me When the toils of life are done.

CHORUS.

They are watch - - ing at the port - al, They are wait - - ing at the door;
They are watching, they are watching at the portal, They are waiting, they are waiting at the door;

Wait - ing on - - ly for my coming, All the loved..... ones gone be - fore.
Wait - ing only, waiting on - ly for my coming, All the loved ones, all the loved ones gone before.

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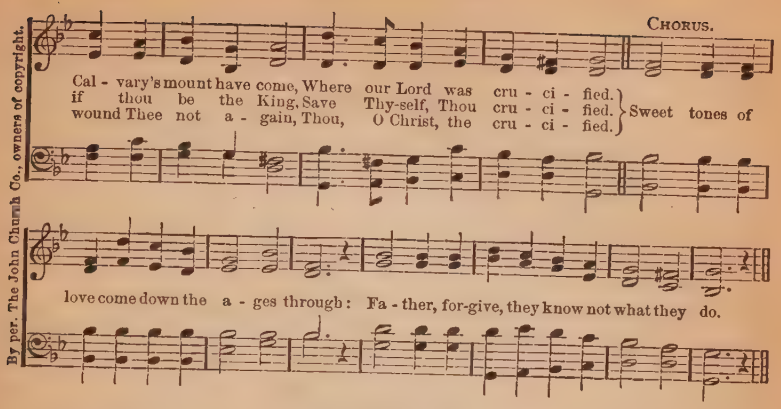
No. 488. They Crucified Him.

"——and parted his garments."—MATT. 27: 35.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. GEO. F. ROOT.

Reverently.

1. From the Bethlehem man - ger - home, Walk - ing His dear form be - side, We to
2. Scorn - ful words the sol - diers fling; Wick - ed rul - ers Him de - ride, Say - ing,
3. Won - drous love for sin - ful men, Of the sin - less One that died! May we



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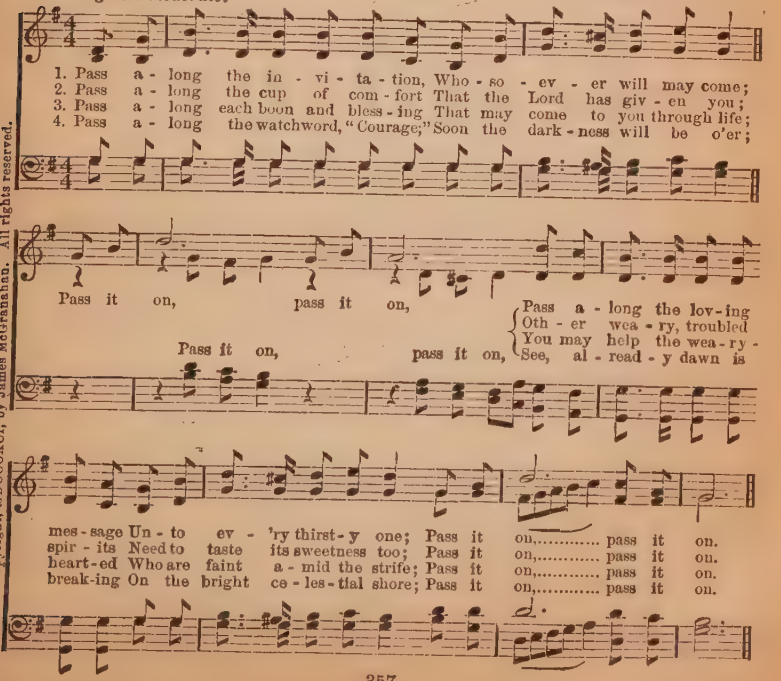
No. 489. Pass it On.

"Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season."—2 Tim 4: 2.

M. FRAZER. *Allegretto moderato.* JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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Pass it On.

CHORUS.

Pass a - long the in - vi - ta - tion, Pass a - long the word of God,

Un - til ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion Shall have heard of Christ the Lord, Shall have

heard of Christ the Lord, Shall have heard, of Christ the Lord, Shall have heard of Christ the Lord.

No. 490. More of Jesus.

"Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord."—2 PETER 1 : 2.

M. FRASER. M. A. SEA.

1. More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, 'Tis the Chris-tian's yearn-ing cry;
2. More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, While I tread earth's wea - ry ways;
3. More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, O to feel His love each hour!
4. More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, In my weak-ness and my pain;
5. More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, Sore - ly do - I need His grace;

More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, On - ly He can sat - is - fy.
More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, Till in Heav'n I hymn His praise.
More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, O to re - al - ize His power!
More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, He can turn my loss to gain.
More of Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, When shall I be - hold His face?

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No. 491. The Wondrous Cross.

"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

Isaac Watts, arr. Ira D. Sankey.

1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross, On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
4. Were all the realm of na - ture mine, That were a

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross,

Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain
death of Christ, my Lord; All earth-ly things
love flow min-gled down; Did e'er such love
gift by far too small; A love so great

On which the Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain

I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
and so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

I count but loss, and pour contempt

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Chorus.

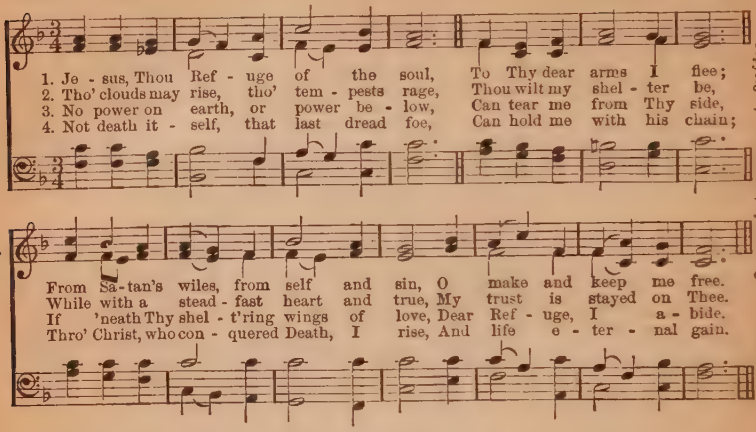
O wondrous cross where Je - sus died, And for my sins was cru - ci - fied;

My long-ing eyes look up to Thee, Thou blessed Lamb of Cal - va - ry.

No. 492. Our Refuge.

"God is our refuge and strength."—Ps. 46: 1.

Mrs. C. Warren. Hubert P. Main.



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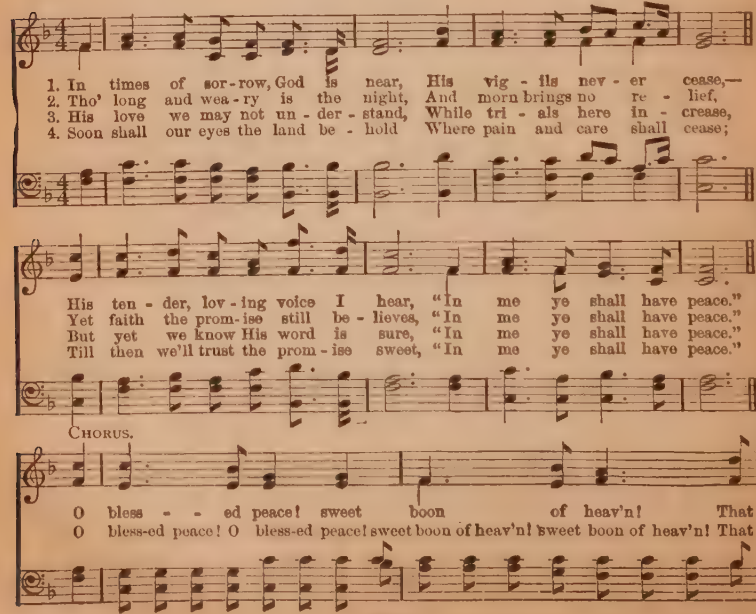
No. 493. In Me ye shall have Peace.

"In me ye might have peace."—John 16: 33.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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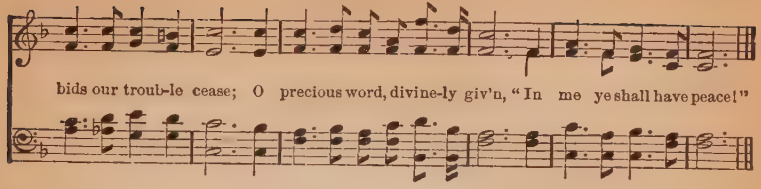
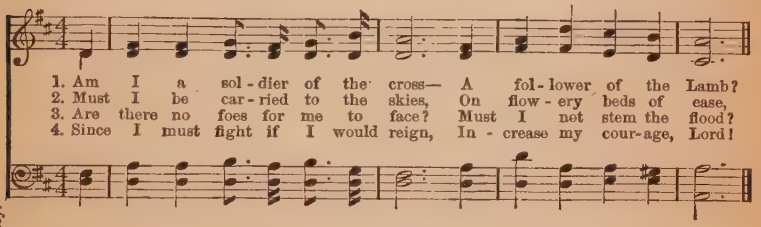


No. 494. A Soldier of the Cross.

"A good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

Isaac Watts. Ira D. Sankey.



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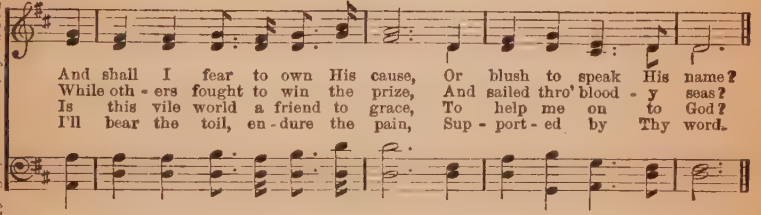

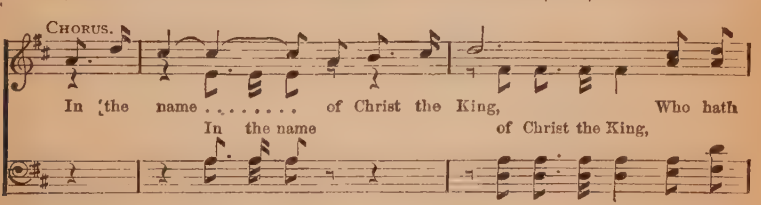

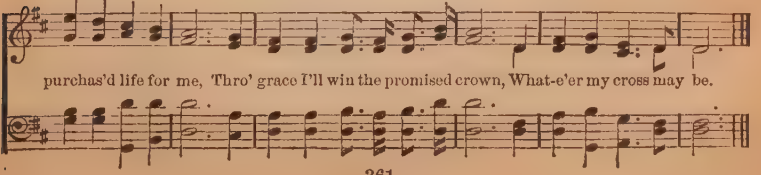

No. 495. My God and my All.

"Behold, God is mine helper."—Ps. 54: 4.

WM. YOUNG. J. R. MURRAY.

1. While Thou, O my God, art my help and de-fend-er, No cares can o'er-
2. Yes, Thou art my ref-uge in sor-row and dan-ger, My strength when I
3. And when Thou de-mand-est the life Thou hast giv-en, With joy will I

whelm me, no ter-rors ap-pall; The wiles and the snares of the world will but ren-der
suf-fer, my hope when I fall; My com-fort and joy in this land of the stran-ger,
an-swer Thy mer-ci-ful call, And quit this poor earth but to find Thee in heav-en,

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REFRAIN.

My God and my all, My

More live-ly my hope in my God and my all.
My treas-ure, my glo-ry, my God and my all.
My por-tion for-ev-er, my God and my all.

My God, my all,

God and my all,

My God, my all, My treas-ure, my glo-ry, My God and my all.

No. 496. O I Love to Talk with Jesus.

"Let me talk with thee."—JER. 12: 1.

Words arr. W. G. FISCHER.

1. O I love to talk with Je-sus, for it smooths the rug-ged road;
And it seems to help me on-ward, when I faint be-neath my load;
2. Oft I tell Him I am wea-ry, and I fain would be at rest;
That I'm dai-ly, hour-ly, long-ing to re-pose up-on His breast;

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When my heart is crush'd with sor - row, and my eyes with tears are dim,
And He an - swers me so kind - ly, in the tend' - rest tones of love,

There is nought can yield me com - fort like a lit - tle talk with Him.
"I am com - ing soon to take thee to My hap - py home a - bove."

3 Though the way is long and dreary to that far-off distant clime,
Yet I know that my Redeemer journeys with me all the time;
And the more I come to know Him, and His wondrous grace explore,
How my longing groweth stronger still to know Him more and more.

4 So I'll wait a little longer, till my Lord's appointed time,
And along the upward pathway still my pilgrim feet shall climb;
Soon within my Father's dwelling, where the many mansions be,
I shall see my blessed Saviour, and He then will talk with me.

No. 497. Sing unto the Lord.

"Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness."—Ps. 30: 4.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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"Sing un-to the Lord, O ye saints of His, sing, sing, Sing un-to the Lord,

FINE.

And at the remembrance of His ho - li - ness, O give thanks un-to the Lord."

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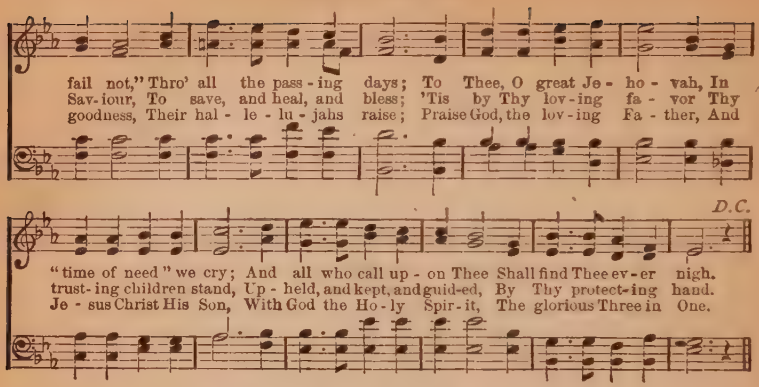
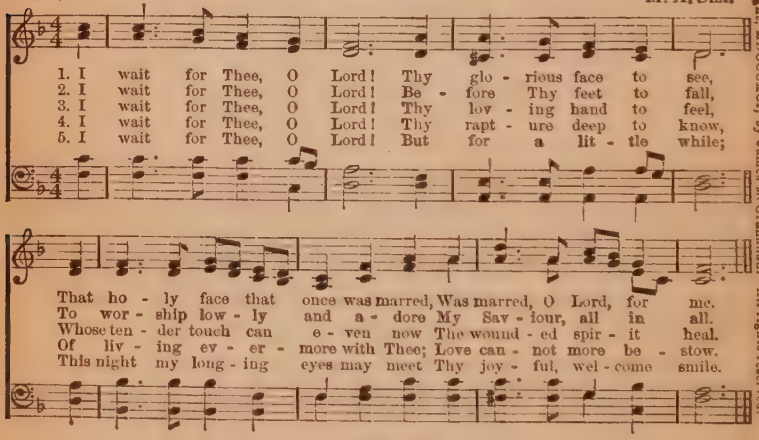
1. O Lord, Thy lov - ing kind - ness Doth com-pass all our ways, And "Thy compass- ions
2. Thy goodness we re - mem - ber, We praise Thy ho - li - ness, We look to Thee, O
3. Let saints recount His mer - cies, And fill His courts with praise; Let all who know His



No. 498. I wait for Thee, O Lord.

"My soul waiteth for the Lord."—Ps. 130: 8.

E. B. M. A. Sea.



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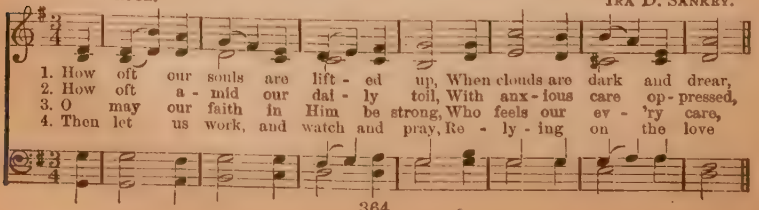
No. 499. The Many Mansions.

"Let not your heart be troubled."—John 14: 1.

Charles Bruce. Ira D. Sankey.



For Je - sus comes, and kind - ly speaks These lov - ing words of cheer.
We hear a - gain the pre - cious word That tells of joy and rest.
And will for us, as He hath said, A place in heaven pre - pare.
Of Him who now pre - pares a place For us in heav'n a - bove.

CHORUS. JOHN 14: 2.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; If it were not so I would have told you;

ritard.

In my Father's house are ma - ny mansions," "I go to prepare a place for you."

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No. 500. We would see Jesus.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—JOHN 12: 21.

Anon. F. MENDELSSOHN. Arr.

1. We would see Je - sus— for the shadows length - en A - cross this
2. We would see Je - sus— the great Rock-foun - da - tion, Where - on our
3. We would see Je - sus— oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Je - sus— this is all we're need - ing, Strength, joy, and

lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak
feet were set with sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
years we have re - joiced to see; The bless - ings of our pil - grim -
will - ing - ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,

faith to strength-en For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.
ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see His face.
age are fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
ris - en, plead - ing; Then wel-come, day! and fare - well, mor - tal night!

No. 501. Pray, Brethren, Pray!

"Watch and pray."—MARK 13: 33.

DR. HORATIUS BONAR. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Moderato.

1. Pray, brethren! pray! The sands are fall-ing; Pray, brethren, pray! God's voice is call-ing,
2. Praise, brethren, praise! The skies are rend-ing; Praise, brethren, praise! The fight is end-ing.
3. Watch, brethren, watch! The years are dy-ing: Watch, brethren, watch! Old time is fly-ing!
4. Look, brethren, look! The day is breaking; Hark, brethren, hark! The dead are wak-ing,

Allegro.

Yon tur-ret strikes the dy-ing chime; We kneel up-on the verge of time:
Be-hold, the glo-ry draw-eth near The King Him-self will soon ap-pear:
Watch as men watch the part-ing breath, Watch as men watch for life or death:
With gird-ed loins all read-y stand; Be-hold, the Bridegroom is at hand!

REFRAIN. *Slow.* *ritard.* *After last verse only.* *Adagio.*

E-ter-ni-ty is drawing nigh! E-ter-ni-ty is drawing nigh! is drawing nigh!

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No. 502. Young Men in Christ the Lord.

Dedicated to the Young Men's Christian Associations of the World.

ROBERT WEIDENSALL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Young men in Christ the Lord, Own Him your Saviour God, His name a-dore;
2. Young men in Christ the Lord, Be might-y in His word, Its truths de-clare;
3. Young men in Christ the King, Your grate-ful tribute bring, Of love and praise;
4. Young men in Christ the Friend, On Him all hopes de-pend, Of true re-lief;

For by His wondrous sac-ri-fice, He paid the great re-demp-tion price.
And seek the Ho-ly Spir-it's power, By faith and per-se-ver-ing prayer.
U-nit-ed in His roy-al name, With loy-al hearts His words pro-claim,
To ev-'ry burdened soul you meet, His gra-cious, lov-ing words, so sweet,

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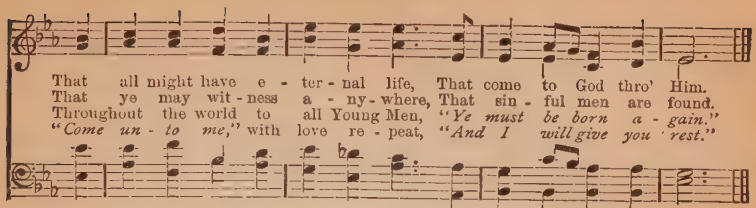


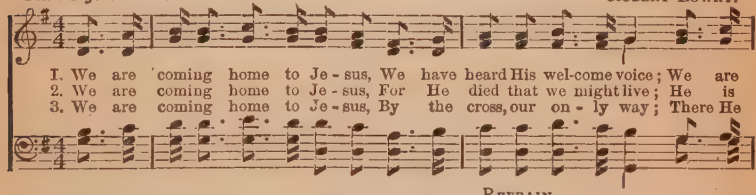
5 Young men in Christ, arise,
The world before you lies,
Enslaved in sin;
Make haste to swell the mission band,
Prepared to go at His command,
To save lost men in every land,
At any sacrifice

6 Young men in Christ the Son,
In Him we all are one;
For this He prayed;
Then let us join the heavenly throng,
To sound His praise in endless song,
For all we have and are belong
To Christ, our Lord Divine.

No. 503. Coming Home To-Night.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ROBERT LOWRY.



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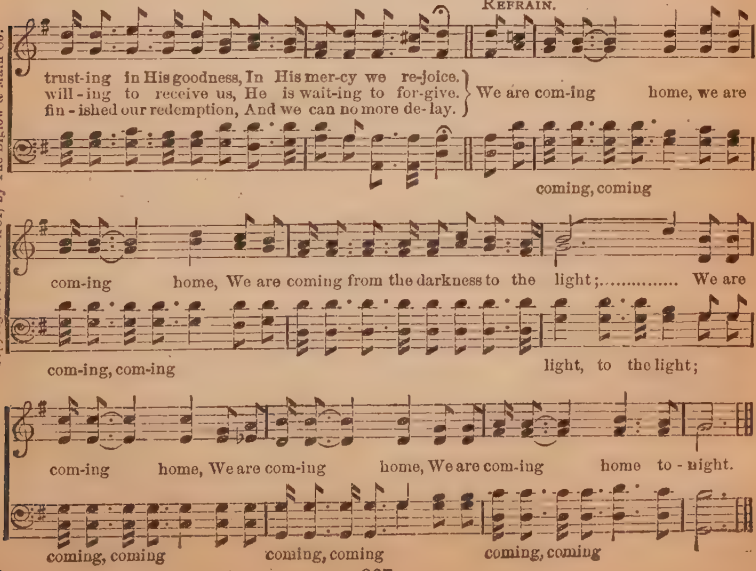

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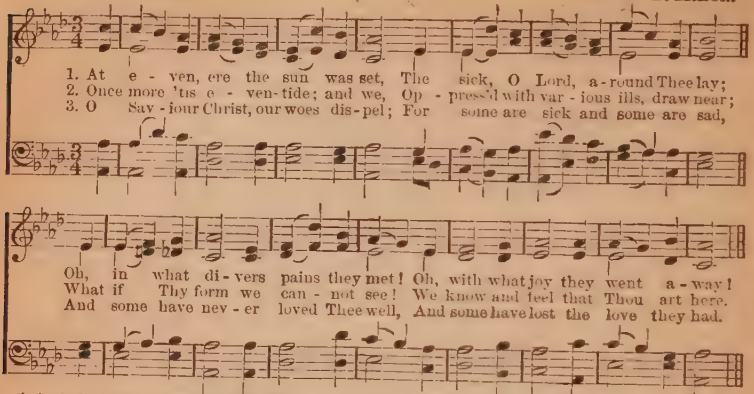
No. 504. At Even, ere the Sun was Set.

"He healed them that had need of healing."—LUKE 9: 11.

Rev. HENRY TWELLS. TIMOTHY B. MASON.



4 And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of sin within.

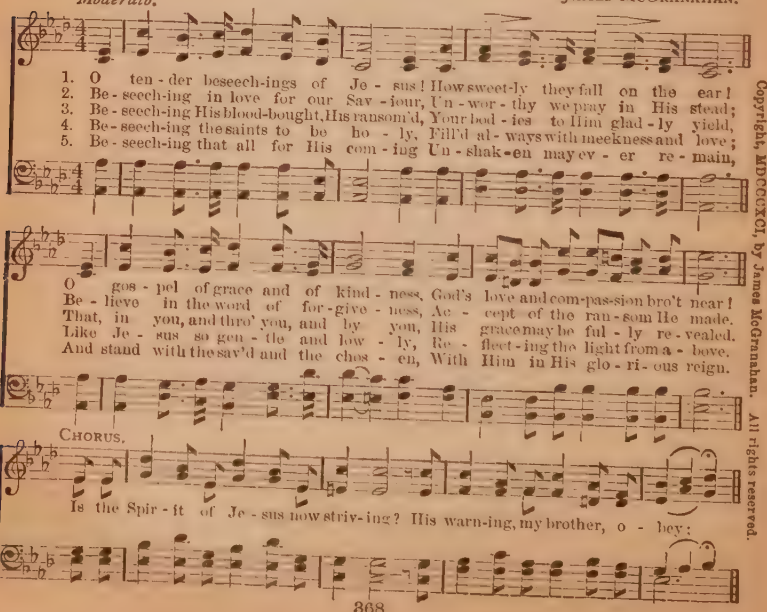
5 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Here in this solemn evening hour,
Lord, in Thy mercy heal us all.

No. 505. Beseechings of Jesus.

"As though God did beseech you by us."—2 COR. 5: 20.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Moderato.



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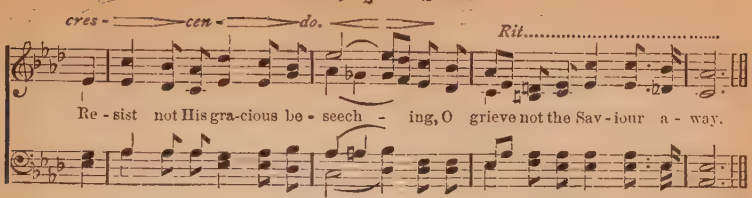
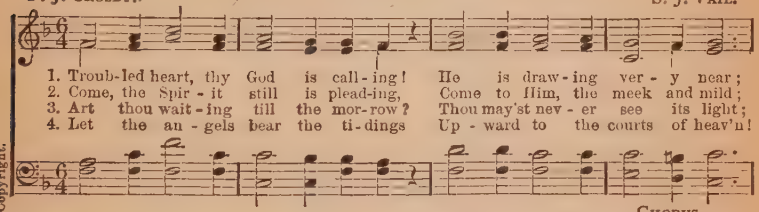


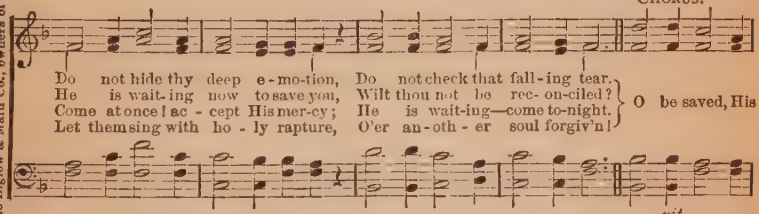
No. 506. He Died for Thee.

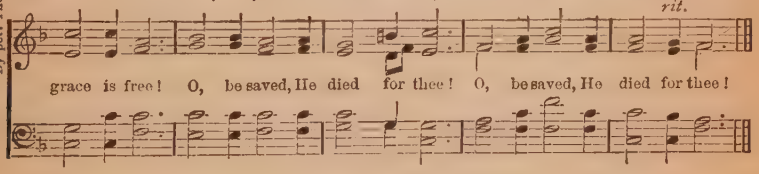
"The Son of man is come to save."—MATT. 18: 11.

F. J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL.



CHORUS.





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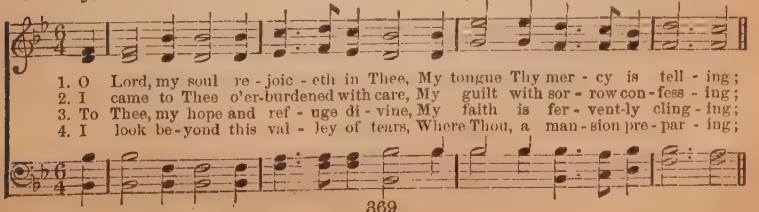
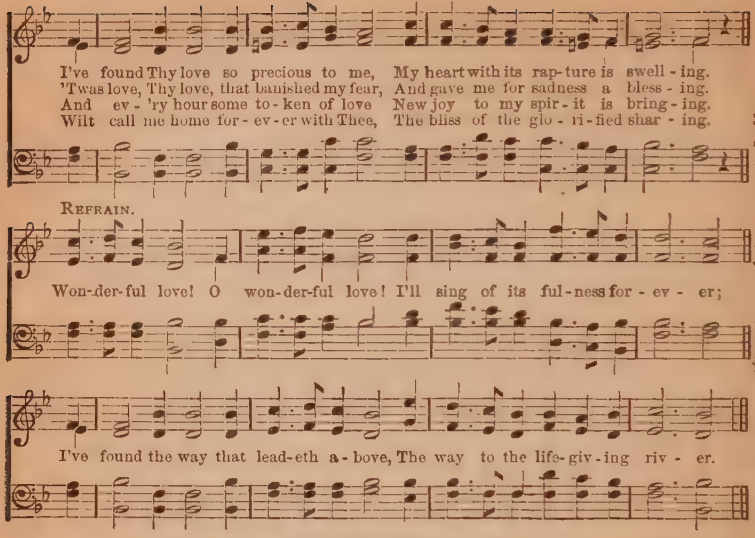
No. 507. Wonderful Love!

"As the Father loved me, so have I loved you."—JOHN 15: 9.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.





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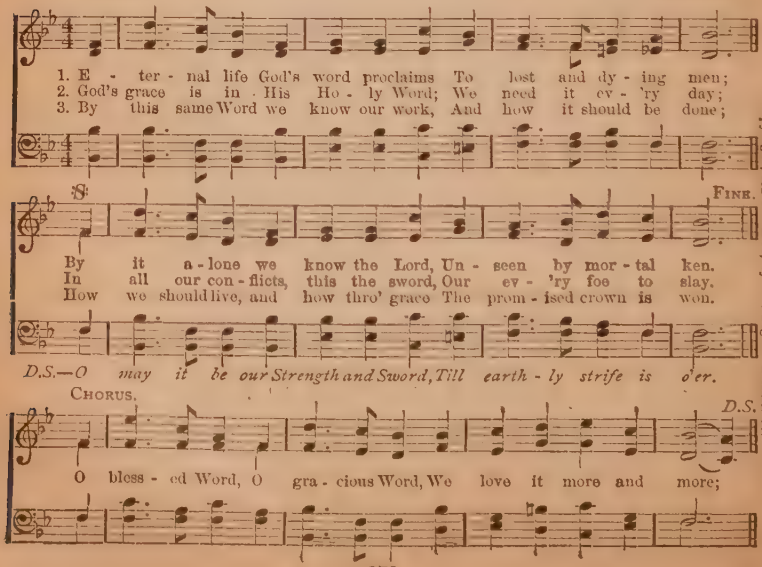
No. 508. O Blessed Word.

"The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."—Eph. 6: 17.

L. W. Munhall. Ira D. Sankey.



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No. 509. O Come to the Merciful Saviour.

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11: 28.

F. W. FABER, arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.

1. O come to the mer-ci-ful Sav-iour who calls you, O come to the Lord who for-
2. O come then to Je-sus whose arms are ex-tend-ed To fold His dear children in
3. Then come to the Sav-iour, whose mercy grows brighter The long-er you look at the

gives and for-gets; Tho' dark be the fortune on earth that be-falls you, A bright home a-
clos-est em-brace; O come, and your ex-ile shall short-ly be end-ed, And Je-sus will
depths of His love; O fear not, 'tis Je-sus, and life's cares grow lighter While thinking of

CHORUS.

Come home..... come home.....

waits you whose sun never sets.
show you the light of His face.
home and the glo-ry a-bove.

Come home, come home, In darkness no longer to

roam, 'Tis Je-sus who tender-ly calls you to-day, Oh brother, my brother, come home.

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No. 510. My Saviour.

"My Refuge, my Saviour."—2 SAM. 22: 3.

DORA GREENWELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am not skill'd to un-derstand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
2. I take Him at His word indeed: "Christ died for sin-ners," this I read;
3. That He should leave His place on high, And come for sin-ful man to die,
4. And O that He ful-filled may see The tra-vail of His soul in me,
5. Yea, liv-ing, dy-ing, let me bring My strength, my so-lace from this spring,

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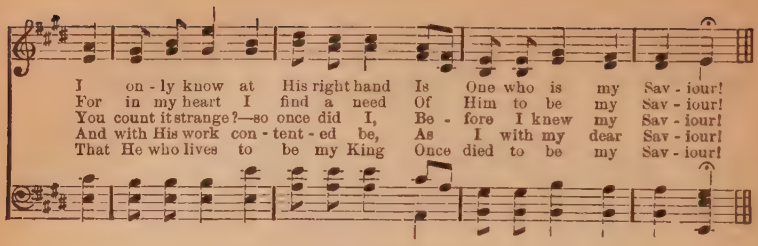
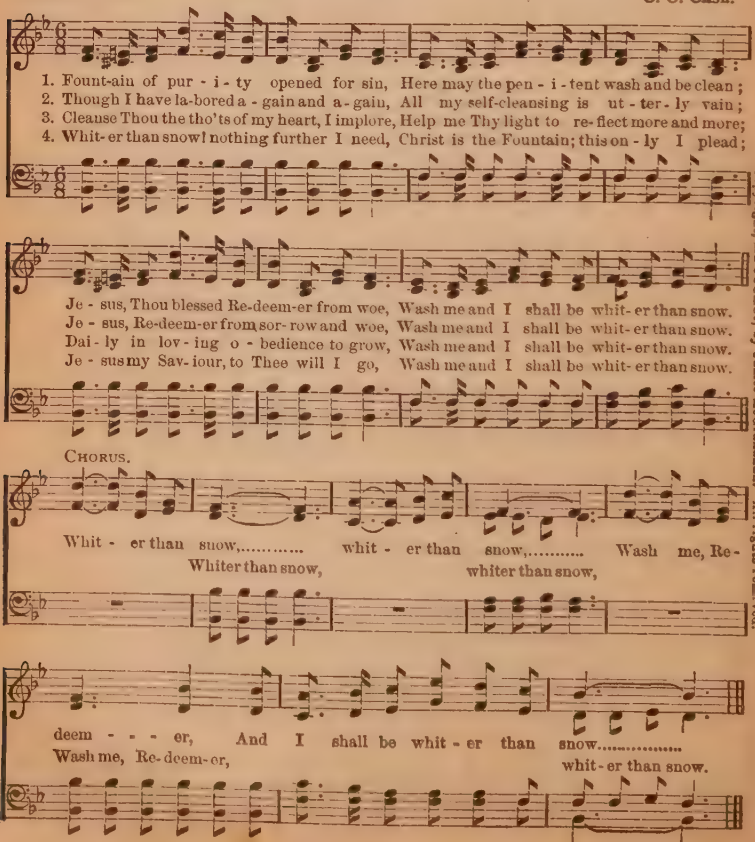


No. 511. Christ the Fountain.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 Jno. 1: 7.

Newman Hall. C. C. Case.



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No. 512. My Offering.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."—Ps. 51: 10.

J. H. Johnston. James McGranahan.

1. I bring to Thee, O Mas - ter, My bur - den and my grief;
2. I bring my guilt - y nat - ure, For cleans - ing and for cure;
3. Thy mer - cy reach - es low - er Than all the depths of sin;
4. My fal - tering faith I bring Thee, My weak and wavering will;

I do be - lieve Thy prom - ise, Help Thou mine un - be - lief.
Oh, heal my sore dis - eas - es, Re - store and make me pure.
As Thy com - pas - sions fail not, Oh, give me peace with - in.
My spir - it fails and fal - ters; Thy prom - is - es ful - fill.

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No. 513. Coming To-Day.

"Rise, he calleth thee."—Mark 10: 49.

F. J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Out on the des - ert, seek-ing, seek-ing, Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus seek - ing for thee;
2. Still He is wait - ing, wait-ing, wait-ing; O what com - pas - sion beams in His eye!
3. Lov - ing - ly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mer - cy, tho' slight - ed, bears with thee yet;

Ten - der - ly call - ing, call - ing, call - ing, Hith - er, thou lost one, O come un - to Me.
Hear Him re - peat - ing, gent - ly, gent - ly, Come to thy Sav - iour, O why wilt thou die?
Thou canst be hap - py, hap - py, hap - py; Come ere the life-star for - ev - er shall set.

Refrain.

Je - sus is call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing; Why dost thou linger? why tar - ry a - way?

Come to Him quick - ly, say to Him glad - ly, Lord, I am com - ing, com - ing to - day.

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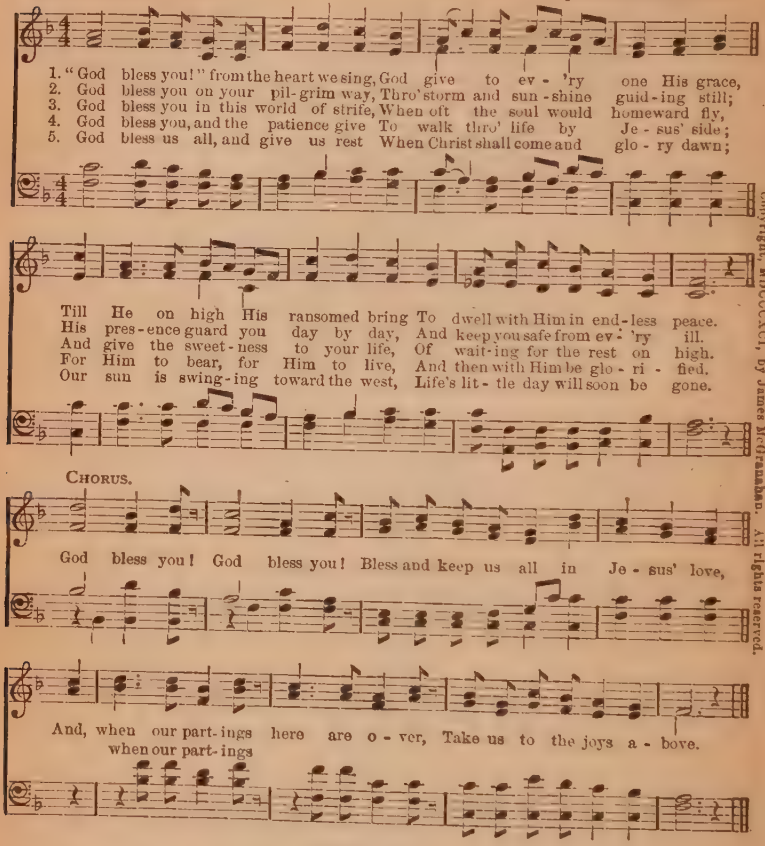
No. 514. God Bless You.

"God, even our Father, comfort your hearts."—2 Thess. 2: 16, 17.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.



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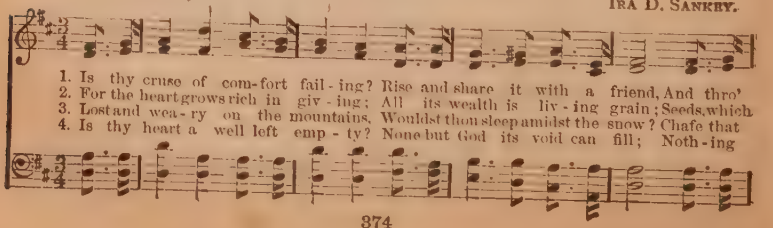
No. 515. Is Thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?

"Neither did the cruse of oil fail."—1 King 17: 16.

Mrs. E. R. Charles, arr. Ira D. Sankey.



all the years of fam-ine It shall serve thee to the end. Love di-vine will fill thy
mil-dew in the gar-ner, Scattered, fill with gold the plain. Is thy bur-den hard and
froz-en form be-side thee, And to-geth-er both shall glow. Art thou wound-ed in life's
but a cease-less fountain Can its ceaseless longings still. Is thy heart a liv-ing

storehouse, Or thy hand-ful still re-new; Scant-y fare for one will oft-en Make a
heav-y? Do thy steps drag wea-ri-ly? Help to lift thy brother's bur-den, God will
bat-tle? Ma-ny stricken round thee moan; Give to them thy precious ointment, And that
pow-er? Self-entwined, its strength sinks low; It can on-ly live by lov-ing, And by

roy-al feast for two; Scanty fare for one will oft-en Make a roy-al feast for two.
bear both it and thee; Help to lift thy brother's burden, God will bear both it and thee.
balm shall heal thine own; Give to them thy precious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own.
serving, love will grow; It can on-ly live by lov-ing, And by serv-ing love will grow.

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No. 516. Jesus, my All.

"Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

F. J. Crosby. Anon.

rit.

1. Lord, at Thy mer-cy-seat Hum-bly I fall; Plead-ing Thy
2. Tears of re-pent-ant grief Si-lent-ly fall; Help Thou my
3. Still at Thy mer-cy-seat Sav-iour, I fall; Trust-ing Thy

rit.

prom-ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let Thy work be-gin,
un-be-lief, Hear Thou my call; Oh, how I pine for Thee!
prom-ise sweet, Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to Thee;

rit.

Oh, make me pure with-in, Cleanse me from ev-'ry sin, Je-sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea: Je-sus has died for me, Je-sus, my all.
This all my song shall be, Je-sus has died for me, Je-sus, my all.

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No. 517. Singing with Grace to the Lord.

"Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."—Col. 3: 16.

J. H. Johnston. James McGranahan.

1. Come in - to His presence with sing - ing, O wor-ship the Lord with a song;
2. Not yet, as the an-gels in heav - en, May mortals their grat - i - tude sing;
3. Then come to His courts with re-joic - ing, And join in the cho-rus of praise;

A trib-ute of grat - i - tude bring-ing, To Him to whom prais-es be - long;
Not here up- on earth is it giv - en, Per - fect - ion of serv - ice to bring;
The pray'r and the an- them but voic - ing The thanks which your loving hearts raise;

But oh, while you join in thanksgiv - ing, With voi - ces in tune - ful ac - cord,
But ear - nest and true ad - o - ra - tion, The heart in the hymn and the pray'r,
With grace in your hearts e - ven du - ty Will change in - to pleas - ure ere long,

Re-mem-ber, He watch-es your *liv - ing,* And sing with your hearts to the Lord.
Will be an ac - cept - ed ob - la - tion, And light-en life's bur-den and care.
And see-ing the King in His beau - ty, Your life shall then be as a song.

Chorus.

Sing-ing,..... sing-ing,..... This is true wor-ship and love;
Sing-ing with grace in your heart to the Lord,

Liv-ing,..... sing-ing,..... This is ac - cept-ed a - bove.
Liv-ing and sing-ing in sweet-est ac-cord,

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No. 518. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Ps. 9: 1.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be; Un - der the stan-dard ex - alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy strength we will bat - tle for Thee.
2. True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, full - est al - le - giance Yield - ing henceforth to our glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en-deav - or and lov - ing o - be-dience, Free - ly and joy - ous-ly now would we bring.
3. True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, Sav - iour all - glo-rious! Take Thy great pow - er and reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af - fec - tions vic - to - rious, Free - ly sur - ren - dered and wholly Thine own.

CHORUS.

Peal out the watchword! si - lence it nev - er! Peal si-lence

Song of our spir - it's re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the watchword! Song re-joic-ing and free; Peal

loy - al for - ev - er! King of our lives, By thy grace we will be. loy - al King

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No. 519. Blest Jesus, Grant us Strength.

"Give thy strength unto thy servant."—Ps. 86: 16.

Rev. W. W. How. G. J. Elvey.

1. Blest Je - sus, grant us strength to take Our dai - ly cross, what-e'er it be,
2. And day by day, we hum - bly ask That ho - ly mem - 'ries of Thy cross
3. Help us, dear Lord, our cross to bear, Till at Thy feet we lay it down;

And glad - ly, for Thine own dear sake, In paths of du - ty fol - low Thee.
May sanc - ti - fy each com - mon task, And turn to gain each earth - ly loss.
Win thro' Thy blood our par - don there, And thro' the Cross at - tain the Crown.

No. 520. The Saviour's Face.

"The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. 4: 6.

Edw. A. Collier, D.D. Geo. F. Root.

Reverently.

1. How sweet, O Lord, Thy word of grace Which bids a sin - ner seek Thy face, And
2. Thy visage, marred and crowned with thorn, Thou didst not hide from grief and scorn, Nor
3. The heavens de-clare Thy power and love; In all Thy works, be - low, a - bove, Thy
4. The bright - ness of Thy glo - ry, Lord, Fills heaven and earth and writ-ten Word With

nev - er seek in vain, And nev - er seek in vain; That face, once set so stead - fast-ly To
from the dews of night, Nor from the dews of night; Yet, in that face a love appears Which
maj - es - ty I trace, Thy maj - es - ty I trace, But mer-cy shines not in the skies, And
beams of heavenly grace, With beams of heaven-ly grace; But all the hosts of Heaven shine With

meet Thy cross of ag - o - ny, Can nev - er me dis-dain, Can nev - er me dis-dain.
scat - ters all my gloom - y fears, And fills my soul with light, And fills my soul with light.
hope with-in my spir - it dies, Un - til I see Thy face, Un - til I see Thy face.
no such ra - di - ance di-vine As Thy most bless - ed face, As Thy most bless - ed face.

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No. 521. Hallowed Hour of Prayer.

"My house shall be called the house of prayer,"—Isa. 56: 7.

E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.

1. 'Tis the hal-lowed hour of pray'r, And we trust-ing-ly bring All our
2. 'Tis the pre-cious hour of pray'r, And we hum-bly en-treat: Fa-ther,
3. 'Tis the sa-cred hour of pray'r, Calm as heav-en a-bove; Soul to

doubt-ings and our fears To our Sav-iour and King; For we know that He de-
breathe the Spir-it now, As we bow at Thy feet; Touch our lips with pow'r of
soul is breathing here The com-mun-ion of love; Ev-'ry heart is sweet-ly

lights A glad wel-come to give, And the bless-ings that we ask for
song; Fill our souls with Thy love; And be-stow the ben-e-dic-tion
filled With a peace most pro-found; Oh, the place is like to heav-en

Chorus.

We shall ful-ly re-ceive.
Of Thy peace from a-bove.
Where such true joys abound.
} Pre-cious hour of pray'r! Hallowed hour of pray'r!

Sa-cred sea-son of com-mun-ion, It is sweet to be there!

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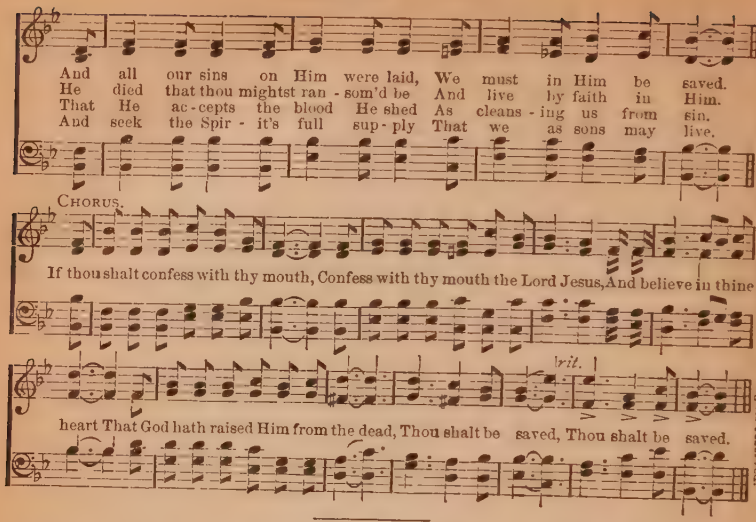
No. 522. Thou shalt be Saved.

"If thou shalt confess.....the Lord Jesus."—Rom. 10: 9.

James McGranahan.

El. Nathan.

1. Be-hold how plain the truth is made; Since Christ the ran-som price has paid,
2. The death of Christ up-on the tree Was for the judg-ment due to thee;
3. By rais-ing Je-sus from the dead Our bless-ed God has sure-ly said,
4. And now to God as sons brought nigh We come and "Ab-ba Fa-ther" cry,



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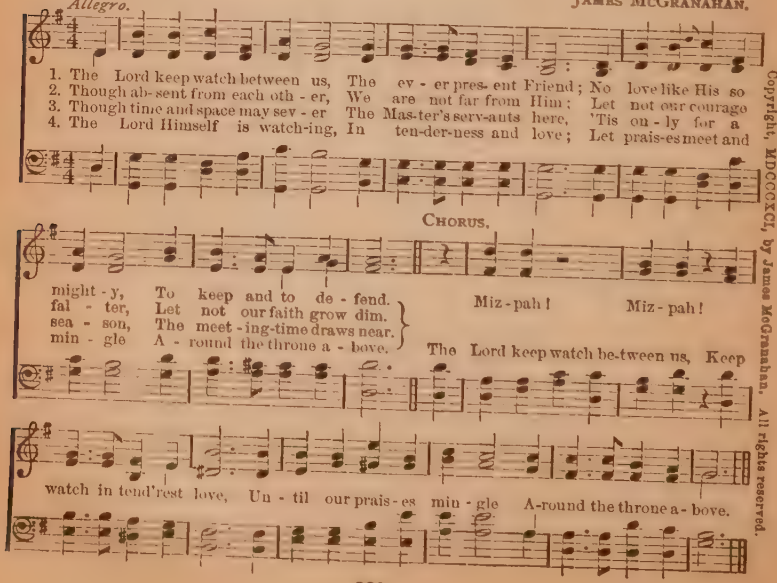
No. 523. The Lord Keep Watch Between Us.

"Mizpah; * * * The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—GEN. 31: 49.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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No. 524. Faith is the Victory.

"The victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 John 5: 4.

John H. Yates. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Encamped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise, And press the bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies; A-gainst the foe in vales be-low, Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know, That o-vercomes the world.

2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the word of God; We tread the road the saints a-bove With shouts of tri-umph trod; By faith, they like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field; The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shin-ing shield.

3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let tents of ease be left be-hind, And on-ward to the fray; Sal-va-tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a-bout, The earth shall trem-ble 'neath our tread, And ech-o with our shout.

4. To Him that o-ver-comes the foe, White raiment shall be giv'n; Be-fore the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame; We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je-sus' conquering name.

Chorus.

Faith is the vic-to-ry! Faith is the vic-to-ry! Oh, glo-ri-ous vic-to-ry, That o-vercomes the world. Faith is the vic-to-ry! Faith is the vic-to-ry!

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No. 525. Mission Hymn.

"All nations shall come and worship before thee."—Rev. 15: 4.

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Great Je - ho - vah, might - y Lord, Vast and bound - less is Thy word;
2. Jew and Gen - tile, bond and free, All shall yet be one in Thee;
3. From her night shall Chi - na wake, Af - ric's sons their chains shall break;
4. In - dia's groves of palm so fair Shall re - sound with praise and prayer;
5. North and South shall own Thy sway, East and West Thy voice o - bey;

King of kings, from shore to shore Thou shalt reign for ev - er - more.
All con - fess Mes - si - ah's name, All His won - drous love pro - claim.
E - gypt, where Thy peo - ple trod, Shall a - dore and praise our God.
Cey - lon's isle with joy shall sing, Glo - ry be to Christ our King.
Crowns and thrones be - fore Thee fall, King of kings and Lord of all.

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No. 526. The Christian's "Good-Night."

It is said: The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends Good-night, so sure were they of their awakening on the Resurrection Morning.

Sarah Doudney. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast. We
2. Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep; But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep: Thine
3. Un - til the shadows from this earth are cast, Un - til He gathers in His sheaves at last; Un -

rit.

love thee well, but Je - sus loves thee best—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
is a per - fect rest, se - cure and deep—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
til the twi - light gloom be o - ver - past—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

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4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good-night!

5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night!

6 Only "Good-night," beloved—not "farewell!"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible—
Good-night!

7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night!

No. 527. Christ is Risen.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "For he is risen, as he said."—MATT. 28 : 6. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Christ hath ris-en! Hal-le-lu-jah! Blessed morn of life and light; Lo, the grave is rent a-
2. Christ hath ris-en! Hal-le-lu-jah! Friends of Jesus, dry your tears; Thro' the vail of gloom and
3. Christ hath ris-en! Hal-le-lu-jah! He hath ris-en, as He said; He is now the King of

REFRAIN.

sun-der, Death is conquered thro' His might.
darkness, Lo, the Son of God appears.
glo-ry, And our great ex-alt-ed Head.
} Christ is ris-en! Hal-le-lu-jah! Gladness

fills the world to-day; From the tomb that could not hold Him, See, the stone is rolled a-way.

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No. 528. In Jesus' Face.

"The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 COR. 4 : 6.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. The liv-ing God, who by His might Spake but the word and there was light, Hath promised
2. This mighty Christ, so strong and true, Has come from God, His work to do; He comes with
3. In Je-sus' face our God we know, And trust in Him to bear us through; He will not
4. When darkness gives the soul distress, When sorrows on our pathway press, One look at
5. Then come, ye wea-ry ones, and rest; Come, sinful souls, and here be blessed; With-in your

CHORUS.

now to show His grace To sin-ful men, in Je-sus' face.
power the soul to save, To give the vict'ry o'er the grave.
leave us de-feat, But make our victo-ry com-plete.
Him will clouds displace, While comfort beams from Je-sus' face.
heart give Christ His place, And see God's love in Je-sus' face.
} In Je-sus' face! in Je-sus'

face! O wondrous sight! O wondrous grace! The living God thro' sin concealed, In Jesus' face is now revealed.

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No. 529. O Saviour, Precious Saviour.

"He shall save his people from their sins."—Matt. 1: 21.

Frances R. Havergal. J. H. Burke.

1. O Sav-iour, precious Sav - iour, Whom, yet un-seen, we love; O Name of might and
2. O bring'-er of sal - va - tion, Who wondrous - ly hast wrought, Thy-self the rev - e -
3. In Thee all full-ness dwell - eth, All grace and power di - vine; The glo - ry that ex -
4. Oh, grant the con-sum - ma - tion Of this our song, a - bove, In end - less ad - o -

Chorus.

fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove.
la - tion, Of love be-yond our thought.
cell - eth, O Son of God, is Thine.
ra - tion, And ev - er - last - ing love.

We worship Thee! we bless Thee! To Thee a - lone we - sing! We praise Thee and confess Thee, Our Saviour, Lord and King.

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No. 530. A Home on High.

"That where I am, there ye may be also."—John 14: 3.

L. W. Mansfield. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Be-yond the light of setting suns, Beyond the clouded sky, Be-yond where starlight fades in
2. Be-yond all pain, beyond all care, Beyond life's myster - y, Be - yond the range of time and
3. Swift flying worlds, their nights that roll Far out on seas of light, Will bring no darkness to my
4. My sins and sorrows, strifes and fears, I bid them all fare-well, High up a-mid th' eter- nal

Chorus.

night,— I have a home on high.
change,— My home's reserved for me.
soul; My home's be-yond the night.
years, With Christ, my Lord, to dwell.

A man-sion there,..... not made with a mansion there,

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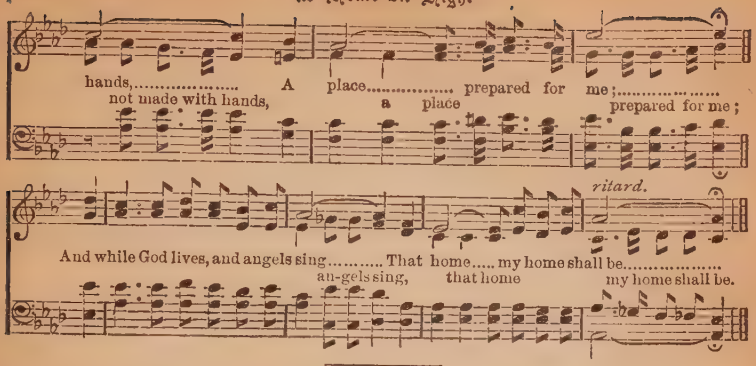
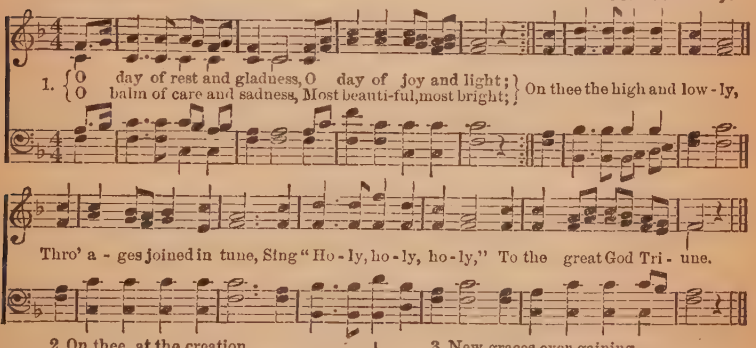


No. 531. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

"The rest of the holy Sabbath."—Ex. 16: 23.

C. Wordsworth. German Melody.



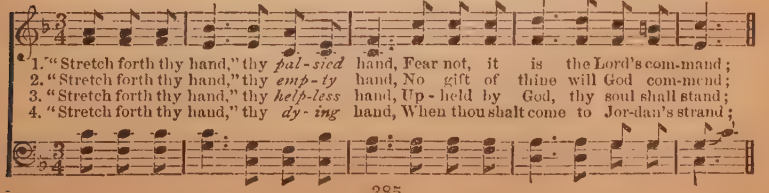
2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

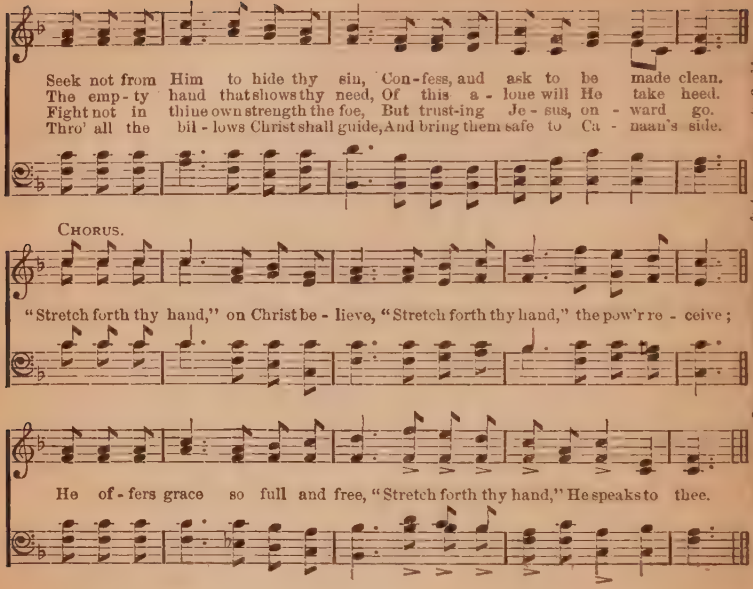
No. 532. Stretch Forth Thy Hand.

"And it was restored whole, like as the other."—Matt. 12: 13.

El. Nathan. H. H. McGranahan.



Stretch Forth Thy Hand.



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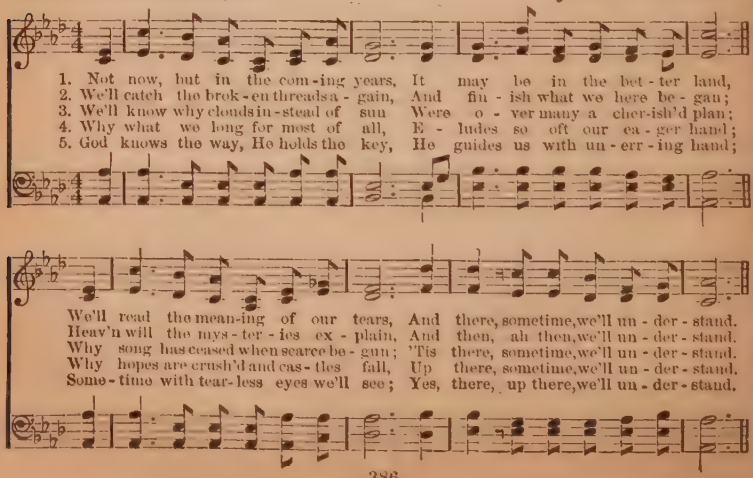
No. 533. Sometime we'll Understand.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—JOHN 13: 7.

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS, D.D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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Sometime we'll Understand.

CHORUS.

A little faster.

Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He ‖: doth hold :‖ thy hand; * doth hold thy hand;

a tempo primo. *cres.* *ad lib.*

Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.

* Repeat for alto only.

No. 534. Only Remembered.

"I will make thy name remembered."—Ps. 45 : 17.

HORATIUS BONAR, (alt.) IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Fad-ing a-way like the stars of the morning, Los-ing their light in the glo-ri-ous sun—
2. Shall we be miss'd tho' by oth-ers suc-ceed-ed, Reap-ing the fields we in spring-time have sown?
3. On-ly the truth that in life we have spoken, On-ly the seed that on earth we have sown;
4. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels, When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,

Thus would we pass from the earth and its toiling, On-ly remembered by what we have done.
No, for the sowers may pass from their labors, On-ly remembered by what they have done.
These shall pass onward when we are for-got-ten, Fruits of the harvest and what we have done.
Then shall His wea-ry and faith-ful dis-ci-ples, All be remember'd by what they have done.

REFRAIN.

On-ly remembered, on-ly remembered, On-ly remembered by what we have done;

Thus would we pass from the earth and its toiling, On-ly remembered by what we have done.

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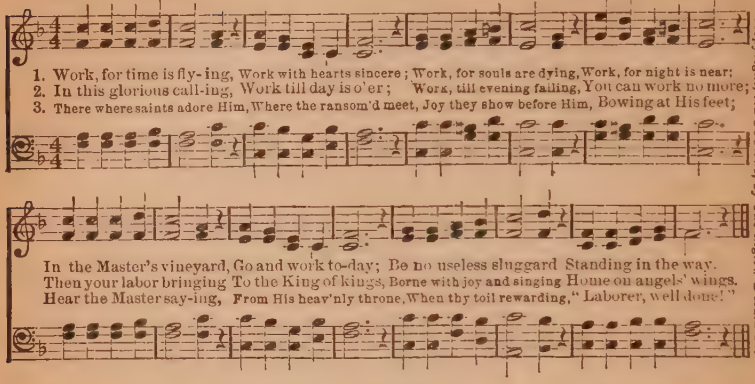
No. 535. Work for Time is Flying.

"Remember how short my time is."—Ps. 89: 47.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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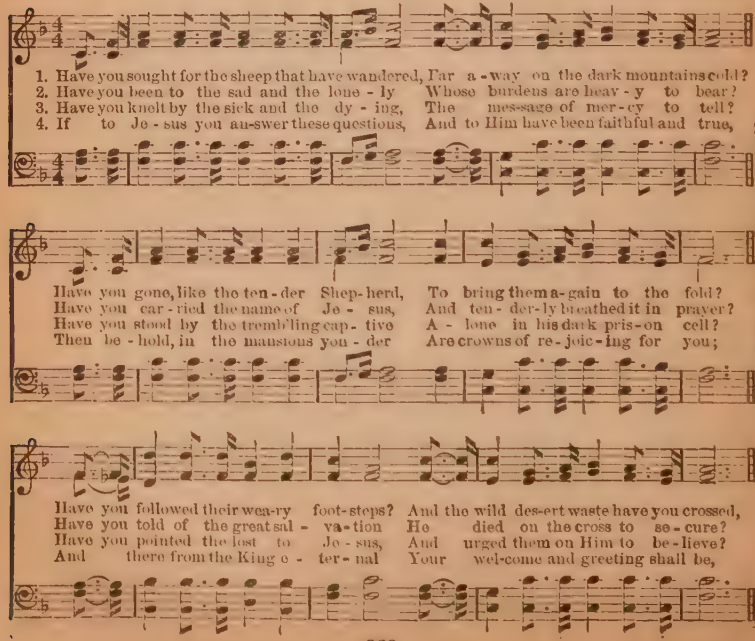
No. 536. Have You Sought?

"My sheep wandered through all the mountains."—EZR. 34: 6.

F. J. C. IRA D. SANKEY.



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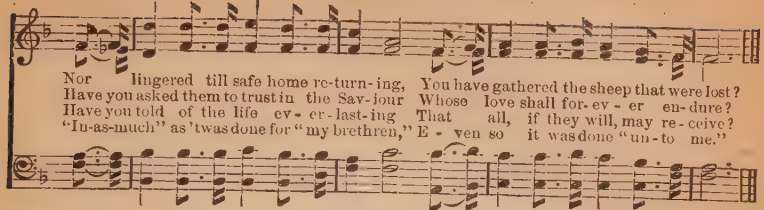
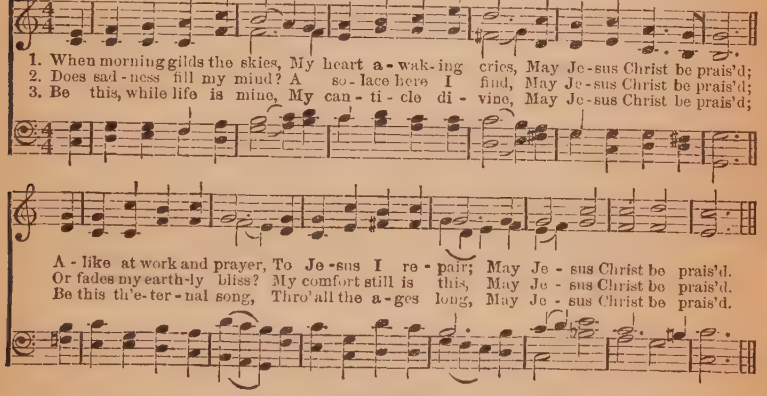


No. 537. When Morning Gilds the Skies.

"I will praise thy name, O Lord."—Ps. 54: 6.

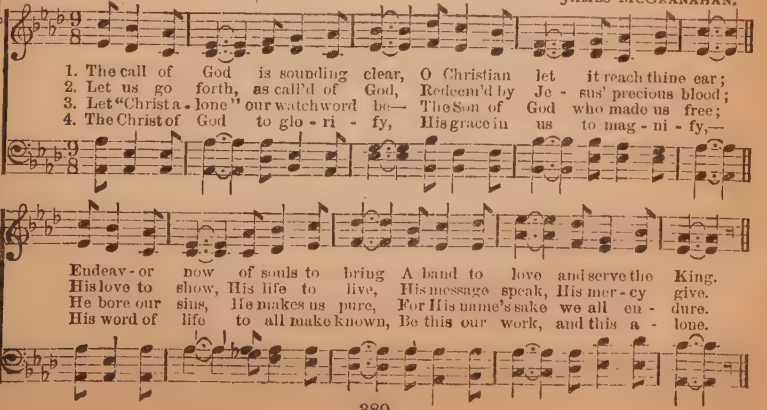
Rev. E. Caswall. J. Barnby.



No. 538. Let us go Forth.

Let us go forth unto him."—Heb. 13: 13.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.



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CHORUS.

Let us go forth,..... the call is clear,..... Let us go
Let us go forth, the call is clear,

forth,..... no tar-ry-ing here;..... For Him to live,..... the Christ, the
Let us go forth, no tarrying here; For Him to live,

Lord,..... A crown from Him,..... our high re - ward.
the Christ, the Lord, A crown from Him,

No. 539. I Will Lift up Mine Eyes.

PSALM 121.

G. F. ROOT.

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh my | help;
2. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber;
3. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right | hand;
4. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall pre - | serve thy | soul.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven and | earth.
Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither | slumber nor | sleep.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by | night.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for | ev - er - | more. A - men.

By per. The John Church Co.

No. 540. Press On.

F. J. C. "Ye shall be gathered one by one."—Isa. 27: 12. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Press on, press on, O pilgrim, Re - joicing in the Lord, Be-lieving in His prom- ise,
2. Press on, press on, O pilgrim, A - long the heav'nly way; Remember God commands us
3. Press on, press on, O pilgrim, Tho' clouds and storms may rise; The Light that never faileth

And trusting in His word; Fear not, for He is with us, Whate'er the cross we bear;
To watch and work and pray; He bids us all be faith-ful, And cast on Him our care;
Shines brightly in the skies; Press on where crowns await us, In yonder mansions fair;

Refrain.

And soon, beyond the swelling tide, We'll gather o-ver there. Gather o-ver there,

Gather o-ver there; And soon, beyond the swelling tide, We'll gather o - ver there.

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No. 541. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

Ps. 136: 1–26.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjèe.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.

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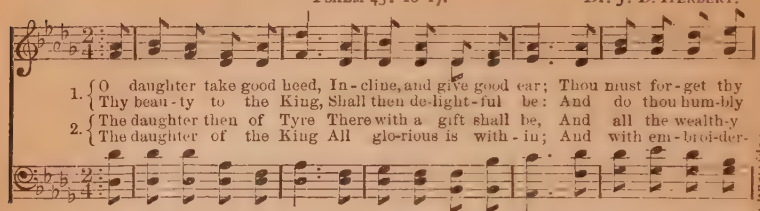
No. 542. The Palace of the King.

PSALM 45: 10–17. Dr. J. B. HERBERT.



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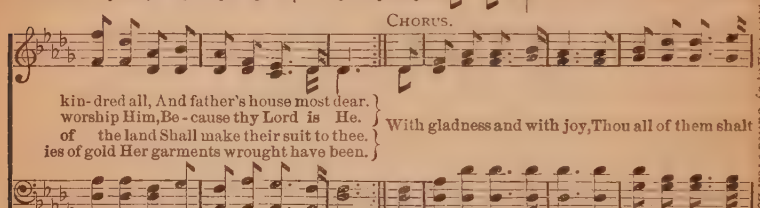
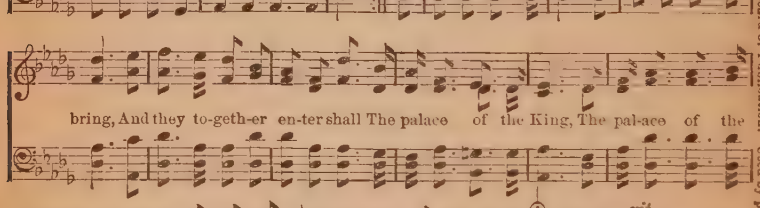
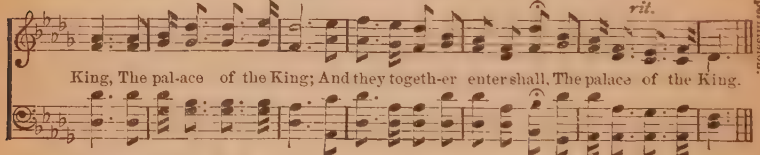






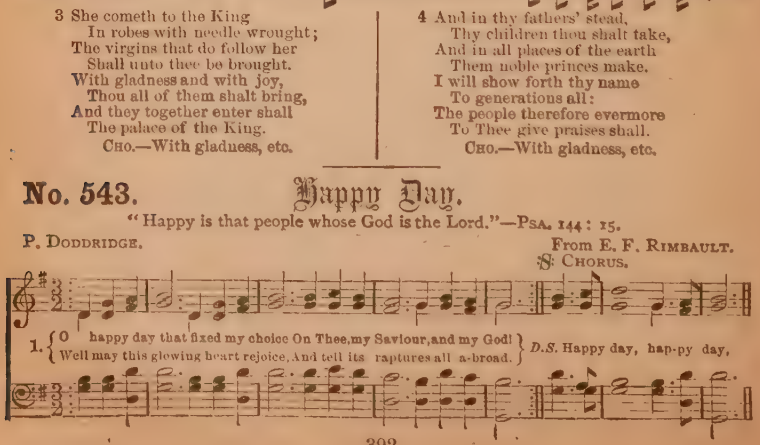
3 She cometh to the King
In robes with needle wrought;
The virgins that do follow her
Shall unto thee be brought.
With gladness and with joy,
Thou all of them shalt bring,
And they together enter shall
The palace of the King.
CHO.—With gladness, etc.

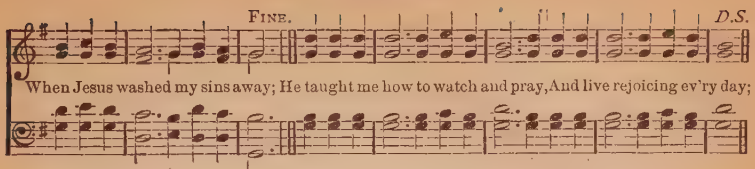
4 And in thy fathers' stead,
Thy children thou shalt take,
And in all places of the earth
Them noble princes make.
I will show forth thy name
To generations all:
The people therefore evermore
To Thee give praises shall.
CHO.—With gladness, etc.

No. 543. Happy Day.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."—PSA. 144: 15.

P. DODDRIDGE. From E. F. RIMBAULT.





2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

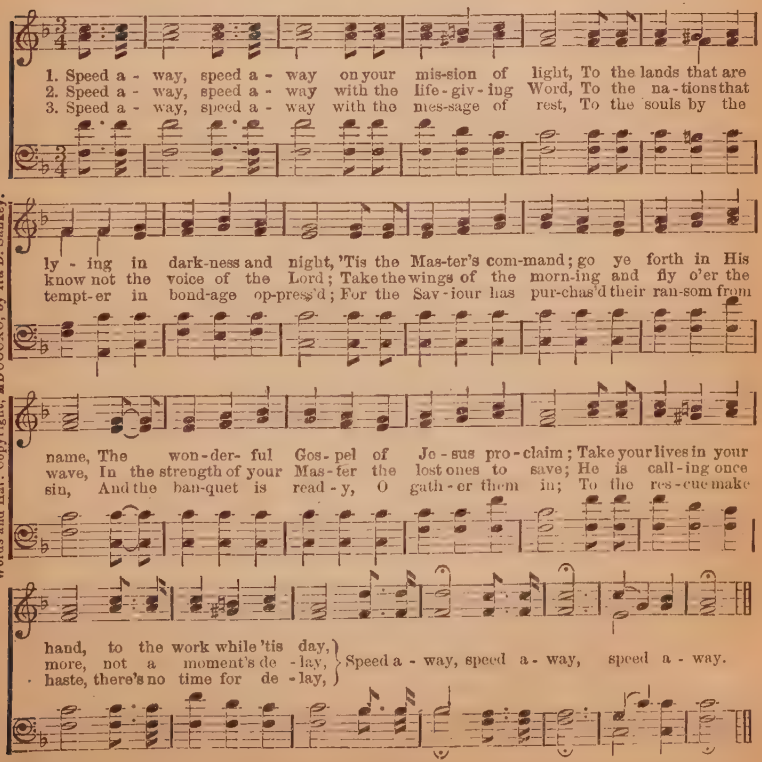
4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possess'd.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 544. Speed Away.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."—MATT. 16 : 15.

F. J. CROSBY. I. B. WOODBURY, arr.



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No. 545. Hallelujah! Christ is Risen.

"Who according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again."—1 Pet. 1: 3.

Bishop Wordsworth, alt. James McGranahan.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hearts to heav'n and voic-es raise;
2. Christ is ris-en, Christ the first fruits Of the ho-ly har-vest field,
3. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry be to God a-bove!

Hearts to heav'n and voic-es raise;

Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise;
Which will all its full a-bund-ance, At His glo-rious ad-vent, yield;
Hal-le-lu-jah to the Sav-iour, Fount of life and source of love;

Sing to God a hymn of praise;

He who on the cross a vic-tim For the world's sal-va-tion bled,
Then the gold-en ears of har-vest Will be-fore His pres-ence wave,
Hal-le-lu-jah to the Spir-it; Let our high as-crip-tions be,

Je-sus Christ the King of glo-ry, Now is ris-en from the dead.
Ris-ing in His sun-shine joy-ous, From the fur-rows of the grave.
Hal-le-lu-jah, now and ev-er, To the bless-ed Trin-i-ty.

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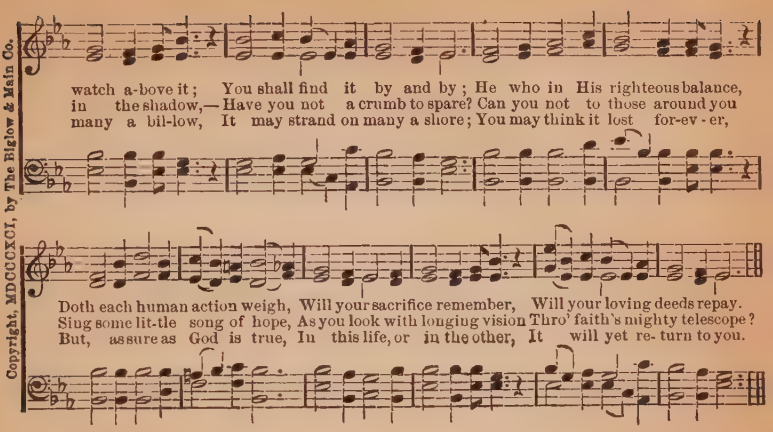
No. 546. Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

"For thou shall find it after many days."—Eccl. 11: 1.

R. Edgar. Ira D. Sankey.

1. "Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters," You who have but scant sup-ply; An-gel eyes will
2. "Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters," Sad and wea-ry, worn with care; Oft-en sit-ting
3. "Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters," You who have a-bundant store; It may float on



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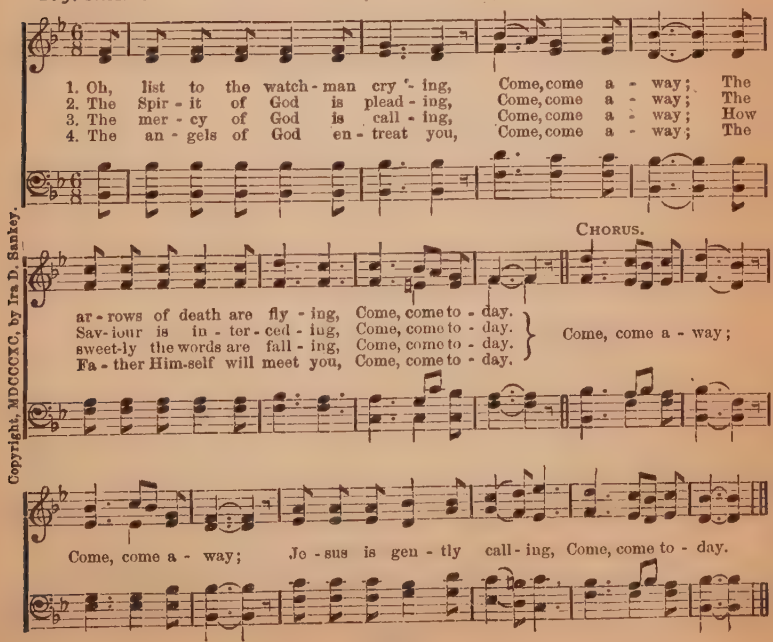
No. 547. Come, Come Away.

"All things are ready, come."—MATT. 22: 4.

F. J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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No. 548. Whosoever Calleth.

JULIA STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Oh, hear the joy - ful mes - sage, 'Tis sounding far and wide; Good news of full sal - va - tion, Thro' Him, the Cru - ci - fied; God's Word is truth e - ter - nal; Its prom-ise all may claim, Who look by faith to Je - sus, And call up-on His name.
2. Ye souls that long in dark - ness The path of sin have trod, Be - hold, the light of mer - cy! Be - hold the Lamb of God; With all your heart be - lieve Him, And now the prom-ise claim, That none shall ev - er per - ish, Who call up-on His name.
3. Ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Oppressed with toil and care, He waits to bid you wel - come, And all your bur - dens bear; A pre - cious gift He of - fers, A gift that all may claim, Who look to Him be - liev - ing, And call up-on His name.

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CHORUS.

"Who - so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so - ev - er call - eth on His name shall be saved! Who - so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so - ev - er call - eth on the Lord shall be saved!"

No. 549. Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

Duet. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en - treats you, Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for - give your trans-gressions, And re - mem-ber them no more! no more;

Quartet.

Tho' they be red..... like crim - son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com - pas - sion, And of won - drous love;
"Look un - to me..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

Duet. *p* Quartet. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en - treats you, Hear the voice that en - treats you,
He'll for - give your trans - gres - sions, He'll for - give your trans- gres - sions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

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No. 550. They that Wait upon the Lord.

G. M. J. James McGranahan.

Allegretto.

1. Ho, reap - ers in the whitened har - vest! Oft fee - ble, faint and few,
2. Too oft a - wea - ry and dis - cour - aged, We pour a sad com - plaint;
3. Re - joice, for He is with us al - way, Lo, e - ven to the end!

They that Wait upon the Lord.

Come wait up-on the bless-ed Mas-ter, Our strength He will re-new.
Be-liev-ing in a *liv-ing* Sav-iour, Why should we ev-er faint?
Look up, take cour-age and go for-ward, All need-ed grace He'll send.

CHORUS. ISA. 40: 31.

"For they that wait up-on the Lord..... shall re-new..... their
that wait up-on the Lord shall re-new,..... shall re-

rit.

strength, they shall mount up with wings, they shall mount up with wings as ea-gles;
new their strength, they shall mount..... up with wings,

they shall mount up, shall mount up with wings,

a tempo.

They shall run..... and not be wea-ry, they shall walk and not faint;
They shall run and not be weary, They shall walk, shall walk and not faint;

They shall run..... and not be wea-ry, they shall walk and not
They shall run and not be wea-ry, they shall walk, shall

faint; They shall run and not be wea-ry, shall walk and not faint."
walk and not faint;

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No. 551. Neither do I Condemn Thee.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "Neither do I condemn thee,"—O words of wondrous grace; Thy sins were borne up-
2. "Neither do I condemn thee,"—For there is there-fore now No con-dem-na-tion
3. "Neither do I condemn thee,"—I came not to con-demn; I came from God to
4. "Neither do I condemn thee,"—O praise the God of grace; O praise His Son our

CHORUS.

on the cross, Be-lieve, and go in peace.
for thee, As at the cross you bow.
save thee, And turn thee from thy sin.
Sav-iour, For this His word of peace.
} "Nei-ther do I con-demn thee," O

sing it o'er and o'er; "Neither do I condemn thee, Go and sin no more."

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No. 552. Our Sabiour King.

"His mercy endureth forever."—Ps. 136: 1.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. He lives and loves, our Sav-iour King; With joy-ful lips your trib-ute bring;
2. His Hand is strong, His word en-dures, His sac-ri-fice our peace se-cures;
3. Each day re-veals His constant love, With "mercies new" from heav'n a-bove;

Re-peat His praise, ex-alt His name, Whose grace and truth are still the same.
From sin and death He doth re-deem, His changeless love be all our theme.
Thro' a-ges past His word has stood; Oh, taste and see that He is good.

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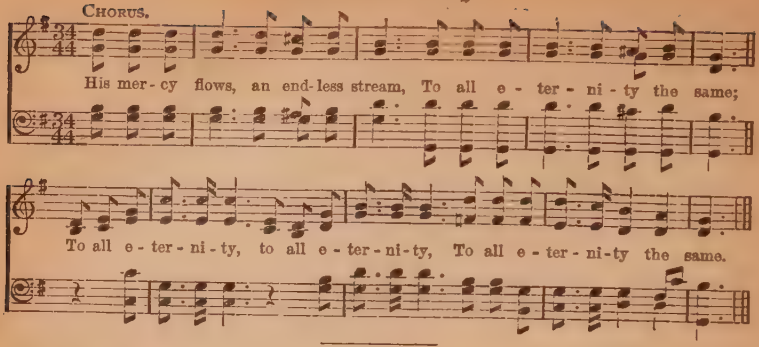

No. 553. His Mercy Flows.

1 O thank the Lord, the Lord of love,
O thank the God all gods above;
O thank the mighty King of kings,
Whose arm hath done such wondrous things.

2 Whose wisdom gave the heav'ns their birth,
And on the waters spread the earth;
Who taught yon glorious lights their way,
The radiant sun to rule the day.

3 The moon and stars to rule the night,
With radiance of a milder light;
Who smote the Egyptians' stubborn pride,
When in His wrath, their first-born died.

4 Who thought on us amidst our woes,
And rescued us from all our foes;
Who daily feeds each living thing;
O thank the heaven's Almighty King.

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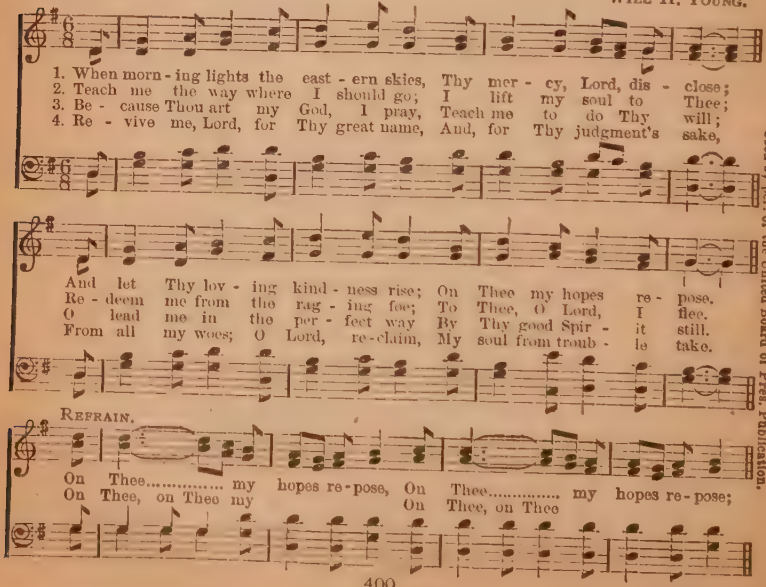
No. 554. Morning Lights.

(Metrical Version.)

Psalm 143.

Will H. Young.



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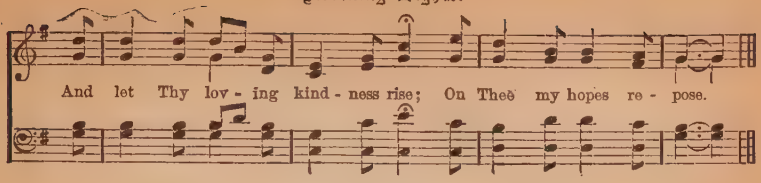
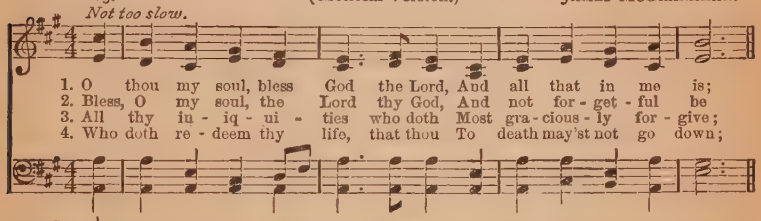
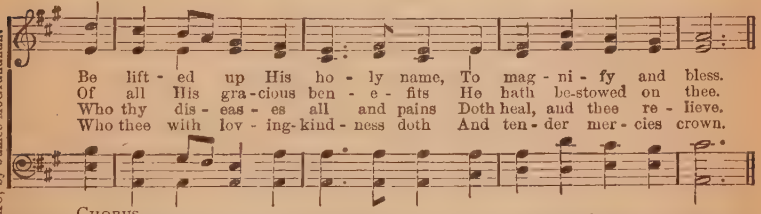


No. 555. Bless the Lord.

PSALM 103. (Metrical Version.) JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Not too slow.





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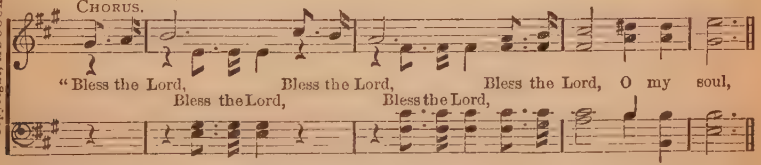

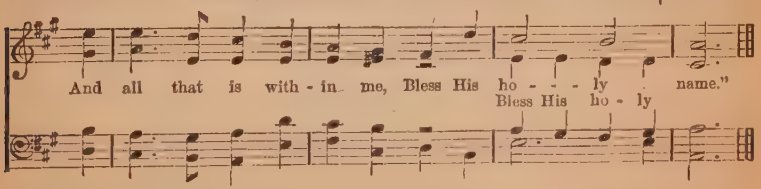

No. 556. I'll Thee Exalt.

1 I'll Thee exalt, my God, O King,
Thy name I will adore;
I'll bless Thee every day, and praise
Thy name forevermore.

2 The Lord is great, much to be praised,
His greatness search exceeds;
Race unto race shall praise Thy works,
And show Thy mighty deeds.

By permission.

3 I of Thy glorious majesty
The honor will record;
I'll speak of all Thy mighty works,
Which wondrous are, O Lord.

4 Men, of Thine acts the might shall show,
Thine acts that dreadful are;
And I, Thy glory to advance,
Thy greatness will declare.

No. 557. I Cried to God.

PSALM 77. (Metrical Version.) W. S. MARSHALL.

1. I cried to God, I cried, He heard; In day of grief I sought the Lord;
2. I thought of God, and was distressed; Complained, yet trouble round me pressed;
3. The days of old I called to mind, The ancient years when God was kind;
4. Will God cast off for ev - er-more? His fa - vor will He ne'er re - store?

All night with hands stretch'd out I wept, My soul no com-fort would ac - cept.
Thou hold - est, Lord, my eyes a-wake; So great my grief I can - not speak.
I called to mind my song by night; My mus - ing spir - it sought for light.
Has grace for ev - er passed a - way? Or, doth His prom-ise fail for aye?

CHORUS.

Hath God for - got-ten to be kind? His ten - der love in wrath confined?

My weakness this, yet faith doth stand Re - call - ing years of God's right hand.

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No. 558. Whiter than Snow.

PSALM 51. (Metrical Version.) J. B. HERBERT.

1. In Thy great lov - ing kind - ness, Lord, Be mer - ci - ful to me;
2. O wash me thor-ough - ly from sin; From all my guilt me cleanse;
3. 'Gainst Thee, Thee on- ly have I sinned, Done e - vil in Thy sight,
4. Be - hold, I in in - iq - ui - ty My be - ing first re - ceived;

In Thy com - pass-ions great blot out All my in - iq - ui - ty.
For my trans - gres - sions I con-fess; I ev - er see my sins.
That when Thou speak'st Thou may'st be just, And in Thy judg-ing right.
And with a na - ture all cor-rupt My moth - er me con - ceived.

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Whiter than Snow.

CHORUS.

Wash..... Thou me, yes, wash..... Thou me, And
Wash Thou me, yea, wash Thou me, Wash Thou me, yea, wash Thou me,

then I shall be whit-er than the snow,..... I shall be whit-er than the snow.
snow, the snow,

No. 559. Thee will I Love.

PSALM 18. (Metrical Version.) JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.

1. Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength, My fort - ress is the Lord;
2. The Lord is wor - thy to be prais'd, Up - on His name I'll call;
3. In my dis - tress I call'd on God, Cry to my God did I;
4. I there-fore will to Thee, O Lord, In songs my thanks pro - claim;

My rock, and He that doth to me De - liv - er - ance af - ford.
And He from all my en - e - mies Pre - serve me safe - ly shall.
He from His tem - ple heard my voice, To His ears came my cry.
And I a - mong the hea - then will Sing prais - es to Thy name.

CHORUS.

My God whom I will trust, A buck-ler un - to me,.....
My God, my strength,

cres.

The horn of my sal - va - tion, too, And my high tow'r is He.

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No. 560. As Pants the Hart.

PSALM 42. (Metrical Version.) JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Far from Thy sa - cred courts my tears Have been my food by night and day,
2. These things I'll call to mind, and cry, When I shall tread the sa - cred way
3. O why art thou cast down, my soul? And what should so dis - qui - et thee?

While con-stant - ly, with bit - ter sneers, "Where is thy God?" the scof - fers say.
To Zi - on, prais - ing God on high, With throngs who keep the ho - ly day.
Still hope in God, and Him ex - tol, Whose face brings saving health to me.

CHORUS.

rit.

As pants the hart for wa-ter brooks, So pants my soul, O God, for
As pants the hart for wa-ter brooks, So pants my soul, O

a tempo.

Thee: For Thee it thirsts, to Thee it looks, And longs the liv-ing God to see.
God, for Thee:

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No. 561. For Jehovah I am Waiting.

PSALM 130. (Metrical Version.) WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. From the depths do I in - voke Thee, O Je - ho - vah, give an ear;
2. Lord, if Thou shouldst mark transgressions, Who be - fore Thee, Lord, shall stand?
3. Is - rael, hope thou in Je - ho - vah, Mer-cies great are found with Him;

To my voice be Thou at - ten - tive, And my sup - pli - ca - tions hear.
But with Thee there is for - give - ness, That Thy name may fear com - mand.
He, a - bound - ing in re - demp - tion, Is - rael will from sin re - deem.

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For Jehovah I am Waiting.

CHORUS.

I am wait-ing,... I am wait-ing,..... And my hope is in His word;
For Je-ho-vah I am wait-ing, wait-ing, My hope is in His word;

I am wait-ing,..... ev-er wait-ing,..... Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.....
In His word of prom-ise, my hope is in His word, Yea, my soul..... waits for the Lord.

No. 562. O Praise Him.

PSALM 150. (Metrical Version.) JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.

1. O praise our Lord, where rich in grace His pres-ence fills His ho-ly place;
2. O praise Him for His deeds of fame, O praise the great-ness of His name;
3. O praise Him with the notes of joy, And ev-'ry harp in praise em-ploy;

Praise Him in yon co-les-tial arch, Where holds His pow'r its glorious march, Where holds His
O praise Him with the trumpet's sound, With harp and psaltery answering round, With harp and
On cym-bals loud, Je-hovah praise, On cymbals high His glo-ry raise, On cym-bals

CHORUS.

pow'r its glo-rious march.
psal-tery answering round.
high His glo-ry raise.
} O praise Him, O praise Him for all His deeds of

fame; O praise Him, O praise Him, O praise His might-y name; Let all that
Let all

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Lift up their voice,

breathe with glad accord, Lift up their voice, their voice, and praise, and praise the Lord.
that breathe

No. 563. Remember Me.

PSALM 25. (Metrical Version.) C. E. POLLOCK.

CHORUS.

1. To Thee I lift my soul, O Lord; My God, I trust in Thee;
O let me nev - er be a-shamed, Nor foes ex - ult o'er me.
2. O Lord, let none be put to shame, Up- on Thee who at- tend;
But make all those to be a-shamed, Who causeless-ly of- fend.
3. Thy ways, Lord, show; teach me Thy paths; Lead me in truth, teach me;
For of my safe - ty Thou art God; All day I wait on Thee.
4. Let not the er - rors of my youth, Nor sins re-mem-bered be;
In mer - cy, for Thy good-ness' sake, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

Re-mem-ber me, re-member me, O Lord, re-member me; In mer-cy for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord, remember me.

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No. 564. Follow On!

W. O. CUSHING. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Down in the val - ley, with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom-ing and the sweet wa - ters flow; Ev - 'ry-where He leads me I would
2. Down in the val - ley, with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are sweep-ing and the dark wa - ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
3. Down in the val - ley, or up - on the mount-ain steep, Close be - side my Sav - iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe-ly, in the

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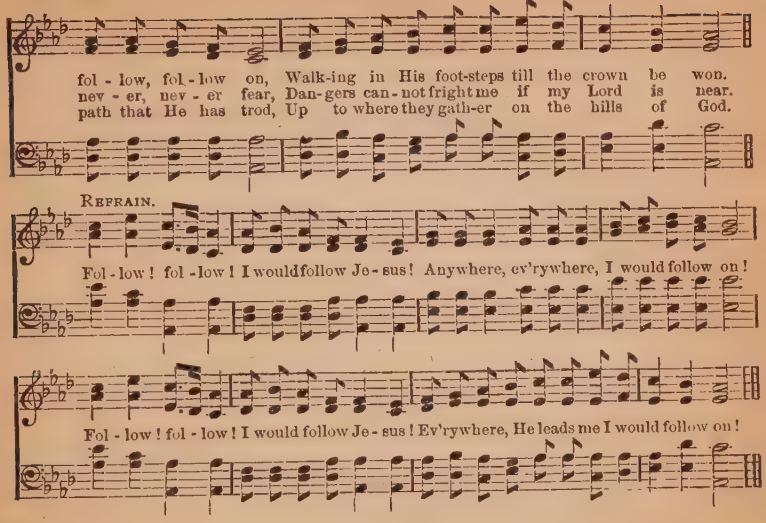
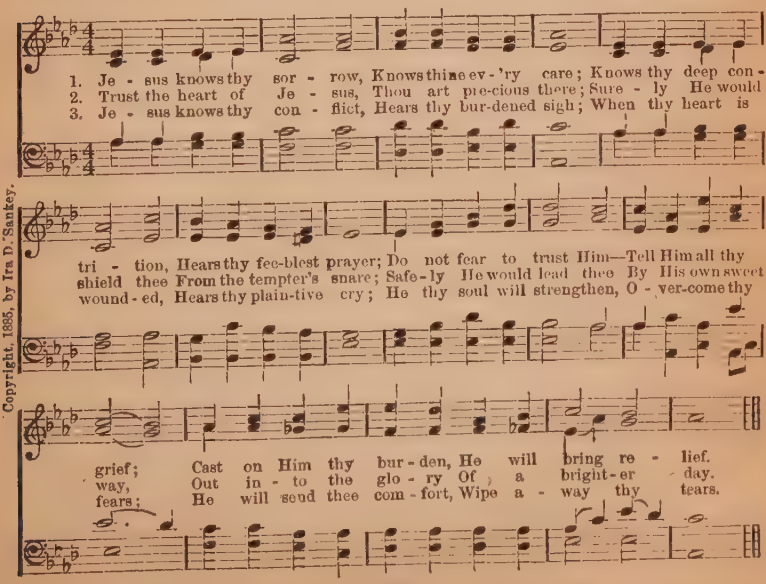


No. 565. Jesus Knows thy Sorrow.

W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.



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No. 566. Gather Them In.

F. J. Van Alstyne. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room At the feast that the King has spread;
2. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room; But our hearts—how they throb with pain,
3. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room; 'Tis a mes-sage from God a-bove;

Oh, gath-er them in!—let His house be filled, And the hun-gry and poor be fed.
To think of the ma-ny who slight the call That may nev-er be heard a-gain!
Oh, gath-er them in-to the fold of grace, And the arms of the Saviour's love!

Refrain.

Out in the high-way, out in the by-way, Out in the dark paths of sin.

Go forth, go forth, with a lov-ing heart, And gath-er the wand'rers in!

Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

No. 567. We're Marching to Zion.

Isaac Watts. Rev. R. Lowry.

Spirited.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But children of the
3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thousand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-

sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne, And
heav'n-ly King, But children of the heav'nly King, May speak their joys a-broad, May
heav'n-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'nly field, Or walk the gold-en streets, Or
manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair-er world's on high, To

thus surround the throne, And thus sur-

Copyright, 1867, by Rev. R. Lowry.

We're Marching to Zion.

CHORUS.

thus surround the throne.
speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets.
fair - er worlds on high.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

round the throne. We're marching on to Zi - on,

Zi - on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.

Zi - on, Zi - on,

No. 568. Have you any Room for Jesus?

Arr. by W. W. D. from L. W. M. C. C. WILLIAMS.

1. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, He who bore your load of sin;
2. Room for pleas - ure, room for business, But for Christ the cru - ci - fied;
3. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?
4. Room and time now give to Je - sus, Soon will pass God's day of grace;

As He knocks and asks ad - mis - sion, Sin - ner will you let Him in?
Not a place that He can en - ter, In the heart for which He died?
O to - day is time ac - cept - ed, To - mor - row you may call in vain.
Soon thy heart left cold and si - lent, And thy Saviour's plead - ing cease.

CHORUS.

Room for Je - sus, King of glo - ry! Has - ten now His word o - bey!

Swing the heart's door wide - ly o - pen, Bid Him en - ter while you may.

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No. 569. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
linger - ing near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wan - d'rer come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—*but lost!*"

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No. 570. The Ninety and Nine.

To be sung only as a Solo.

E. C. Clephane. Ira D. Sankey.

1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are they not e - nough for
3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How deep were the wa - ters

fold, But one was out on the hills a - way, Far
Thee?" But the Shep - herd made an - swer; "This of mine Has
cross'd; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He

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off from the gates of gold— A - way on the mount - ains wild and bare,
wan - dered a - way from me, And, although the road be rough and steep
found His sheep that was lost: Out in the des - ert He heard its cry—

rit.

A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.
I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."
Sick and helpless, and read - y to die, Sick, and helpless, and read - y to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back:"
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the Angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

No. 571. Revive Thy Work.

ALBERT MIDLANE. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy mighty arm make bare; Speak with the voice that
2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death; Quick - en the sinnerd'ring
3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee; But hung'ring for the
4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy precious name; And, by the Ho - ly

CHORUS.

wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear. Re - vive!..... re - vive!..... And
em - bers now By Thine Almight - y breath.
bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be!
Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.

Re - vive Thy work! re - vive Thy work! And

give re-freshing showers; The glo - ry shall be all Thine own; The blessing shall be ours.

give, oh, give, refreshing showers;

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No. 572. I am Thine, O Lord.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy ser-vice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

Refrain.

Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near - er,
Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleeding side.

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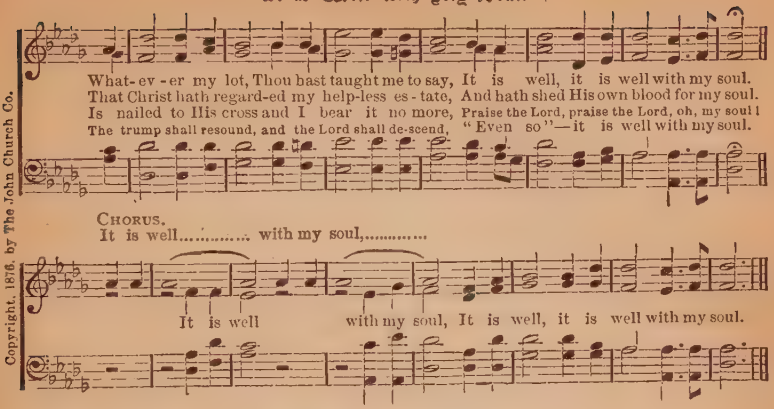
No. 573. It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. Stafford. P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sorrows like sea - billows roll;
2. Though Satan should buffet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest as - sur-ance control,
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—My sin—not in part but the whole,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll,



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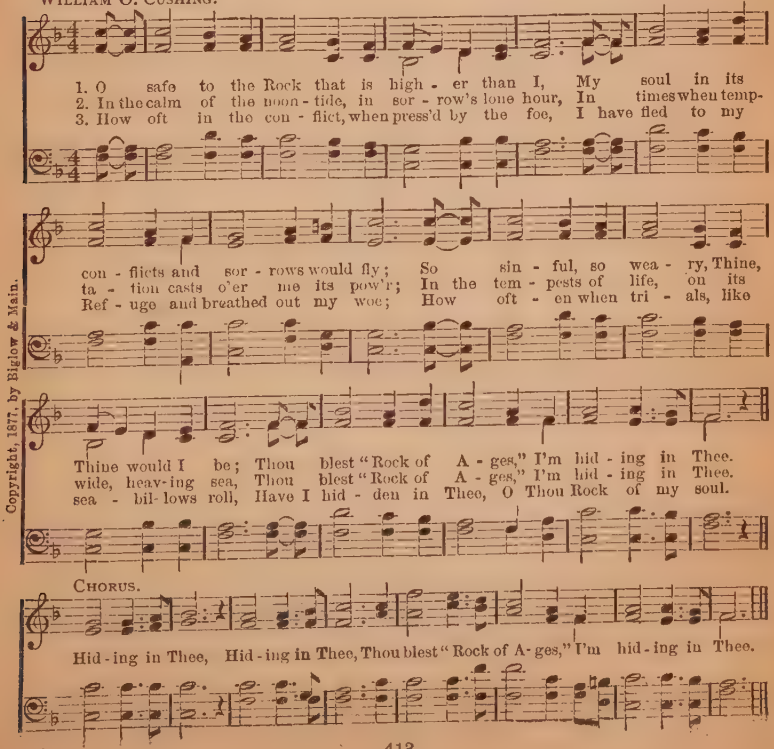
No. 574. Hiding in Thee.

WILLIAM O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.



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No. 575. Oh, Where are the Reapers.

EBEN E. REXFORD. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Oh, where are the reap-ers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin;
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there, tho' the weeds are tall;
3. The fields all are ripening, and far and wide The world now is waiting the har-vest tide:
4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gather togeth - er the gold-en grain;

With sick-les of truth must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
Then search in the highway, and pass none by, But gath-er from all for the home on high.
But reap-ers are few, and the work is great, And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Toil on till the Lord of the har-vest come, Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."

CHORUS.

Where are the reapers! Oh, who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "harvest home?"

Oh, who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

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No. 576. To the Work.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser - vants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a

fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His coun - sel our
fount-ain of Life let the wea - ry be led; In the cross and its ban - ner our
king-dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je - ho - vah ex -
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re-ward; When the home of the faith - ful our

strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the tid - ings, "*Sal - va - tion is free!*
alt - ed shall be In the loud swell-ing cho - rus, "*Sal - va - tion is free!*
dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ransom'd, "*Sal - va - tion is free!*

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CHORUS.

Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing
Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on,
on, Let us hope, Let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.
Toiling on, and trust, and pray,

No. 577. My Redeemer.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem - er And His won - drous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, How my lost es - tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem - er, His tri - umph - ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem - er, And His heav'n - ly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suf - fered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing,..... of my Re-deem - er, With His blood.....

Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, With His blood He pur-chased me, He pur-chased me,..... On the blood..... He pur-chased me,

blood He pur-chased me, With His blood He pur-chased me; On the cross..... He sealed my par - don, Paid the

cross, He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par-don, Paid the

Repeat pp after last verse.

debt, and made me free, And made me free, and made me free.

debt, and made me free,

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No. 578. While the Days are going By.

GEORGE COOPER. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. { There are lone-ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go-ing by; }
   { There are wea-ry souls who per-ish, While the days are go-ing by; }
2. { There's no time for i-dle scorn-ing, While the days are go-ing by; }
   { Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go-ing by; }
3. { All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by; }
   { One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by; }

If a smile we can re-new, As our jour-ney we pur-sue, Oh, the
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes; Help your
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will

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REFRAIN.

good we all may do, While the days are going by.
fall - en brother rise, While the days are going by.
keep our hearts aglow, While the days are going by.
Go-ing by, go-ing by,
going by, going by,
Go-ing by, go-ing by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by.
going by, go-ing by,

No. 579. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing the mo - ver a - gain to me, Won-derful words of Life, Let me more of their
2. Christ, the blessed One gives to all, Won-derful words of Life, Sin - ner, list to the
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-derful words of Life, Of - fer pardon and

beau - ty see, Wonderful words of Life. Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and du-ty;
lov - ing call, Wonderful words of Life. All so free-ly giv-en, Woo-ing us to heav-en.
peace to all, Wonderful words of Life. Je - sus, on - ly Saviour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

Beau - ti - ful words, won-der - ful words, Wonder - ful words of Life, Life.

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No. 580. Behold, what Love!

M. S. S. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Be - hold, what love, what boundless love, The Fa - ther hath be - stowed On sin-ners
2. No long - er far from Him, but now By "precious blood" made nigh; Ac - cept - ed
3. What we in glo - ry soon shall be, It doth not yet ap - pear; But when our
4. With such a bless - ed hope in view, We would more ho - ly be, More like our

CHORUS.

lost, that we should be Now called the sons of God!
in the "Well-beloved," Near to God's heart we lie.
pre - cious Lord we see, We shall His im - age bear.
ris - en, glo - rious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

Be - hold, what manner of

love!.....What manner of love the Fa - ther hath bestowed up - on us,

What manner of love,

That we,.....that we should be call'd,..... Should be call'd the sons of God.

the sons of God,

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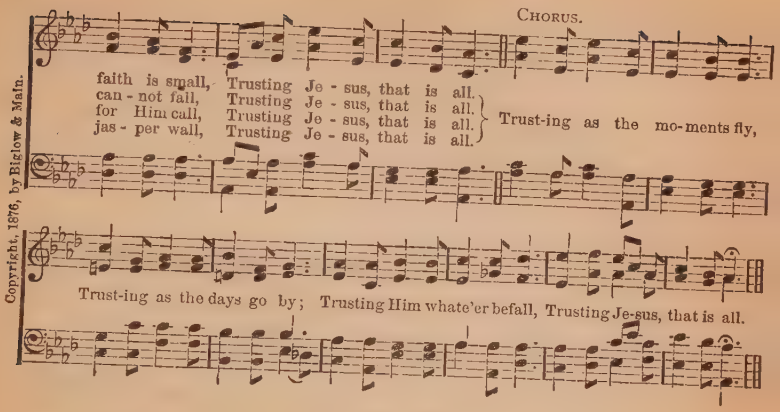
No. 581. Trusting Jesus, That is All.

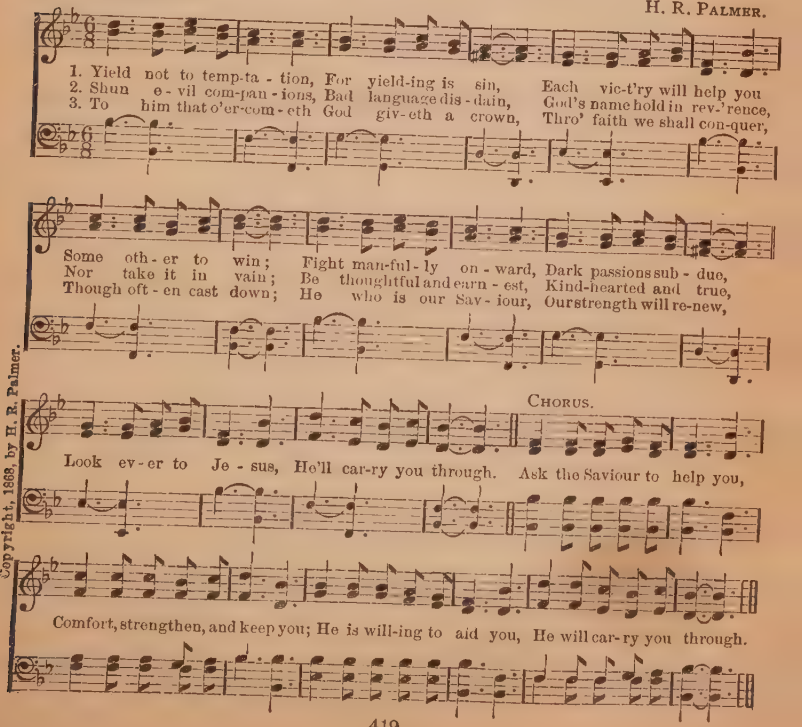
E. P. STITES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Simp - ly trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing thro' a storm - y way; E - ven when my
2. Bright - ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine; While He leads I
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear; If in dan - ger,
4. Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth is past; Till with - in the



No. 582. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. PALMER.



No. 583. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer. Oh, what peace we oft - en for - felt, Oh, what needless pain we bear—All because we do not car - ry Ev'ry thing to God in prayer.
2. Have we tri - als and tempta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where? We should never be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
3. Are we weak and heavy - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care? Pre - cious Saviour, still our Ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer; In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

Used by per.

No. 584. I've Found a Friend.

Rev. J. G. SMALL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him; He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him. And 'round my heart still closely twine Those
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me; And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me. Nought that I have my own I call, I
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en; To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heav - en. Th' e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der, So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er! From Him, who loves me now so well, What

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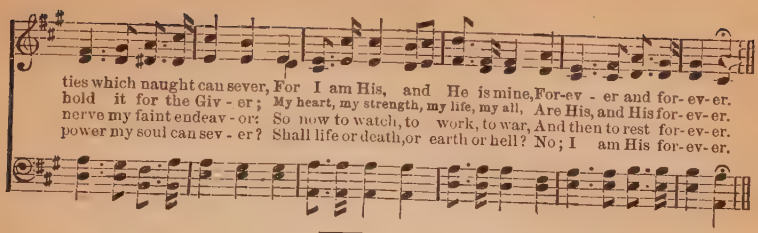
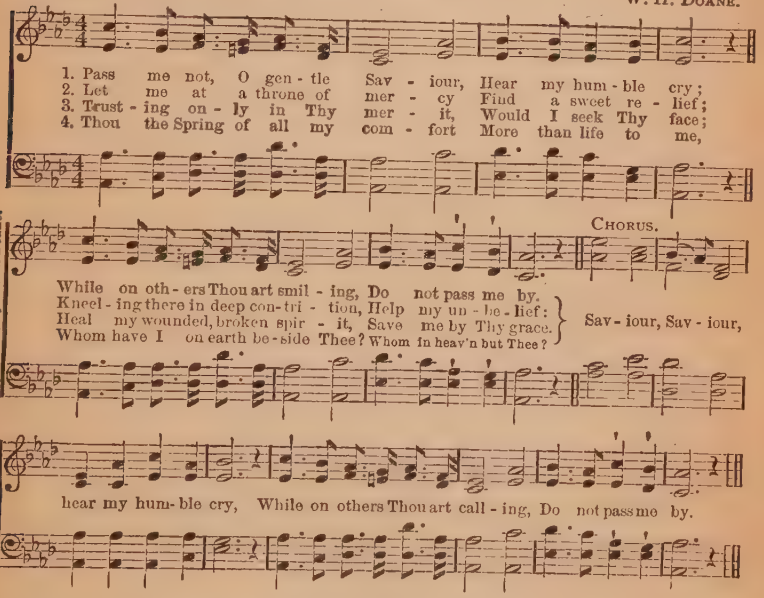


No. 585. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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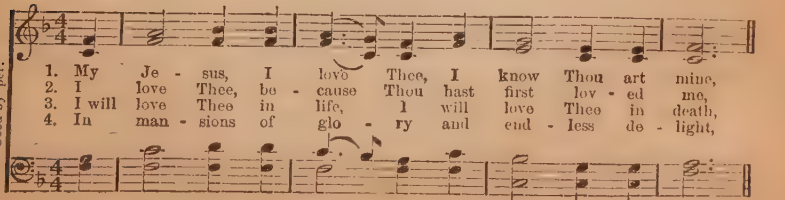
No. 586. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.



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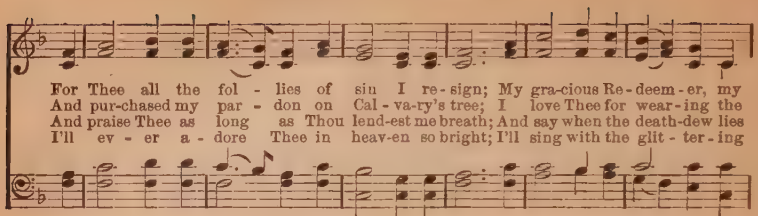
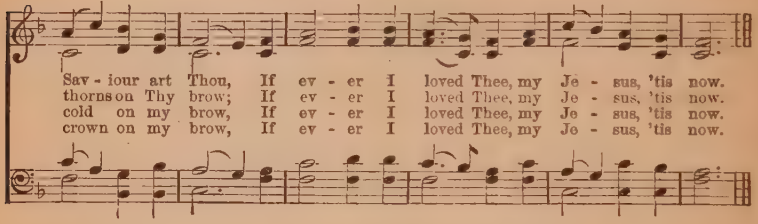
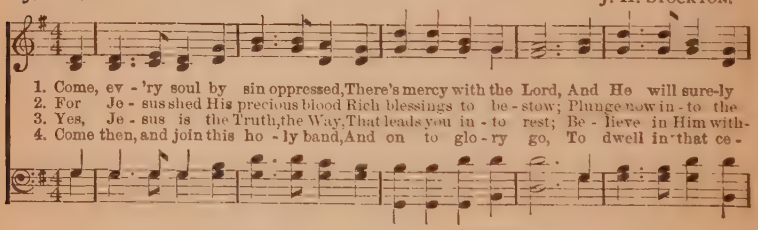


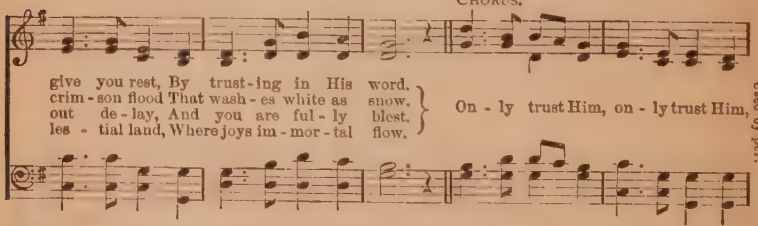


No. 587. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.



Chorus.



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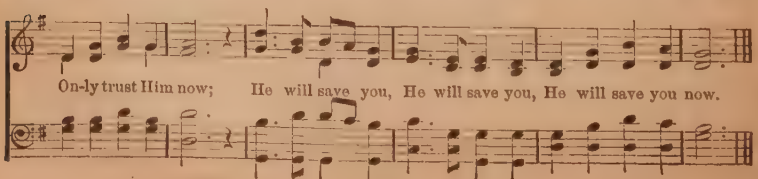

No. 588. All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in-deed is small;
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone,
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—
4. When from my dy-ing bed My ran-somed soul shall rise,
5. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete,

Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my gar-ments white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
Then "Je-sus paid it all" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
I'll lay my tro-phies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

Used by per.

CHORUS.

Je-sus, paid it all, All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crim-son stain: He washed it white as snow.

No. 589. I Am Praying for You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Sav-iour, He's pleading in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-iour tho'
2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv-en A hope for e-ter-ni-ty,
3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splendent in whiteness, A-wait-ing in glo-ry my
4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv-er— A peace that the friends of this
5. When Je-sus has found you, tell others the sto-ry, That my lov-ing Sav-iour is

earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten-derness o'er me, But
bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav-en, But
won-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in brightness, Dear
world nev-er knew; My Sav-iour a-lone is its Au-thor and Giv-er, And
your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav-iour may bring them to glo-ry, And

CHORUS.

oh, that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too.
oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
friends, could I see you re-ceiv-ing one too!
oh, could I know it was giv-en to you!
pray'r will be answered—'twas an-swered for you!
} For you I am pray-ing, For

you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

No. 590. I shall be Satisfied.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Soul of mine, in earth-ly tem-ple, Why not here con-tent a-bide?
2. Soul of mine, my heart is cling-ing To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
3. Soul of mine, must I sur-ren-der, See my-self as cru-ci-fied;
4. Soul of mine, con-tin-ue plead-ing; Sin re-buke, and fol-ly chide;

Why art thou for-ev-er plead-ing? Why art thou not sat-is-fied?
Ah, why dost thou thus re-prove me? Why art thou not sat-is-fied?
Turn from all of earth's am-bi-tion, That thou may'st be sat-is-fied?
I ac-cept the cross of Je-sus, That thou may'st be sat-is-fied.

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I shall be Satisfied.

CHORUS.

I ..... shall be sat-is-fied, I ..... shall be sat-is-fied,
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied,

When I a-wake in His like-ness, I ..... shall be sat-is-fied,
I shall be sat-is-fied,

I ..... shall be sat-is-fied, When I a-wake in His like-ness.
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied,

No. 591. Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sav-iour! Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I
2. O'er the blest mer-cy-seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee-ble
3. Give me a faith-ful heart— Like-ness to Thee— That each de-
4. All that I am and have— Thy gifts so free— In joy, in

aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je-sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part-ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be-gun,
grief, through life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,

My heart ful-fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy won-drous love de-clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kind-ness done, Some wand'rer sought and won. Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Through all e-ter-ni-ty, Something for Thee.

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No. 592. Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gent - ly:
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt - er, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane.

Chorus.

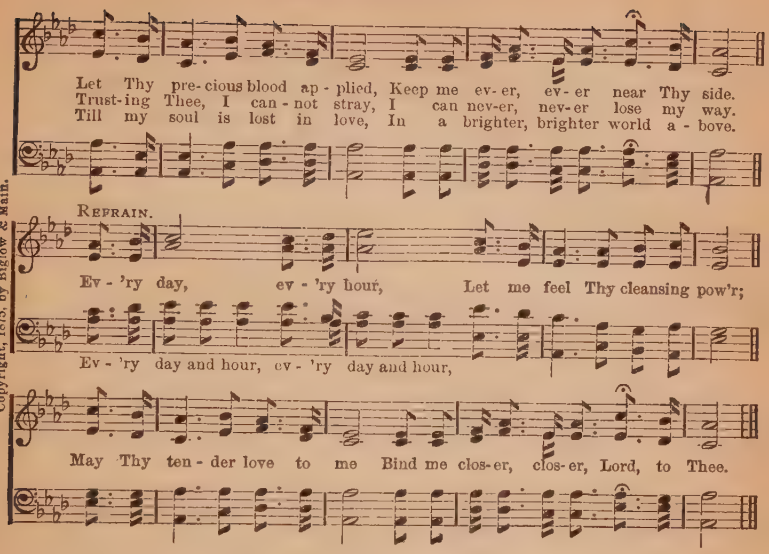
Tell them of Je - sus the migh - ty to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve.
Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - iour has died.
} Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

No. 593. Saviour, More than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang-ing world be - low, Lead me gent-ly, gent-ly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Saviour, More than Life.



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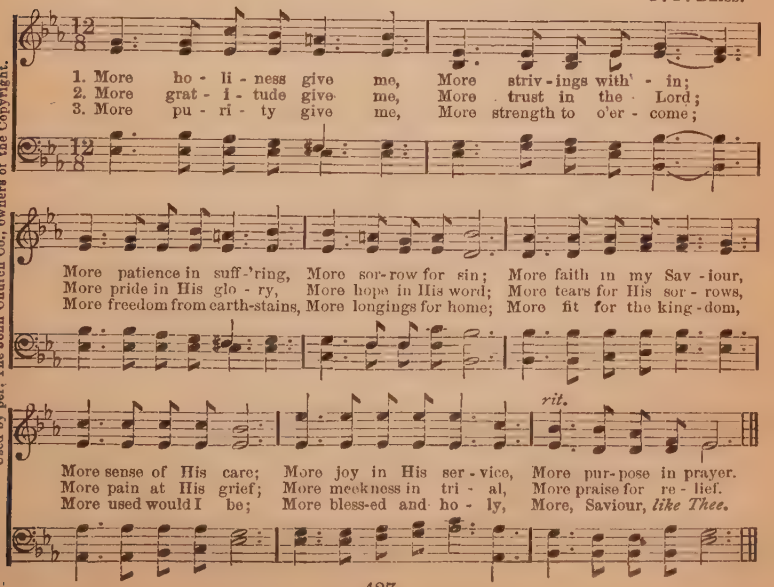
No. 594. My Prayer.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.



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No. 595. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. — LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleans-ing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je-sus who con-firms The bless-ed work with-in, By add-ing grace to

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry.
ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.
welcomed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.
} I am com-ing Lord!

Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

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No. 596. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

F. J. CROSBY. — W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-iour draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him we be-lieve That the

gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-iour and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten-der com-pas-sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav-iour who loves them their sor-row con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing
bless-ings we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive, In the full-ness of this

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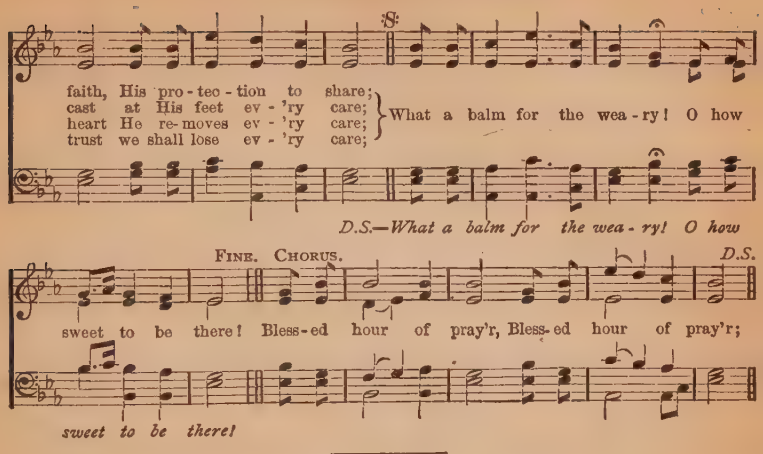
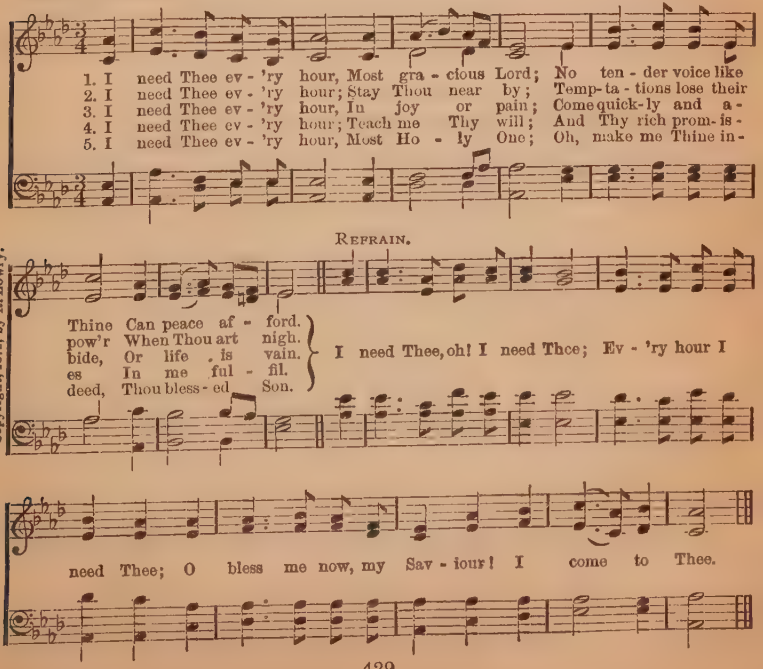


No. 597. I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.



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No. 598. Near the Cross.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross, There a pre-cious fount-ain Free to all— a
2. Near the Cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me; There the Bright and
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me; Help me walk from
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop-ing, trust-ing ev - er, Till I reach the

Chorus.

heal-ing stream, Flows from Cal-vary's mountain.
Morn-ing Star Shed its beams a-round me.
day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me. } In the Cross, in the Cross,
gold-en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.

Be my glo-ry ev-er; Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the riv-er.

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No. 599. Close to Thee.

F. J. Crosby. S. J. Vail.

1. Thou my ev - er-last-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me, All a-long my
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleasure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be; Glad-ly will I
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shadows, Bear me o'er life's tit-ful sea: Then the gate of

Refrain.

pil-grim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to
toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to
life e-ter-nal, May I enter, Lord, with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to

Thee, close to Thee; All a-long my pil-grim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
Thee, close to Thee; Glad-ly will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee.
Thee, close to Thee; Then the gate of life e-ter-nal, May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

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No. 600. I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.

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1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be,
2. My Father's house of light,— My glo - ry-cir-cled throne I left, for earth-ly night,
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitterest ag - o - ny,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a-bove, Sal-va-tion full and free,

f

And quickened from the dead; I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
For wand'rings sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
To res-cue thee from hell; I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
My par-don and My love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

No. 601. There is a Green Hill far away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.

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1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a cit - y wall; Where the dear Lord was
2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear; But we be-lieve it
3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good, That we might go at
4. There was no oth - er good enough, To pay the price of sin; He on - ly could un-

CHORUS.

cru - ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
was for us, He hung and suffered there.
last to heav'n, Sav'd by His pre-cious blood.
lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

Oh, dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And

rit.

we must love Him too; And trust in His re-deeming blood, And try His works to do.

No. 602. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Be-yond the smil-ing and the weep-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-
2. Be-yond the blooming and the fad-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-
3. Be-yond the part-ing and the meet-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-
4. Be-yond the frost-chain and the fe-ver, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-

yond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reap-ing, I shall be soon,
yond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon,
yond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pulse's fe-ver beat-ing, I shall be soon,
yond the rock-waste and the river, Beyond the ev-er and the nev-er, I shall be soon,

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REFRAIN.

I shall be soon. Sweet, sweet home! Lord tarry not, but come.
Love, rest and home! Lord, tarry not,

No. 603. Eternity.

ELLEN M. H. GATES. P. P. BLISS.

1. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! Night and day they nev-er cease;
2. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! How their chang-es rise and fall,
3. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! To their voic-es, loud and low,
4. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! Soon their notes will all be dumb,

We are wea-ried with their chime, For they do not bring us peace;
But in un-der-tone sub-lime, Sounding clear-ly through them all,
In a long, un-rest-ing line We are march-ing to and fro;
And in joy and peace sub-lime, We shall feel the si-lence come;

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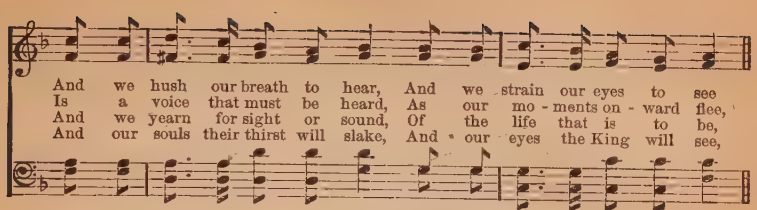
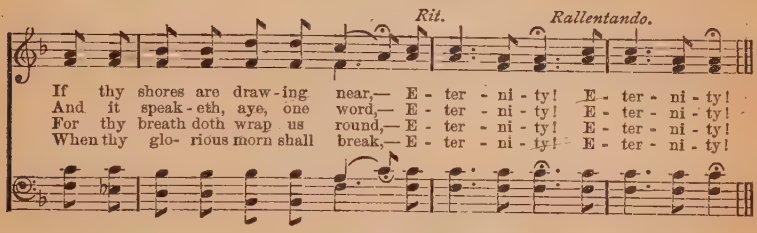
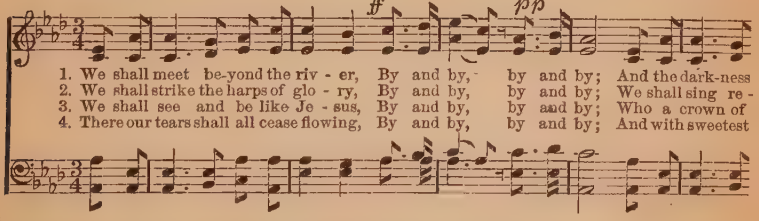
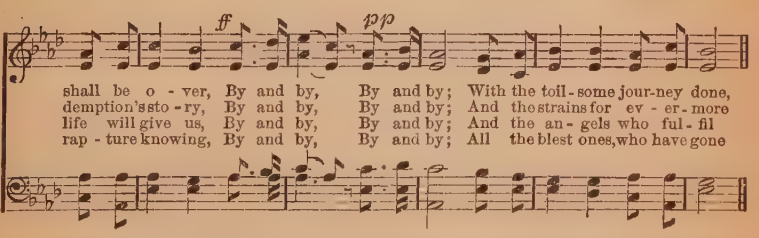




No. 604. We Shall Meet, By and By.

JOHN ATKINSON. HUBERT P. MAIN.





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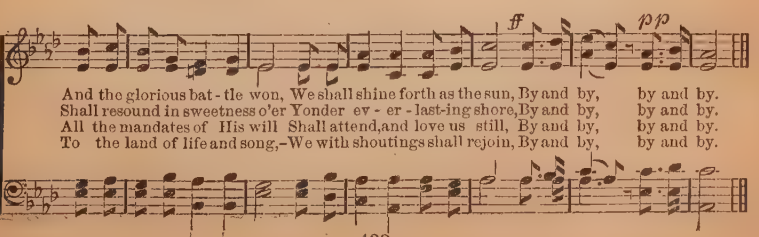

No. 605. Christ is Coming.

J. R. MACDUFF. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Christ is com - ing! let cre - a - tion From her groans and tra - vail cease;
2. Earth can now but tell the sto - ry Of Thy bit - ter cross and pain;
3. Though once cra - dled in a man - ger, Oft no pil - low but the sod;
4. Long Thy ex - iles have been pin - ing, Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
5. With that "bless - ed hope" be - fore us, Let no harp re - main un - strung;

Let the glo - rious proc - la - ma - tion Hope re - store and faith in - crease:
She shall yet be - hold Thy glo - ry, When Thou com - est back to reign.
Here an a - lien and a stran - ger, Mock'd of men, dis-own'd of God.
But, in heaven - ly ves - ture shin - ing, Soon they shall Thy glo - ry see.
Let the might - y ran-som'd cho - rus On - ward roll from tongue to tongue.

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CHORUS.

Christ is com - ing! Christ is com - ing! Come, Thou bless - ed Prince of peace!

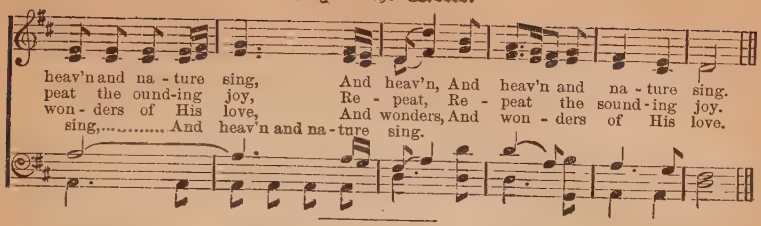
Christ is com - ing! Christis com - ing! Come, Thou bless - ed Prince of peace!

No. 606. Joy to the World.

I. WATTS. (ANTIOCH. C. M.) ATT. fr. GEO. F. HANDEL.

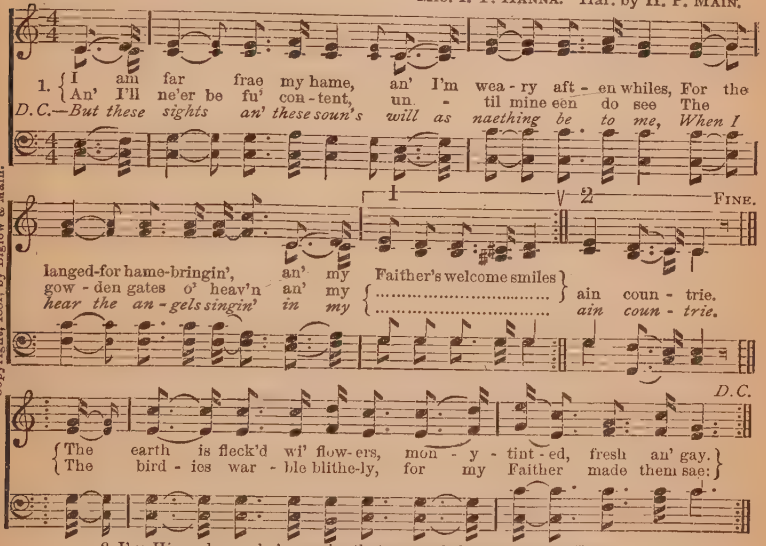
1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The

ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re -
glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And won-ders of His love, And
And heav'n, And heav'n and nature



No. 607. My Ain Countrie.

M. L. Demarest, 1860–1881. Mrs. I. T. Hanna. Har. by H. P. Main.



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2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' owre, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair
For His bluid has made me white, an' His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed, bonnie place,
I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face;
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.
Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.

4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what 'oor I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait
For the soun'in' o' His fitfa' this side the gowden gate:
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

No. 608. Beulah Land.

E. P. Stites. Jno. R. Swenny.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. The Sav-iour comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun - ion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heav - en's mel - o - dy,

Here shines undimm'd one bliss - ful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.
He gent - ly leads me with His hand, For this is heav - en's bor - der - land.
And flow'rs that nev - er fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er - flow.
As an - gels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet ro - demp - tion song.

Chorus.

O Beu - lah land, sweet Beu - lah land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where man-sions are pre - pared for me,
And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home for - ev - er - more.

From "Goodly Pearls," by per. John J. Hood.

No. 609. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow - ing in the noon - tide
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows, Fearing nei - ther clouds nor
3. Go - ing forth with weeping, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

Used by per.

and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,
win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep-ing's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come,

CHORUS.

We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring-ing in the sheaves. Bring-ing in the sheaves,

bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring-ing in the sheaves,

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

No. 610. Depth of Mercy.

C. WESLEY. F. W. KÜCKEN. Arr. H. P. MAIN.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me? Can my God His
2. I have long with-stood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face; Would not hearken
3. Now, in-cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment; Now my foul re -

wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?
to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
volt de-plore, Look, be-lieve, and sin no more, Look, be-lieve, and sin no more.

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No. 611. The Crowning Day.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Our Lord is now re - ject - ed, And by the world dis-owned,
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splen - dor, But bright - er far than they
3. Our pain shall then be o - ver, We'll sin and sigh no more,
4. Let all that look for, has - ten The com - ing joy - ful day,

By the *ma - ny* still ne - glect - ed, And by the *few* en-throned,
The saints shall shine in glo - ry, As Christ shall them ar - ray,
Be - hind us all of sor - row, And naught but joy be - fore,
By ear - nest con - se - cra - tion, To walk the nar - row way,

But soon He'll come in glo - ry, The hour is draw - ing nigh, For the
The beau - ty of the Sav - iour, Shall daz - zle ev - 'ry eye, In the
A joy in our Re - deem - er, As we to Him are nigh, In the
By gath - 'ring in the lost ones, For whom our Lord did die, For the

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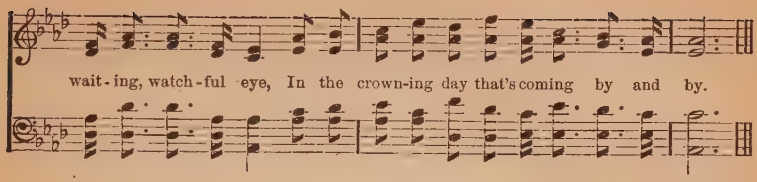
CHORUS.

crown-ing day is coming by and by.
crown-ing day that's coming by and by.
crown-ing day that's coming by and by.
crown-ing day that's coming by and by.
} Oh, the crown-ing day is com-ing,

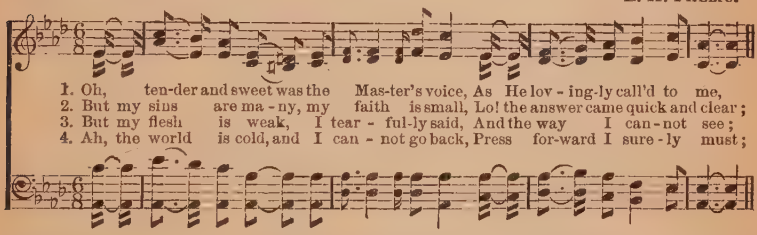
Is com - ing by and by, When our Lord shall come in "pow - er,"

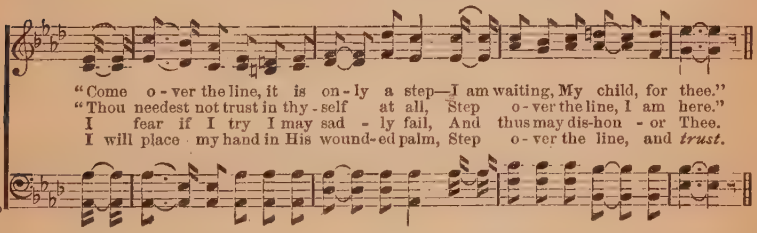
And "glo - ry" from on high. Oh, the glo - rious sight will glad - den, Each



No. 612. Over the Line.

ELLEN K. BRADFORD. E. H. PHELPS.





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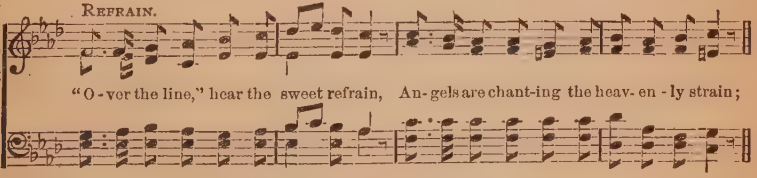
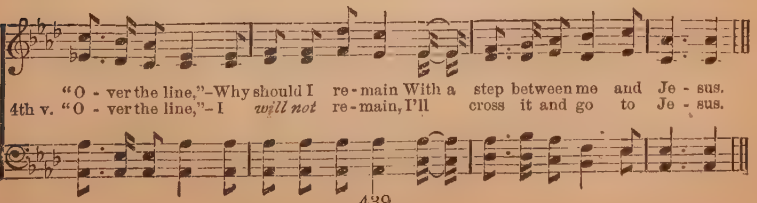
REFRAIN.





No. 613. How Firm a Foundation.

(Portuguese Hymn. 11s.)

G. Keith. M. Portogallo.

1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said,— To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus hath fled?
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by My gra - cious, om-nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by My gra - cious om-nip - o - tent hand.
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor-rows shall not o - ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless, And sanc-ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis-tress.
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not—I will not de - sert to His foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en-deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er—no nev - er—no nev - er for-sake!" I'll nev - er— no nev - er— no nev - er for-sake!"

No. 614. Glory be to the Father.

H. W. Greatorex.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be-ginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: A - men, A - men.

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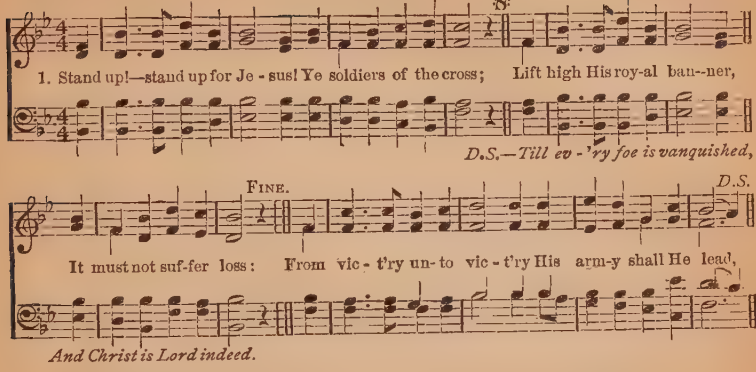
No. 615. Stand up for Jesus.

(Webb. 7s. 6s.)

G. Duffield. G. J. Webb.



2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

No. 616.

The Morning Light. 7s. 6s.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

S. F. Smith.

No. 617.

Sometimes a Light Surprises.

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

W. Cowper.

No. 618. "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

Joyfully.

1. "Who - so - ev - er hear - eth," shout, shout the sound! Send the bless-ed tid - ings
2. "Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Nor the door is o - pen,
3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the prom - ise se - cure, "Who-so - ev - er will," for

all the world a - round; Spread the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en - dure; "Who - so - ev - er will," 'tis life for - ev - er - more;

Chorus.

"Who - so - ev - er will, may come." "Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will,"

Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing

Fa - ther calls the wand - 'rer home!" "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

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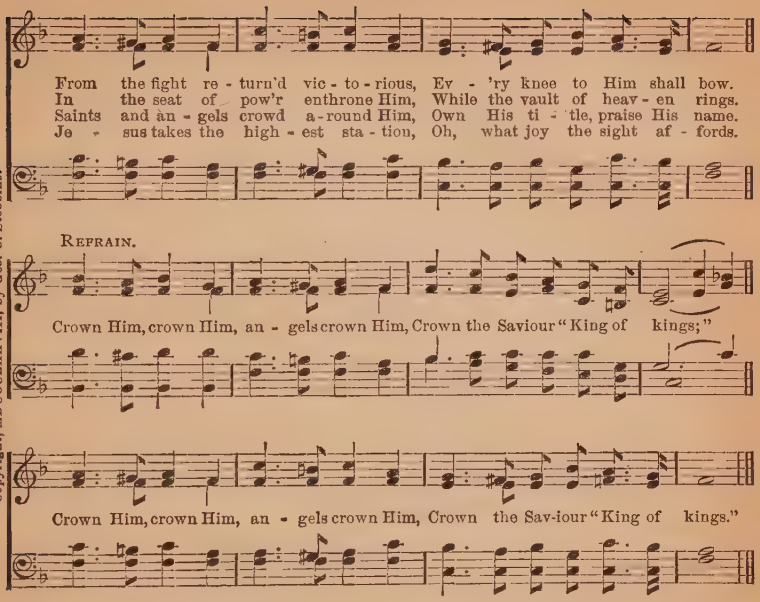
No. 619. Crown Him.

Rev. Thos. Kelly.

Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious; See the "Man of sor - rows" now;
2. Crown the Sav - iour, an - gels, crown Him; Rich the tro-phies Je - sus brings;
3. Sin - ners in de - ri - sion crown'd Him; Mock - ing thus the Sav-iour's claim;
4. Hark! the bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark! these loud tri-umph - ant chords;



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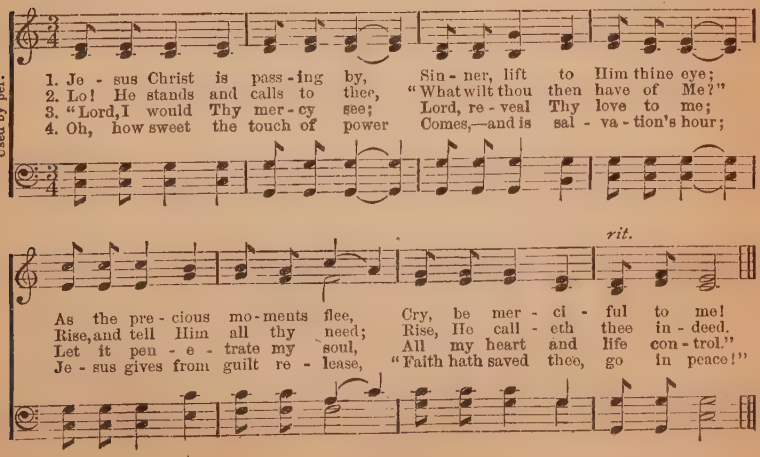
No. 620. Jesus Christ is Passing By.

J. Denham Smith. | Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.



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No. 621. That will be Heaven for Me.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.

1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come To take me a-way to His own dear home;
2. I know not the song that the an - gels sing, I know not the sound of the harps' glad ring;
3. I know not the form of my man-sion fair, I know not the name that I then shall bear;

But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glo-ry for me.
But I know there'll be mention of Je-sus our King, And that will be mu-sic for me.
But I know that my Sav-iour will welcome me there, And that will be heav-en for me.

Chorus.

And that will be glo - ry for me,..... Oh, that will be glo - ry for me;
And that will be mu-sic for me,..... Oh, that will be mu-sic for me;
And that will be heav-en for me,..... Oh, that will be heav-en for me;

Yes, that will be glo-ry, oh, that will be glo - ry for me;
Yes, that will be mu-sic, oh, that will be mu-sic for me;
Yes, that will be heaven, oh, that will be heav-en for me;

Ritard.

But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glo-ry for me.
But I know there'll be mention of Je-sus our King, And that will be mu-sic for me.
But I know that my Sav-iour will welcome me there, And that will be heaven for me.

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No. 622. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul, re-
2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wanderer
3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day, An - gels, swell the

D.C.—'Tis the ran-somed ar - my, like a might-y sea, Peal-ing forth the

Fine.

turn-ing from the wild; See! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way,
now is rec - on - ciled; Yes, a soul is res-cued from his sin-ful way,
glad tri-umphant strain! Tell the joy-ful ti-dings! bear it far a-way!

an-them of the free.

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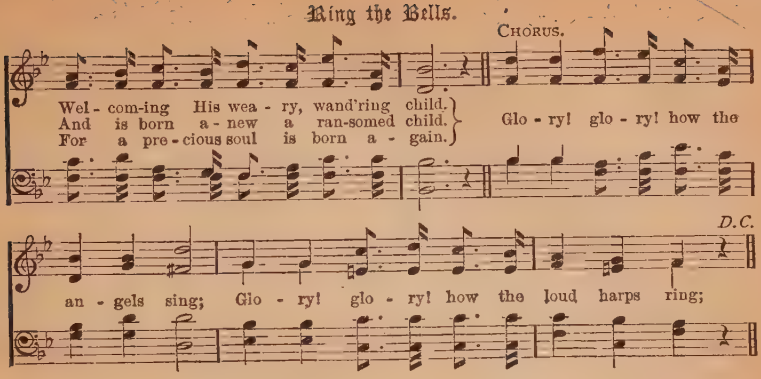
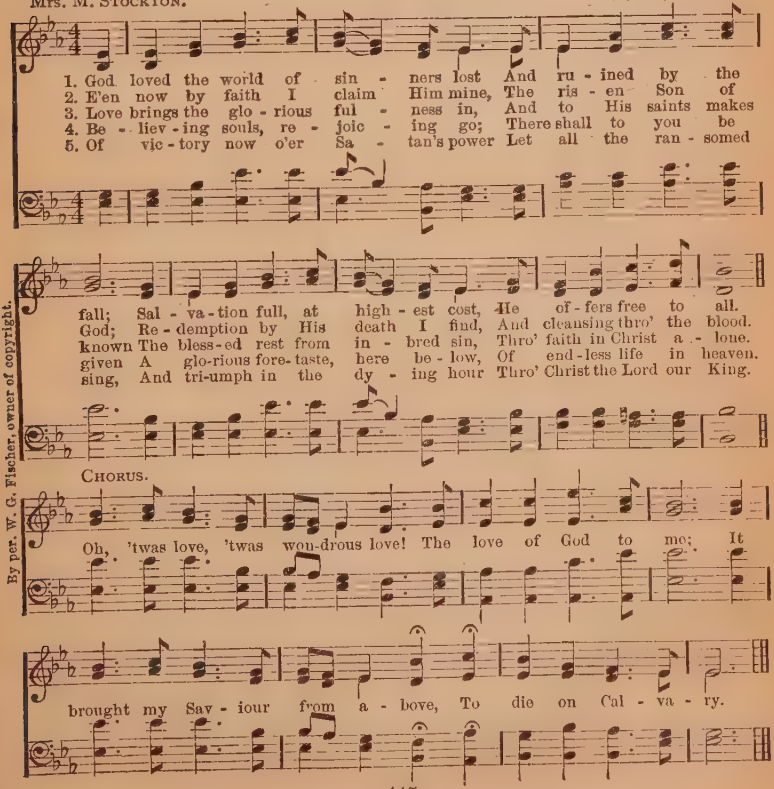


No. 623. Wondrous Love.

Mrs. M. Stockton. Wm. G. Fischer.



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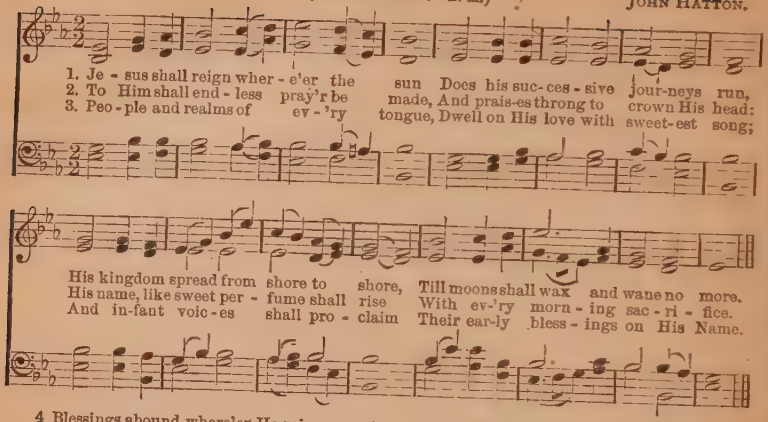
No. 624. Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. (DUKE STREET. L. M.) JOHN HATTON.



4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

No. 625. Tune—DUKE STREET. L. M.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine;
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

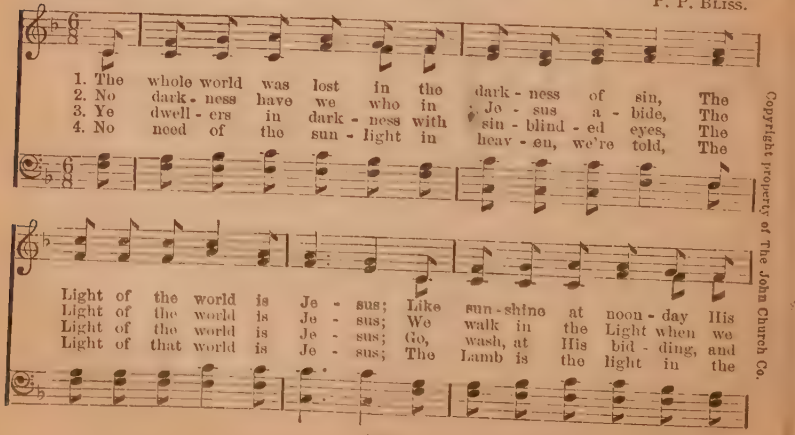
3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Isaac Watts.

No. 626. The Light of the World is Jesus.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



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The Light of the World.

glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
fol - low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
light will a - rise, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
Cit - y of Gold, The Light of that world is Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Come to the Light, 'tis shin-ing for thee: Sweet-ly the Light has dawn'd up-on me,

Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

No. 627. The Prodigal Child.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES. W. H. DOANE.

1. Come home! come home! You are wea - ry at heart, For the way has been
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the

dark, And so lone - ly and wild; O prod - i - gal child! Come
gate, While the shad - ows are piled; O prod - i - gal child! Come

CHORUS. *rit.*

home! oh, come home! Come home! Come, oh, come home!
home! oh, come home! Come home! Come, oh, come home, come home!

Come home, come home!

3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

4 Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there;
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

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No. 628. Not Now, My Child.

Mrs. Pennefather. Ira D. Sankey.

Slow, and with expression.

1. Not now, my child,— a lit - tle more rough toss - ing, A
2. Not now; for I have wan - d'rers in the dis - tance, And
3. Not now; for I have loved ones sad and wea - ry; Wilt

lit - tle long - er on the bil - lows' foam; A few more journeyings
thou must call them in with pa - tient love; Not now; for I have
thou not cheer them with a kind - ly smile? Sick ones, who need thee

in the des - ert dark - ness, And then, the sunshine of thy Fa - ther's Home!
sheep up - on the mountains, And thou must fol - low them wher - e'er they rove.
in their lone - ly sor - row; Wilt thou not tend them yet a lit - tle while?

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4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

No. 629. The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus:
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for - giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus;
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis - pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;

By permission.

He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heaven, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless-ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
Oh, how my soul de-lights to hear The pre-cious name of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

"Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue,

rit.

Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

No. 630. To-Day the Saviour Calls.

S. F. SMITH, D.D. LOWELL MASON.

1. To - day the Sav-iour calls; Ye wand'rers, come; O ye be-night-ed souls,
2. To - day the Sav-iour calls; O hear Him now; With-in these sa-cred walls
3. To - day the Sav-iour calls; For ref - uge fly; The storm of jus-tice falls,
4. The Spir-it calls to - day; Yield to His pow'r; O grieve Him not a - way,

CODA.

Why long-er roam? To Je-sus bow. And death is nigh. 'Tis mer-cy's hour. } Come home, come home, The Sav-iour calls, come home,

Come home, come home,

rit.

Come home, come home, The Sav - iour calls, come home,
Come home, come home, come home.

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No. 631. Where is my Boy to-night?

R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.

With tenderness.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tenderest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old-en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But

boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

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Chorus. *Not too fast.*

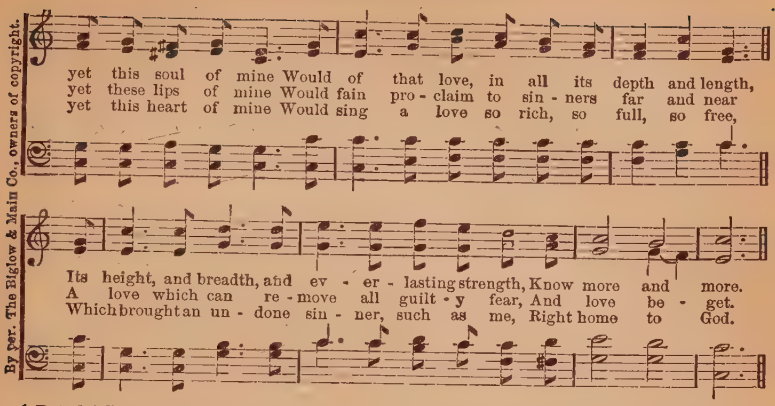
O where is my boy to-night? O where is my boy to-night? My

heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows; O where is my boy to-night?

No. 632. It Passeth Knowledge.

Mary Shekleton. Ira D. Sankey.

1. It pass-eth know-ledge, that dear love of Thine! My Je-sus! Sav-iour!
2. It pass-eth *tell-ing!* that dear love of Thine! My Je-sus! Sav-iour!
3. It pass-eth *prais-es!* that dear love of Thine! My Je-sus! Sav-iour!



4 But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
The fullness of that love whilst here below;
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring;
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

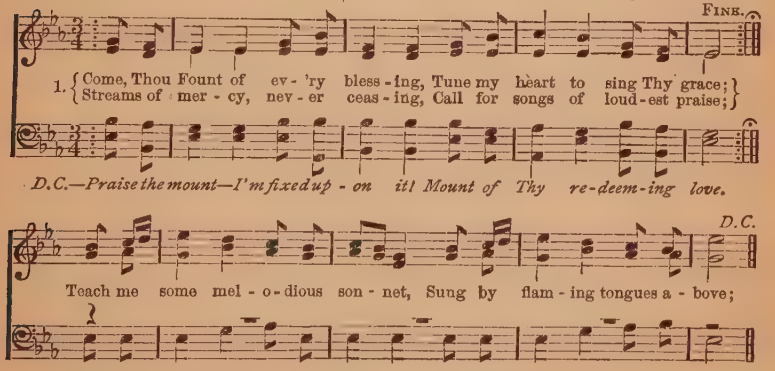
5 I *am* an empty vessel! scarce one thought
Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought;
Yet, I *may* come, and come again to Thee
With this—the contrite sinner's truthful plea—
"*Thou lovest me.*"

6 Oh, *fill* me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount above;
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly
But unto Thee!

7 And when, my Jesus! Thy dear face I see,
When at the lofty throne I bend the knee,
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting strength—
My soul shall sing.

No. 633. Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. Robinson. John Wyeth.



2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 634. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known: In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;

D.C.—And oft es - caped the temp - ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer: And oft es - caped the temp - ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.

Fine. D.C.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
‖: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

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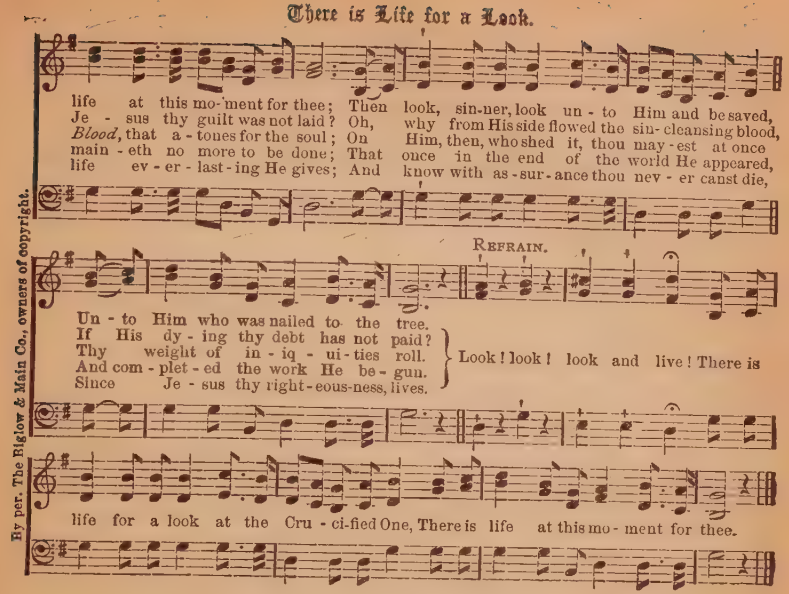
No. 635. There is Life for a Look.

Amelia M. Hull. Rev. E. G. Taylor.

1. There is life for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One, There is
2. Oh, why was He there as the Bear - er of sin, If on
3. It is not thy tears of re - pent - ance, nor pray'rs, But the
4. Then doubt not thy wel - come, since God has de - clared There re -
5. Then take with re - joic - ing from Je - sus at once The



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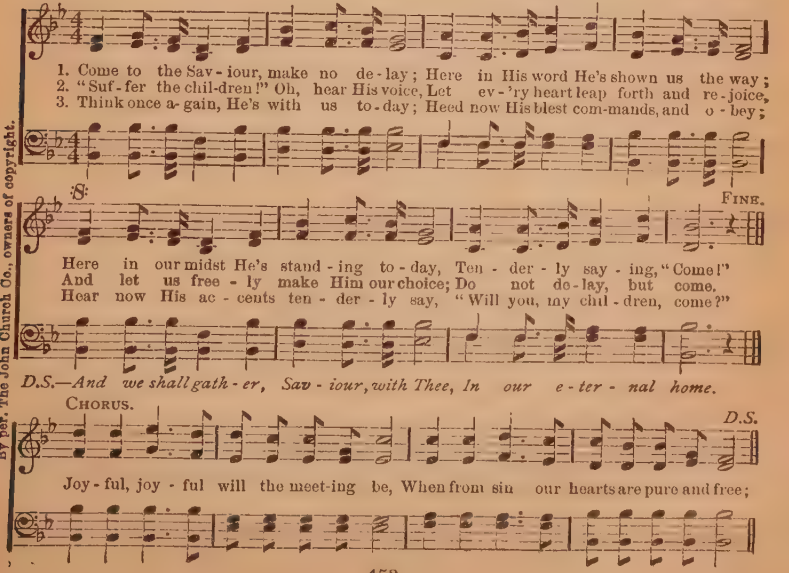
No. 636. Come to the Saviour.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.



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No. 637. He Leadeth Me.

Jos. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead - eth me! oh! bless-ed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly com-fort fraught;
2. Some- times 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bow - ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine—
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic- tr'y's won,

What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troub - led see, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jor - dan lead - eth me.

Refrain.

He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead- eth me;
His faith - ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

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No. 638. Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els, All His
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom: All the
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er, Are the

Chorus.

jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His lov'd and His own.
pure ones, all the bright ones, His lov'd and His own. } Like the stars of the
jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His lov'd and His own.

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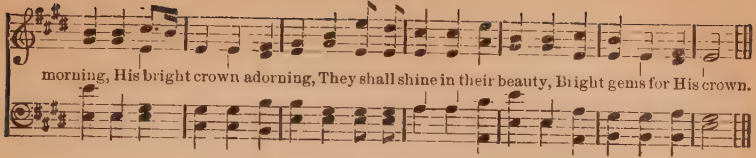

No. 639. Even Me.

Mrs. Eliz. Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

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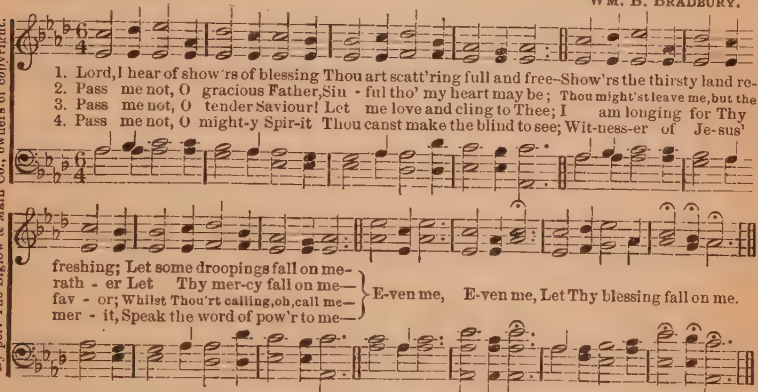


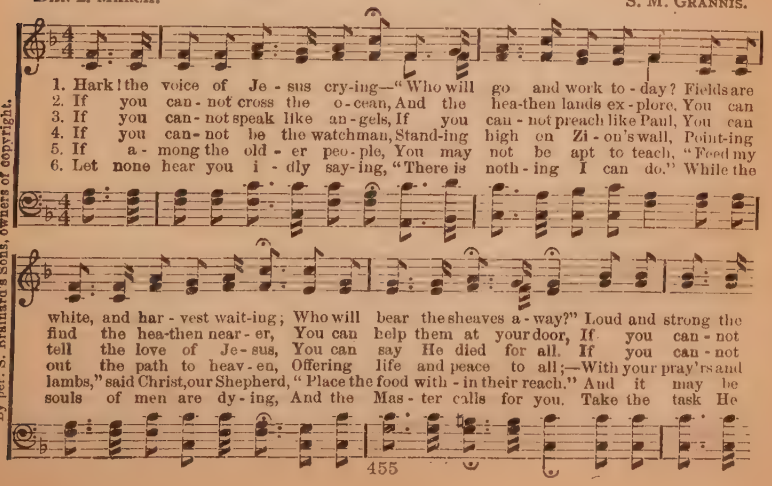
5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—
Magnify them all in me—

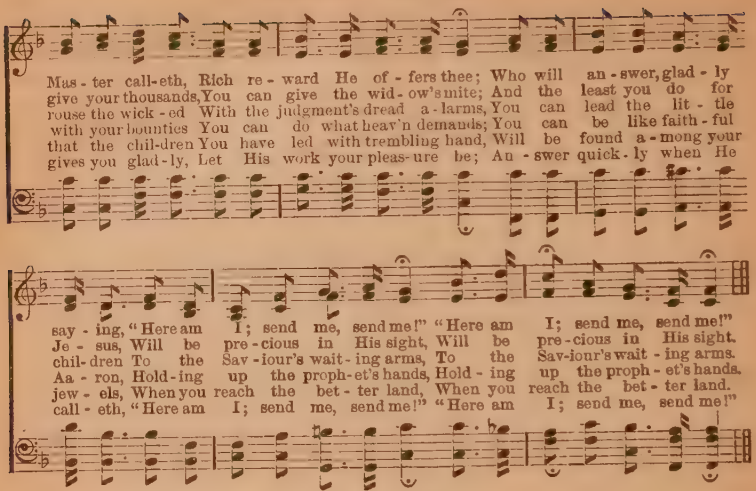
6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me—

No. 640. Here am I; Send Me

Dan'l. March. S. M. Grannis.

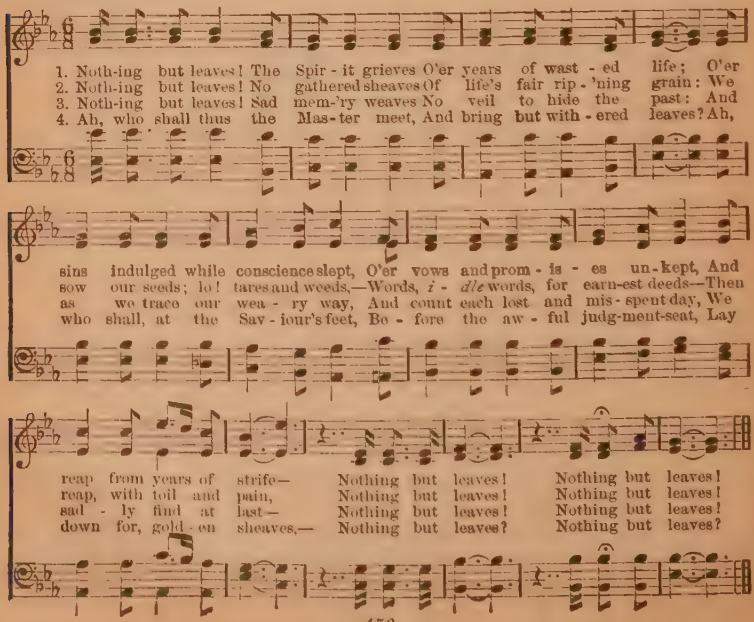
By per. S. Brainard's Sons, owners of copyright.





No. 641. Nothing but Leaves.

L. E. Akerman, alt. Silas J. Vail.



No. 642. Yet There is Room.

Dr. Horatius Bonar. Ira D. Sankey.

Slow, with expression.

1. "Yet there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry,
2. Day is de-clin - ing, and the sun is low; The shad - ows length - en,
3. The brid - al hall is fill - ing for the feast: Pass in! pass in! and
4. It fills, it fills, that hall of ju - bi - lee! Make haste, make haste; 'tis

Refrain. *p* *mf*

beck - ons thee a - long;
light makes haste to go:
be the Bridegroom's guest:
not too full for thee:
} Room, room, still room! Oh, en - ter, en - ter now!

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

8 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

By per. The Biglow & Main Co.

No. 643. Windows open toward Jerusalem.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Do you see the Hebrew cap-tive kneel-ing, At morning, noon and night, to pray?
2. Do not fear to tread the fie - ry fur-nace, Nor shrink the lion's den to share;
3. Children of the liv-ing God, take cour - age; Your great deliv'rance sweet - ly sing:

In his chamber he re-mem - bers Zi - on, Tho' in ex - ile far a - way.
For the God of Dan-iel will de - liv - er, He will send His an - gel there.
Set your fac - es toward the hill of Zi - on, Thence to hail your com - ing King.

Chorus.

Are your windows open toward Jeru - sa-lem, Tho' as captives here a "little while" we stay?

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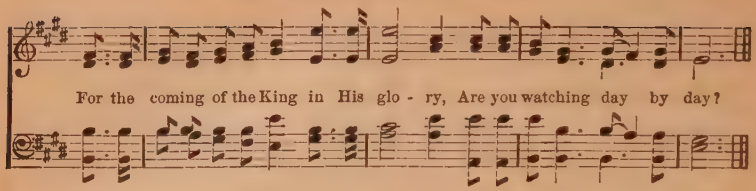
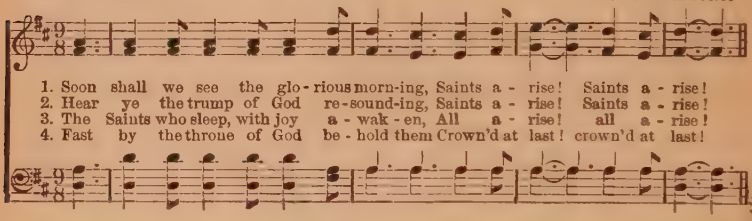
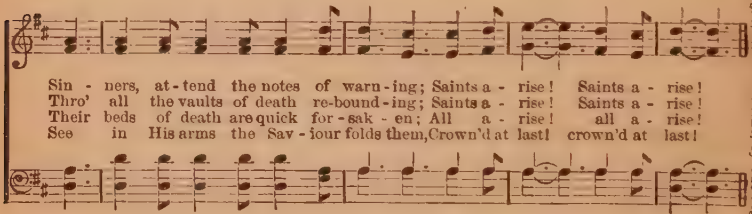
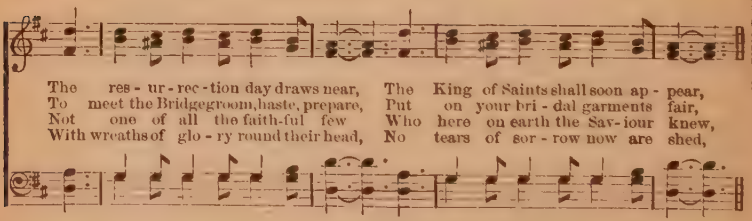


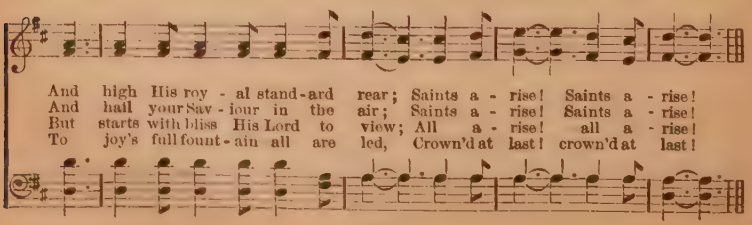
No. 644. The Glorious Morning.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Wm. B. Bradbury.









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No. 645. Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

Moderato.

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God, who came,
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less, we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;

Ruin-ed sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Seal'd my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
"Full a-tonement!" can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!

4 Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry,
Now in heaven exalted high,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

By per. The John Church Co., owners of Copyright.

No. 646. Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

I. B. W. I. B. Woodbury.

Spirited.

1. Ho! reap-ers of life's har-vest, Why stand with rust-ed blade, Un-til the night draws
2. Thrust in your sharpened sick-le, And gath-er in the grain, The night is fast ap-
3. Mount up the heights of Wisdom, And crush each er-ror low; Keep back no words of

round thee, And day be-gins to fade? Why stand ye i-dle, wait-ing For
proaching, And soon will come a-gain; The Mas-ter calls for reap-ers, And
knowledge That hu-man hearts should know. Be faith-ful to thy mis-sion, In

reap-ers more to come? The gold-en morn is pass-ing, Why sit ye i-dle, dumb?
shall He call in vain? Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste up-on the plain?
serv-ice of thy Lord, And then a gold-en chap-let Shall be thy just re-ward.

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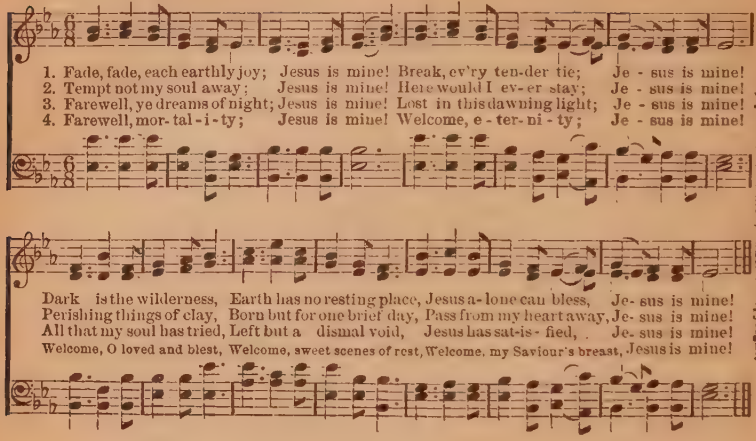
No. 647. Jesus is Mine.

Mrs. C. J. Bonar. T. E. Perkins.



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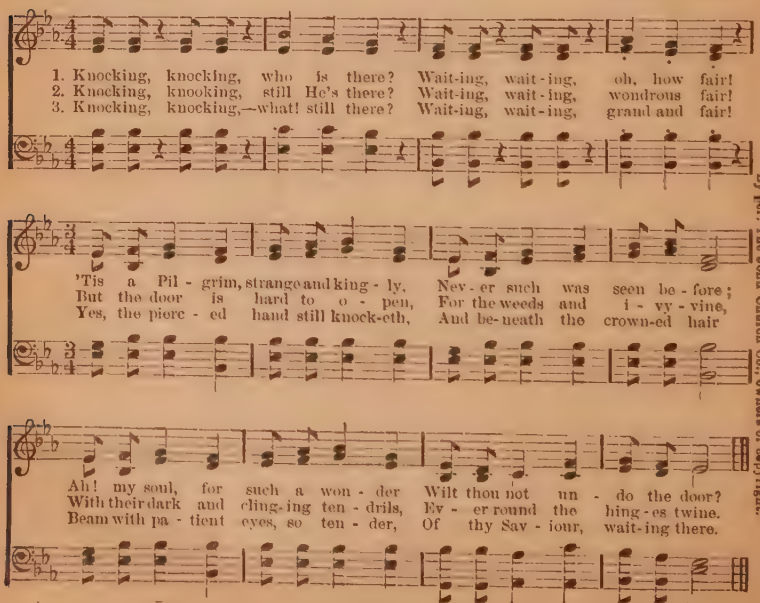
No. 648. Knocking, Knocking.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, arr. Geo. F. Root.



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No. 649. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

H. Bonar, D.D. (Evan. c. m.) Wm. H. Havergal.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I came to Je - sus as I was— Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.
The liv - ing wa - ter— thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
'Till trav'ling days are done.

No. 650. The Half was Never Told.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of *grace* so full and free;
2. Of *peace* I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest,
3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re-deem - er's feet;
4. And oh, what rapt - ure will it be, With all the host a - bove,

I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res - cued me.
Un - til the sweet-voiced an - gel came To soothe my wea - ry breast.
No re - al *joy* in life I know, But in His serv - ice sweet.
To sing through all e - ter - ni - ty The won - ders of His *love!*

Chorus.
The half..... was nev-er told,

The half was nev - er told, The half..... was nev-er told;

nev-er told, nev-er told;

By per. The John Church Co., owners of copyright.

The Half was Never Told.

The half..... was nev-er told;

1. Of *grace* di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half was nev - er told.
2. Of *peace*, etc. nev-er told.
3. Of *joy*, etc.
4. Of *love*, etc.

No. 651. Christ Returneth.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak-ing, When sun-light thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry Ho - san - na, from heaven de- scending, With glo - ri - fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de - light! should we go with-out dy - ing, No sick-ness, no

dark - ness and shad - ow is break - ing, That Je - sus will come in the
chance, that the black-ness of mid - night Will burst in - to light in the
saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His brow, like a
sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Je - sus, how long? how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re-

rit.

turn- eth; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

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No. 652. Dare to be a Daniel.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Stand - ing by a pur - pose true, Heed - ing God's com - mand,
2. Ma - ny might - y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand,
3. Ma - ny gi - ants, great and tall, Stalk - ing thro' the land,
4. Hold the gos - pel ban - ner high! On to vic - t'ry grand!

Hon - or them, the faith - ful few! All hail to Dan - iel's Band!
Who for God had been a host, By join - ing Dan - iel's Band!
Head - long to the earth would fall, If met by Dan - iel's Band!
Sa - tan and his hosts de - fy, And shout for Dan - iel's Band!

CHORUS.

Dare to be a Dan-iel, Dare to stand alone! Dare to have a purpose firm! Dare to make it known!

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No. 653. Arise, my Soul, Arise.

CH. WESLEY. (LENOX. 6s, 8s.) LEWIS EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleed-ing sac - ri - fice
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His all redeem-ing love,
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Re-ceived on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef - fectual prayers,
4. My God is rec - on - ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me for His child;

In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,
His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
They strong-ly plead for me; For - give him, oh, for - give they cry,
I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,

Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
For - give him, oh, for - give, they cry, Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die.
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.

No. 654. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-changing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood;
4. When He shall come with trump-et sound, O, may I then in Him be found;

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My anch-or holds with-in the vail.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Cloth'd in His righteous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne!

Chorus.

On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand.

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No. 655. The Beautiful Land on High.

James Nicholson. Wm. U. Butcher.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, To its glo-ries I fain would fly,
2. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, I shall en-ter it by and by;
3. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high; Then why should I fear to die,

When by sorrows press'd down, I long for a crown In that beauti-ful land on high.
There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, In that beauti-ful land on high.
When death is the way To the realms of day, In that beauti-ful land on high.

Chorus.

In that beau-ti-ful land I'll be, From earth and its cares set free;

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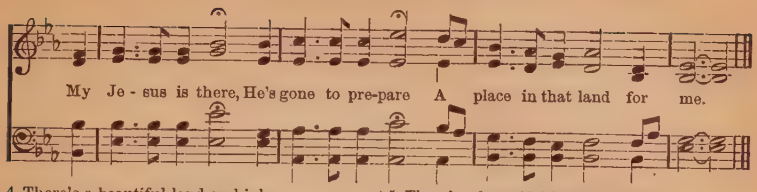
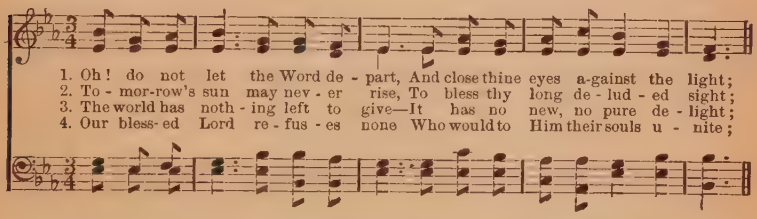


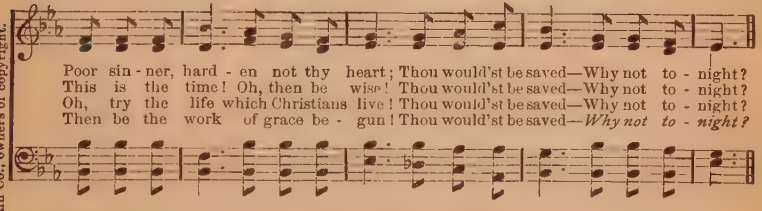
4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
And methinks I now see how they're waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high.

5 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good-bye;"
Where the righteous will sing, and their chorus will ring
In that beautiful land on high.

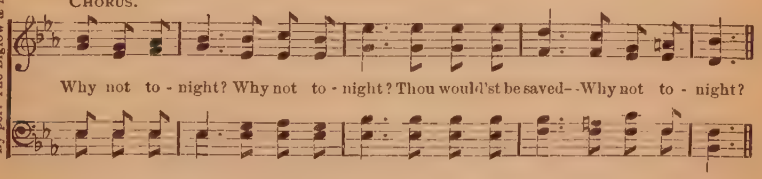
No. 656. Why not To-night?

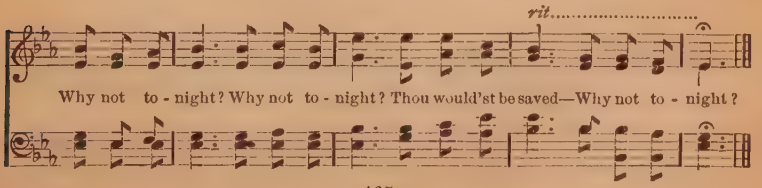
ELIZA REED. IRA D. SANKEY.





CHORUS.





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No. 657. The Hem of His Garment.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. She on - ly touch'd the hem of His gar-ment As to His side she stole,
2. She came in fear and trembling be - fore Him, She knew her Lord had come;
3. He turn'd with "Daughter, be of good com-fort, Thy faith hath made thee whole;"

A - mid the crowd that gath-er'd around Him, And straightway she was whole.
She felt that from Him vir - tue had healed her, The might - y deed was done.
And peace that pass- eth all un - der-stand-ing With glad - ness filled her soul.

CHORUS.

Oh, touch the hem of His gar - ment! And thou, too, shalt be free;
His sav - ing pow'r this ver - y hour Shall give new life to thee.

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No. 658. I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in; Je - sus
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store; Soul and

Cho.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Hum-bly

D.C. Chorus.

count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin.
bod - y Thine to be,— Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.

at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In the promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

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No. 659. Will Jesus Find us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His servants, Whether it be noon or night,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us one by one,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best?
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry they shall share;

rit.

Faith - ful to Him will He find us watching, With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
When to the Lord we re - store our tal-ents, Will He answer thee—"Well done?"
If in our hearts there is naught con-demns us, We shall have a glo - rious rest.
If He shall come at the dawn or midnight, Will He find us watch - ing there?

REFRAIN.

Oh, can we say we are read - y, broth-er?—Read - y for the soul's bright home?

Say, will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

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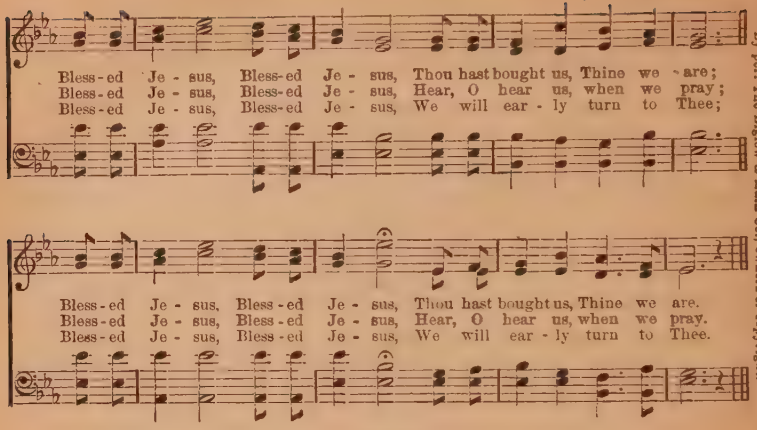
No. 660. Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
   In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare. }
2. { We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
   Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray. }
3. { Thou hast prom-ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be;
   Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free. }



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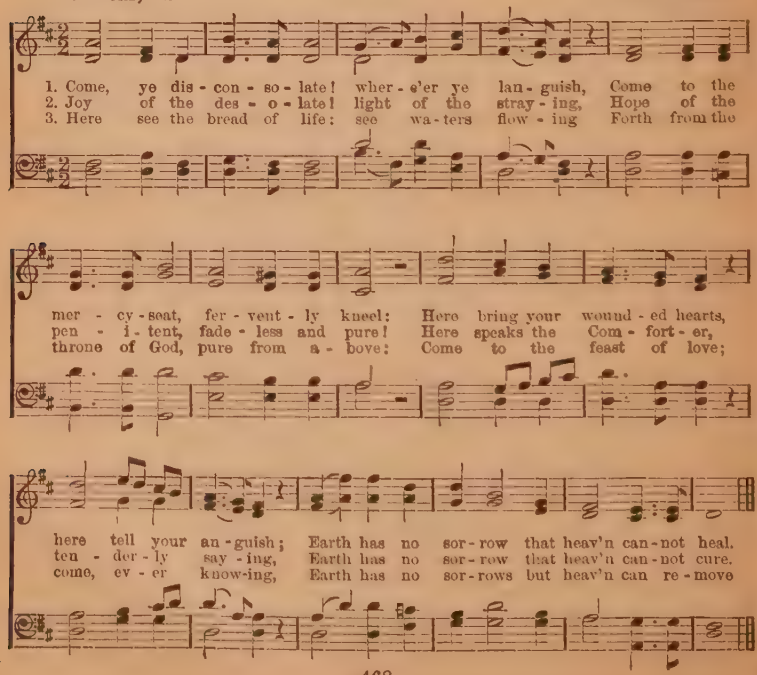
No. 661. Come, ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE, alt. SAMUEL WEBBE.



No. 662. What Shall the Harvest Be?

Miss Emily S. Oakey. P. P. Bliss.

1. Sow-ing the seed by the day-light fair, Sow-ing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sow-ing the seed by the way-side high, Sow-ing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sow-ing the seed of a lingering pain, Sow-ing the seed of a maddened brain,
4. Sow-ing the seed with an ach-ing heart Sow-ing the seed while the tear-drops start,

Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sow-ing the seed in the sol-emn night;
Sow-ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow-ing the seed in the fer-tile soil;
Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sow-ing the seed of e-ter-nal shame;
Sow-ing in hope till the reap-ers come Glad-ly to gath-er the har-vest home:

Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....

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Chorus.

Sown..... in the dark - - ness or sown..... in the

Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the dark-ness or

light,..... Sown..... in our weak - - ness or

sown in the light, Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might,

sown..... in our might,..... Gath - er'd in time or e-

Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gath - er'd in time or e-

ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest be... .....

ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, har-vest be.

No. 663. Take My Life and let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. W. A. MOZART, arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long - er mine;
5. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure - store;

Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing, Al - ways— on - ly— for my King.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

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No. 664. "Come."

Mrs. JAS. G. JOHNSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Voices in Unison.

1. O word of words the sweet - est, Oh words, in which there lie
2. O soul! why shouldst thou wan - der From such a lov - ing Friend?
3. O, each time draw me near - er, That soon the "Come" may be

All prom - ise, all ful - fill - ment, And end of mys - ter - y;
Cling clos - er, clos - er to Him, Stay with Him to the end;
Naught but a gen - tle whis - per, To one close, close to Thee;

La - ment - ing or re - joic - ing, With doubt or ter - ror nigh,
A - las! I am so help - less, So ver - y full of sin,
Then, o - ver sea and mount - ain, Far from or near my home,

I hear the "Come!" of Je - sus, And to His cross I fly.
For I am ev - er wand'ring, And com - ing back a - gain.
I'll take Thy hand and fol - low, At that sweet whis - per "Come!"

REFRAIN.

Come, oh, come to me,..... Come, oh, come to me,..... Wea - ry, heav - y

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, Come, come,

la - den, Come, oh, come to me, Come, oh, come to me,.....

me, Oh come, come, come, come, come,

rit .....

Come, oh, come to me,..... Wea - ry, heav - y la - den, come, oh, come to me.

Come, come, come, come, come.

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No. 665. The Shining Shore.

Rev. David Nelson. Geo. F. Root.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,

Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.

D.S.—just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

Fine.

Chorus.

For, oh! we stand on Jor-dan's strand; Our friends are pass - ing o - ver; And,

D.S.

2 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For, oh! we stand, etc.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says—"Come!"—and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever!
For, oh! we stand, etc.

By per. Geo. F. Root, owner of copyright.

No. 666. I am Sweeping Thro' the Gate.

Rev. John Parker. Philip Phillips.

1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je - sus' blood; I am
2. Oh! the bless - ed Lord of light, He up - holds me by His might: And His
3. I am sweeping thro' the gate Where the bless - ed for me wait: Where the
4. Burst are all my pris - on bars; And I soar be - yond the stars, To my

watch-ing and I'm long-ing while I wait. Soon on wings of love I'll fly,
arms en - fold, and com - fort while I wait. I am lean - ing on His breast,
wea - ry work - ers rest for - ev - er - more; Where the strife of earth is done.
Fa - ther's house, the bright and blest es - tate, Lo! the morn e - ter - nal breaks,

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To my home be-yond the sky, To my welcome, as I'm sweeping thro' the gate.
Oh! the sweetness of His rest, Hal-le-lu-jah, I am sweeping thro' the gate.
And the crown of life is won: Oh, the glo-ry of that cit-y just be-fore!
And the song im-mor-tal wakes, Rob'd in whiteness I am sweeping thro' the gate.

REFRAIN.

In the blood of yon-der Lamb, Wash'd from ev-'ry stain I am;

rit. *Repeat pp.*

Rob'd in white-ness, clad in bright-ness, I am sweeping thro' the gate.

No. 667. Pardon, Peace and Power.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Would we be joy-ful in the Lord? Then count the rich-es o'er,
2. For ev-'ry sin, by grace di-vine A *par-don* free be-stowed;
3. Of grace to break the pow'r of sin, He gives a full sup-ply;
4. The *power* to win a soul to God, The Spir-it, too im-parts;
5. These bless-ings we by faith re-ceive, By sim-ple child-like trust;

Re-vealed to faith with-in His word, And note the bound-less store.
And with the par-don *peace* is mine, The peace in Je-sus' blood.
The Ho-ly Ghost, the heart with-in, From sin doth *pu-ri-fy.*
And He, the gift of Christ our Lord, Dwells *now* in all our hearts.
In Christ, 'tis God's de-light to *give;* He prom-ised, and He must.

CHORUS.

There is par-don, peace and pow'r,..... And pu-ri-
pardon, peace, and pow'r, pardon, peace and pow'r,

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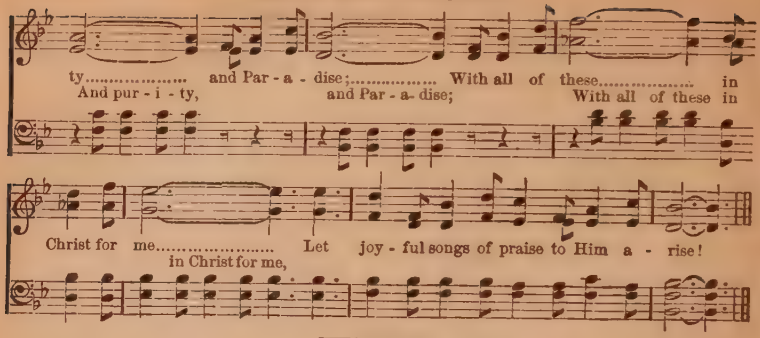
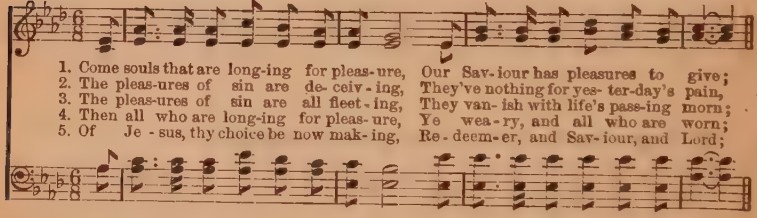
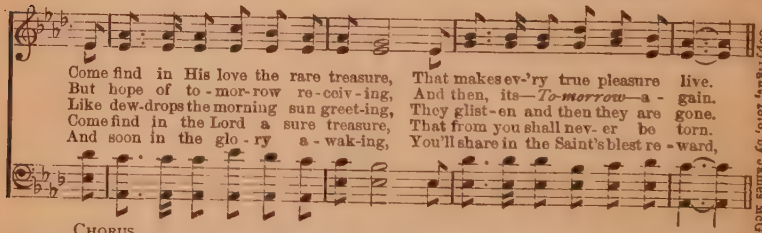


No. 668. Come now saith the Lord.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.





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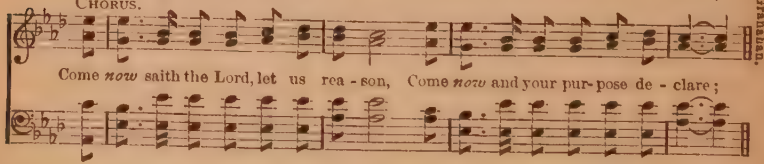
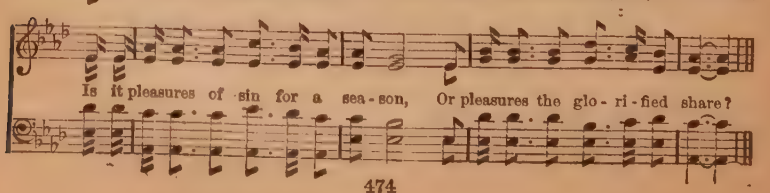
CHORUS.





No. 669. Beautiful River.

R. Lowry. Rev. Robert Lowry.

Cheerful.

1. Shall we gather at the riv - er Where bright angel feet have trod; With its crystal tide for ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?
2. On the margin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray, We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we ev-'ry burden down; Grace our spirits will de- liv - er, And provide a robe and crown.

Chorus.

p

Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er; The beautiful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er— Gather with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.

From "Bright Jewels," by permission.

No. 670. Come, Ye Sinners.

Rev. John Newton. (Zion. 8s. 7s. & 4.) Dr. Thos. Hastings.

p

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r;
2. Now, ye need - y, come and welcome; God's free bounty glo - ri - fy; True be- lief, and true repentance,—Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh,—

He is a - ble, He is will-ing: doubt no more; Without mon-ey, Come to Je- sus Christ and buy;

sf

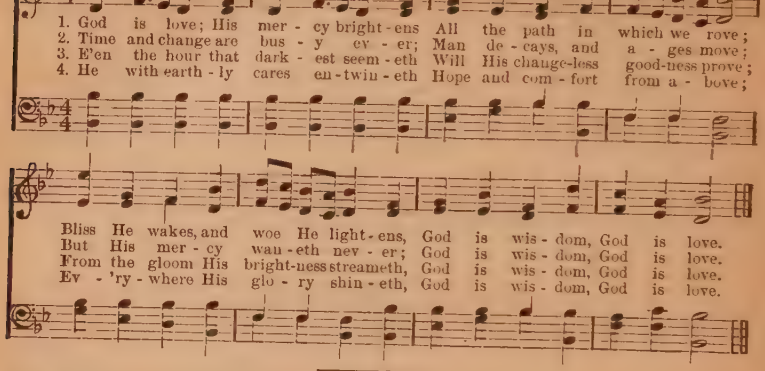
He is a - ble, He is will-ing: doubt no more. Without mon-ey, Come to Je- sus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry 'till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

No. 671. God is Love.

Sir John Bowring. (Wilmot. 8s. 7s.) C. M. Von Weber.



No. 672.

Tune—Duke St. L. M. No. 624.

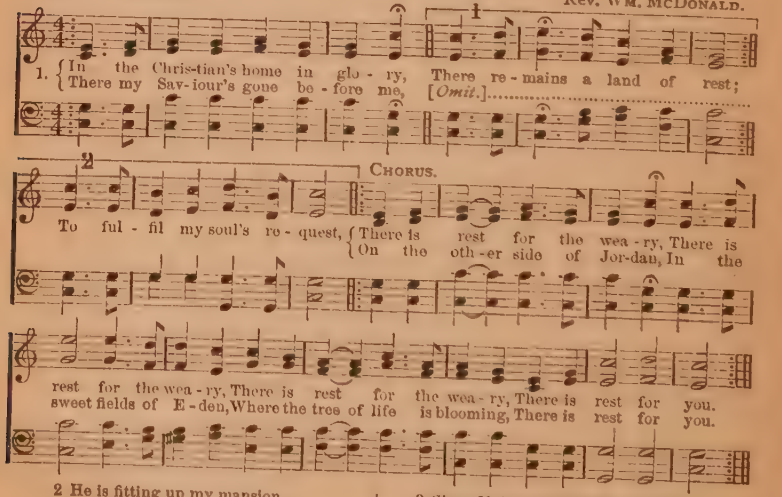
1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts.

No. 673. Rest for the Weary.

Rev. S. Y. Harmer. Rev. Wm. McDonald.



2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, etc.

3 Sing, Oh! sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumph as you go!
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, etc.

No. 674. Sun of My Soul.

J. Keble. Peter Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gent - ly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
4. If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spurned to-day the voice di - vine—

Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy serv - ant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gra - cious work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

No. 675. Tune—Lenox. 6s. 8s. No. 653.

1 Come every joyful heart,
That loves the Saviour's name!
Your noblest powers exert,
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love come down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endured no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave He rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up thro' the sky the Conqueror rode
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be in His embrace.

Samuel Stennet.

No. 676. Laban. S. M.

Geo. Heath. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vict - 'ry won, Nor lay thine arm - or down:

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard, To draw Thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.

No. 677. Tune—Christmas. C. M. No. 693.

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

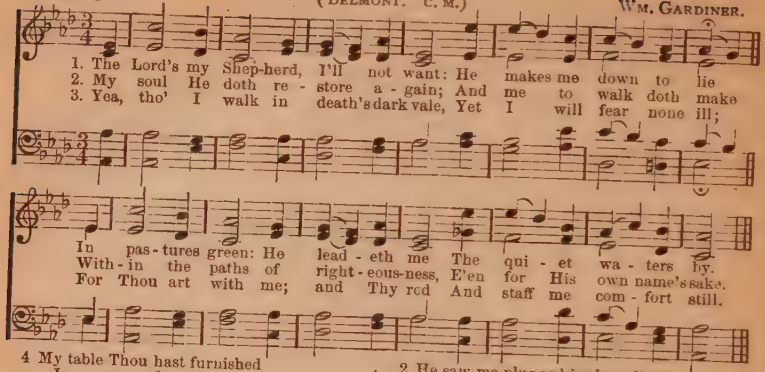
3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

P. Doddridge.

No. 678. The Lord's My Shepherd.

Psalm 23. (BELMONT. C. M.) WM. GARDINER.



4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

No. 679. Tune—BELMONT. C. M.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

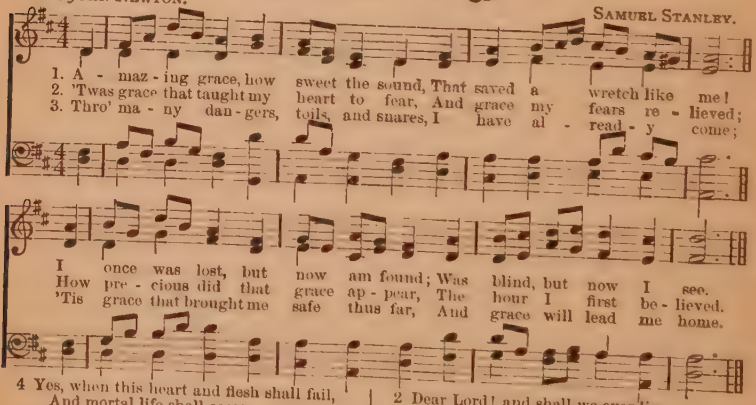
3 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

4 Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine.

Samuel Stennett.

No. 680. Warwick. C. M.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. SAMUEL STANLEY.



4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

No. 681. Tune—MARLOW. C. M. Key G.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts.

No. 682. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

Used by per.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, though tossed a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Fightings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 683. Tune—HENDON. 7s. No. 731.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice
Come, and make My paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, homeless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;—

4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Ann L. Barbauld.

No. 684. Hebron. L. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. While life pro-longs its precious light, Mer-cy is found, and peace is given;
2. While God in-vites, how blest the day! How sweet the Gos-pel's charm-ing sound!
3. Soon, borne on time's most rap-id wing, Shall death command you to the grave,—

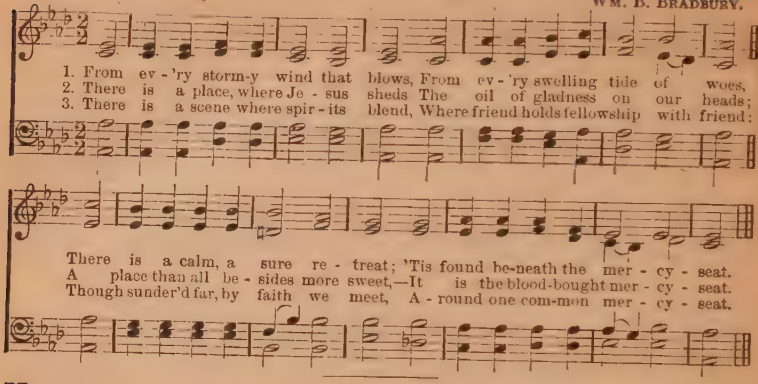
But soon, ah, soon, ap-proaching night Shall blot out ev-'ry hope of heaven.
Come, sin-ners, haste, O haste a-way While yet a pard'ning God is found.
Be-fore His bar· your spir-its bring, And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

No. 685. Olive's Brow. L. M.

Rev. Hugh Stowell. Wm. B. Bradbury.



Used by per.

No. 686. Tune—No. 600.

1 Once I was dead in sin,
And hope within me died;
But now I'm dead to sin—
With Jesus crucified.

Cho.—And can it be that "He loved me,
And gave Himself for me?"

2 Oh height I cannot reach,
Oh depth I cannot sound,
Oh love, O boundless love,
In my Redeemer found!

3 O cold, ungrateful heart
That can from Jesus turn,
When living fires of love
Should on His altar burn.

4 I live—and yet, not I,
But Christ that lives in me;
Who from the law of sin
And death hath made me free.

Rev. A. T. Pierson.

No. 687. Tune—St. Thomas. S. M. No. 692.

1 O Holy Spirit, come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh, tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

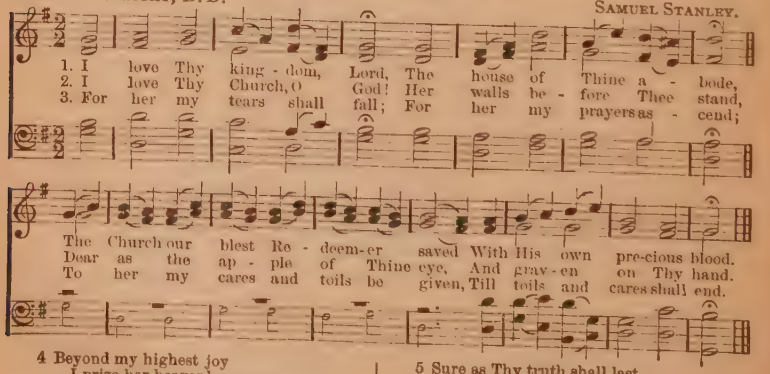
2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
Oh, work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

Oswald Allen.

No. 688. Shirland. S. M.

Timothy Dwight, D. D. Samuel Stanley.

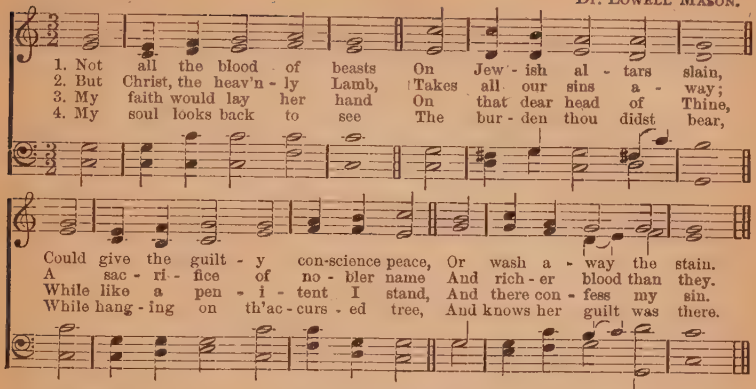


4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 689. Boylston. S. M.

Isaac Watts. Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 690. Tune—Boylston. S. M.

1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"*Ye must be born again!*"

2 "*Ye must be born again!*"
For so hath God decreed;
Nor reformation will suffice—
'Tis *life* poor sinners need.

3 "*Ye must be born again!*"
And life *in Christ* must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis He *alone* can save.

4. "*Ye must be born again!*"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there,
The ransomed and forgiven.

Anon.

No. 691. Tune—Boylston. S. M.

1 Lord, bless and pity us,
Shine on us with Thy face:
That th' earth Thy way, and nations all
May know Thy saving grace.

2 Let people praise Thee, Lord!
Let people all Thee praise!
Oh, let the nations all be glad,
In songs their voices raise!

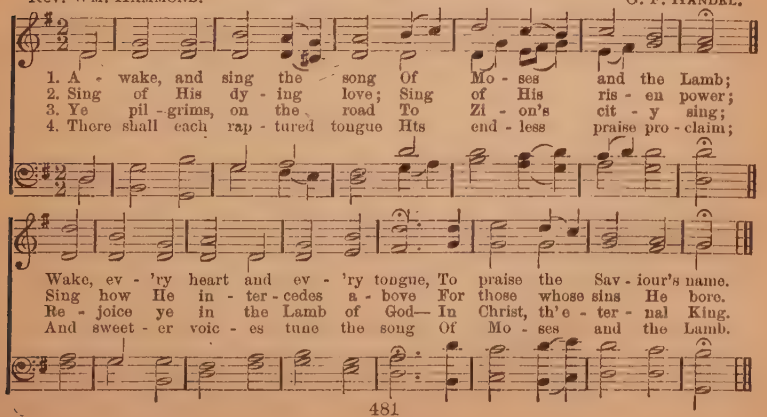
3 Thou'lt justly people judge,
On earth rule nations all;
Let people praise Thee, Lord! let them
Praise Thee, both great and small!

4 The earth her fruit shall yield,
Our God shall blessing send;
God shall us bless: men shall Him fear
Unto earth's utmost end.

Psalm 67.

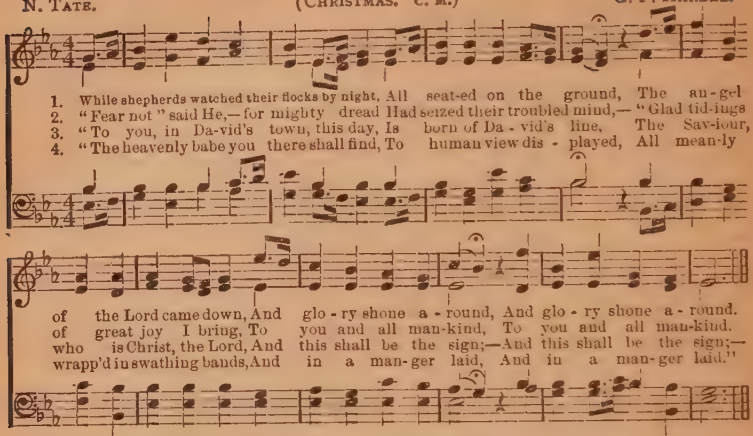
No. 692. St. Thomas. S. M.

Rev. Wm. Hammond. G. F. Handel.



No. 693. While Shepherds Watched.

N. Tate. (Christmas. C. M.) G. F. Handel.



5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

No. 694. Tune—Azmon. C. M. Key A.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

No. 695. Tune—Mear. C. M. Key F.

1 Spirit of truth, O let me know
The love of Christ to me;
Its conquering, quickening power bestow,
To set me wholly free.

2 I long to know its depth and height,
To scan its breadth and length;
Drink in its ocean of delight,
And triumph in its strength.

3 It is Thine office to reveal
My Saviour's wond'rous love;
Oh, deepen on my heart Thy seal,
And bless me from above.

4 Thy quickening power to me impart,
And be my constant Guide;
With richer gladness fill my heart;
Be Jesus glorified.

Anon.

No. 696. Tune—Rathbun. No. 698.

1 O my soul, bless thou Jehovah,
And within me, bless His name;
Bless Jehovah, and forget not
All His mercies to proclaim.

2 Who forgives all thy transgressions,
Thy diseases all who heals;
Who redeems thee from destruction,
Who with thee so kindly deals.

3 Who with tender mercies crowns thee,
Who with good-things fills thy mouth,
So that even like the eagle
Thou hast been restored to youth.

4 In His righteousness, Jehovah
Will deliver those distressed;
He will execute just judgment
In the cause of all oppressed.

Psalm 103.

No. 697. Tune—Wilmot. 8s. 7s. No. 671.

1 Jesus only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

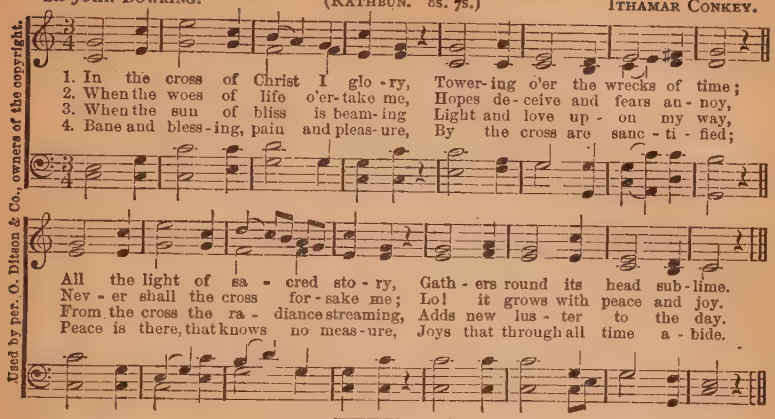
3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall:
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

4 Jesus only, when adoring,
Saints their crown before Him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

Rev. Elias Nason.

No. 698. In the Cross of Christ.

Sir John Bowring. (Rathbun. 8s. 7s.) Ithamar Conkey.



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No. 699. Tune—Rathbun. 8s. 7s.

1 We are waiting by the river,
We are watching by the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

2 Though the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.

3 And the bright celestial city,—
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

4 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them
When we too, have crossed the tide.

5 When we've passed the vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

Miss Mary P. Griffin.

No. 700. Tune—Rathbun. 8s. 7s.

1 Saviour! visit Thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;—
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh.

Rev. John Newton.

No. 701. Tune—Rathbun. 8s. 7s.

1 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

2 There for sinnere thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits—
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Rev. John Bakewell.

No. 702. Tune—Autumn. 8s. 7s. No. 263.

1 Jesus wept! those tears are over
But His heart is still the same,
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is His everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany.

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany.

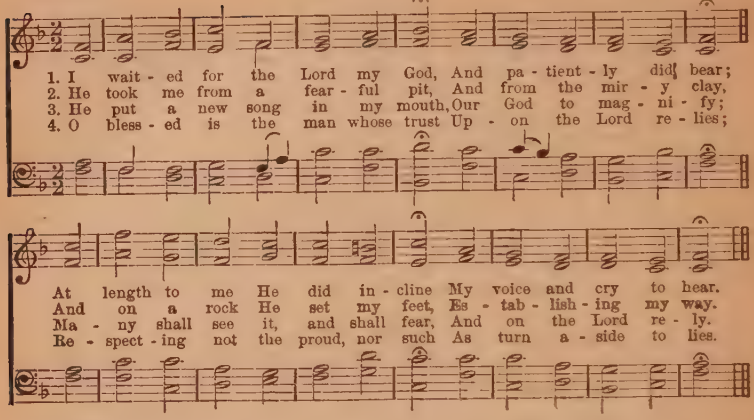
3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tears;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! those tears of sorrow
Are a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove,
Thou art all in all to me
Living One of Bethany.

Sir Edward Denny.

No. 703. I Waited for the Lord.

40th Psalm. (Dundee. C. M.) Andro Hart's Psalter.



No. 704. Tune—Ward. L. M. No. 384.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

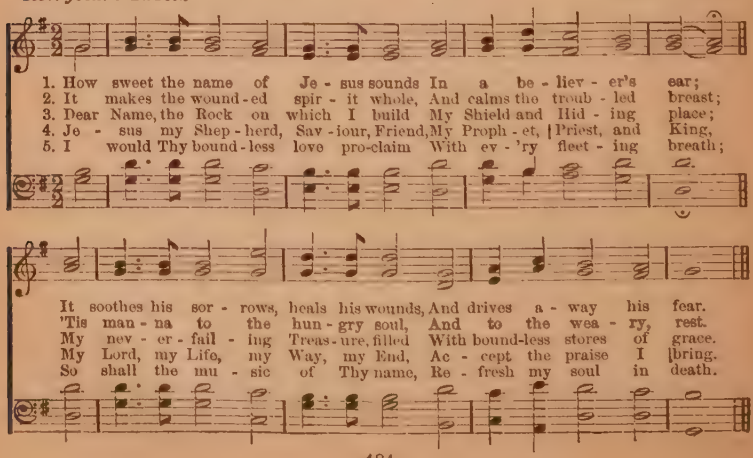
4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Joseph Grigg.

No. 705. Arlington. C. M.

Rev. John Newton. Thos. A. Arne.



No. 706. Save, Jesus, Save!

Anon. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Save, Je - sus, save! Thy blessing now we crave; For ev - 'ry anx- ious sin - ner here,
2. Save, Je - sus, save! Thy ban - ner o'er us wave, Of love e - ter - nal and di - vine;
3. Save, Je - sus, save! Thou conqueror o'er the grave, Give ev- 'ry fet - tered soul re - lease,
4. Save, Je - sus, save! And Thou a - lone shalt have The glo - ry of the work di - vine,

Oh, let Thy mer - cy now ap - pear, Lord Je - sus, save, Lord Je - sus, save.
O Lord, let each one here be Thine, Lord Je - sus, save, Lord Je - sus, save.
And to the troub - led, whisper "Peace." Lord Je - sus, save, Lord Je - sus, save.
Yea, end - less prais - es shall be Thine! Lord Je - sus, save, Lord Je - sus, save.

Used by per.

No. 707.

Tune—Arlington. C. M. No. 705.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe.

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
And when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

Rev. W. H. Bathurst.

No. 708. "Looking Home."

K. J. T. Spitta. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Ah, this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's nois-y throng-ing; For my Fa-ther's man - sion, still Ear - nest - ly I'm long - ing.
2. Soon the glo - rious day will dawn, Heav'nly pleasures bring - ing; Night will be ex - changed for morn, Sighs give place to sing - ing.

Refrain.

Look - ing home, look - ing home, T'ward the heav'nly man-sion, Je - sus hath prepared for me, In His Fa-ther's kingdom.

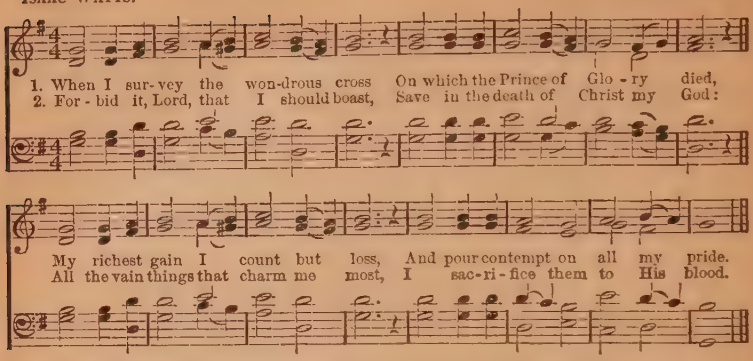
Used by per.

3 Oh, to be at home, and gain,
All for which we're sighing,
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.—

4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!
There no more to sever;
Soon we'll meet around the throne
Praising God forever.

No. 709. Hamburg. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Ad. by LOWELL MASON.

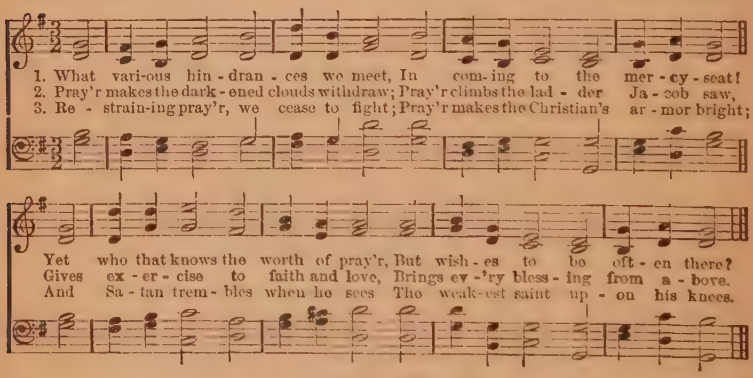


3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

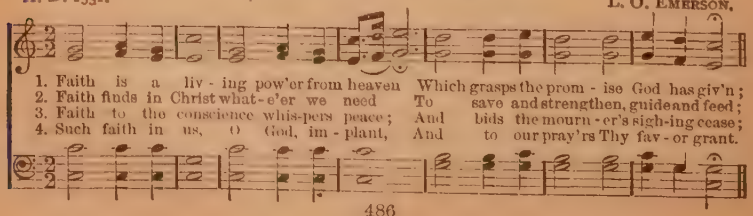
No. 710. Rockingham. L. M.

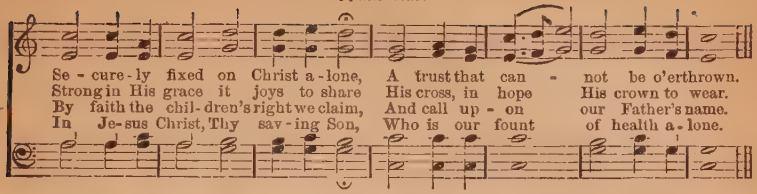
WM. COWPER. DR. LOWELL MASON.



No. 711. Sessions. L. M.

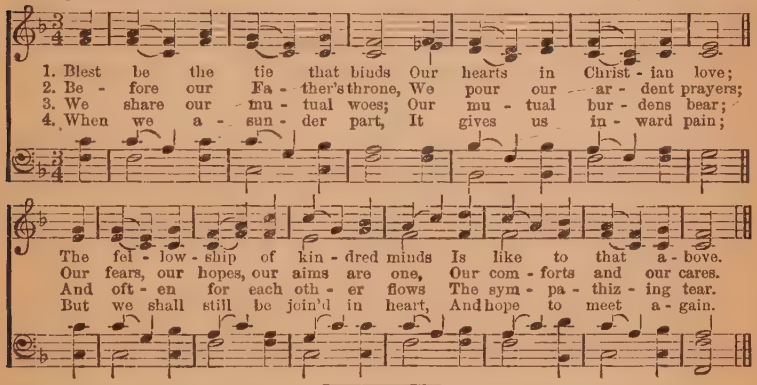
A. D. 1531. L. O. EMERSON.





No. 712. Dennis. S. M.

Rev. John Fawcett. H. G. Nageli.



No. 713. Tune—Boylston. S.M. No. 689.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

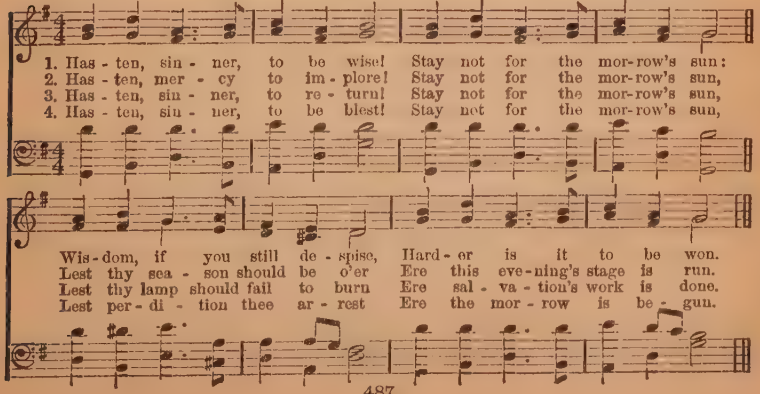
2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep!
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Benj. Beddome.

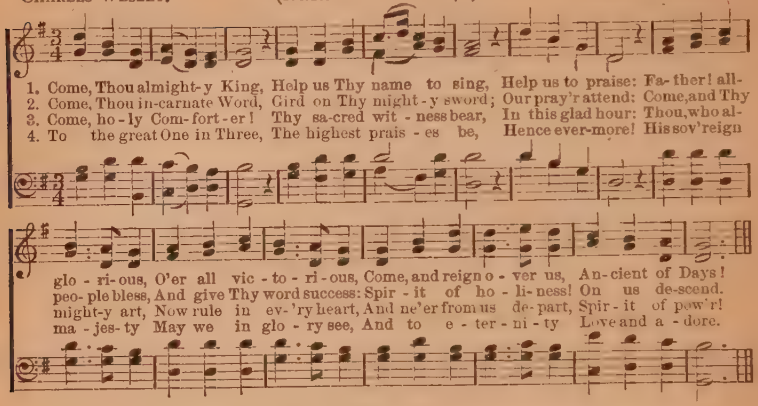
No. 714. Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

Thomas Scott. Ignaz Pleyel.



No. 715. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s. 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.



No. 716. Tune—ITALIAN HYMN. 6s. 4s.

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world:
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from His lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who His message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their Friend appear,
He will be nigh.

3 Ye, who forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

Thos. Kelly.

No. 717. Tune—ITALIAN HYMN. 6s. 4s.

1 Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into Thy native skies,—
Assume Thy right;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!—
No feet but Thine, have trod
The serpent down
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour triumphant—go,
And take Thy crown!

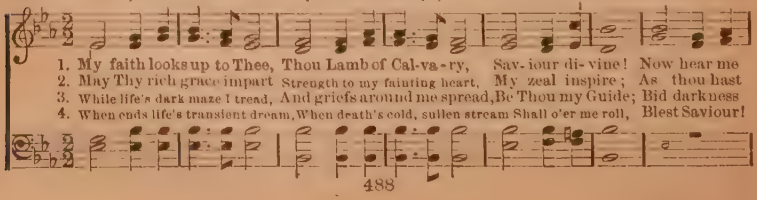
4 Lion of Judah—Hail!
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years!
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

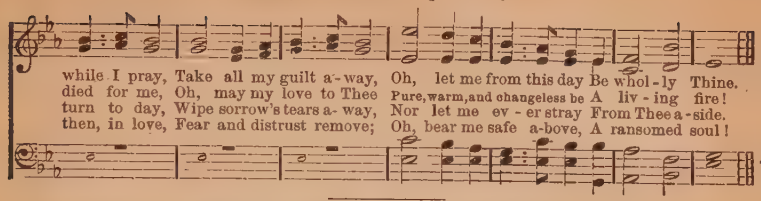
5 And then was heard afar
Star answering to star—
"Lo! these have come
Followers of Him who gave
His life their lives to save;
And now their palms they wave,
Brought safely home."

Matthew Bridges.

No. 718. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

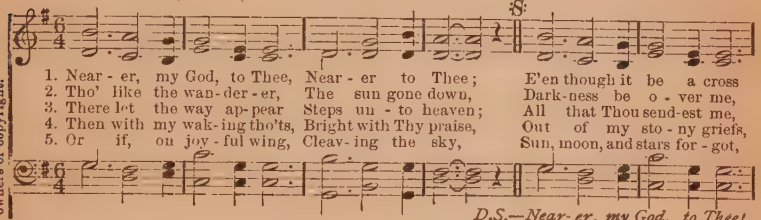
RAY PALMER, D.D. (OLIVET. 6s. 4s.) DR. LOWELL MASON.

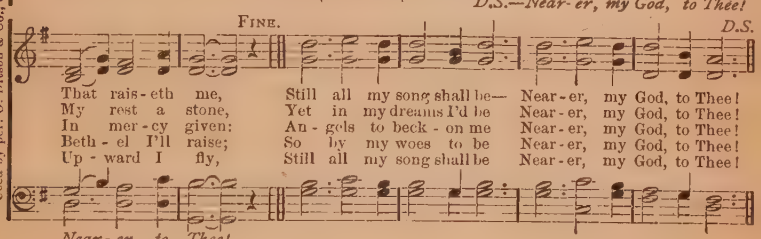




No. 719. Nearer, My God to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (BETHANY. 6s. 4s.) DR. LOWELL MASON.





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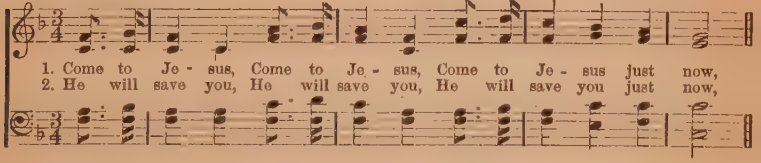
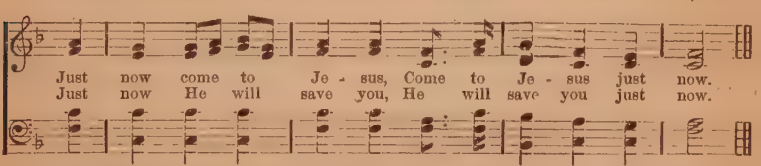
No. 720. Come to Jesus Just Now.

E. P. HAMMOND. J. FAWCETT.





3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is waiting, etc.
6 He will hear you, etc.
7 He will cleanse you, etc.
8 He'll renew you, etc.
9 He'll forgive you, etc.
10 If you'll trust Him, etc.
11 He will save you, etc.

No. 721. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. (MARTYN. 7s. D.) SIMEON B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the temp - est still is high; }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.!
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make me, keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 722. Tune—MARTYN. 7s. D.

1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you—Why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live!
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, Why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you—why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love;
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners! why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

Charles Wesley.

No. 723. All for Me.

Anon. IRA D. SANKEY.

Tenderly.

1. Suff'ring Saviour, with thorn crown, Bruis'd and bleeding sinking down; Heav - y la - den,
2. Je - sus, Saviour, pure and mild, Let me ev - er be Thy child; So un-wor-thy
3. Fain would I to Thee be brought, Bless-ed Lord for-bid it not; In the kingdom

rit. *rall.*

wea - ry worn, Faint-ing, dying, crush'd and torn— All for me, yes, all for me.
though I be, Thou did'st suf-fer this for me— All for me, yes, all for me.
of Thy grace, Give Thy wand'ring child a place, Oh, bless me, yes, e - ven me.

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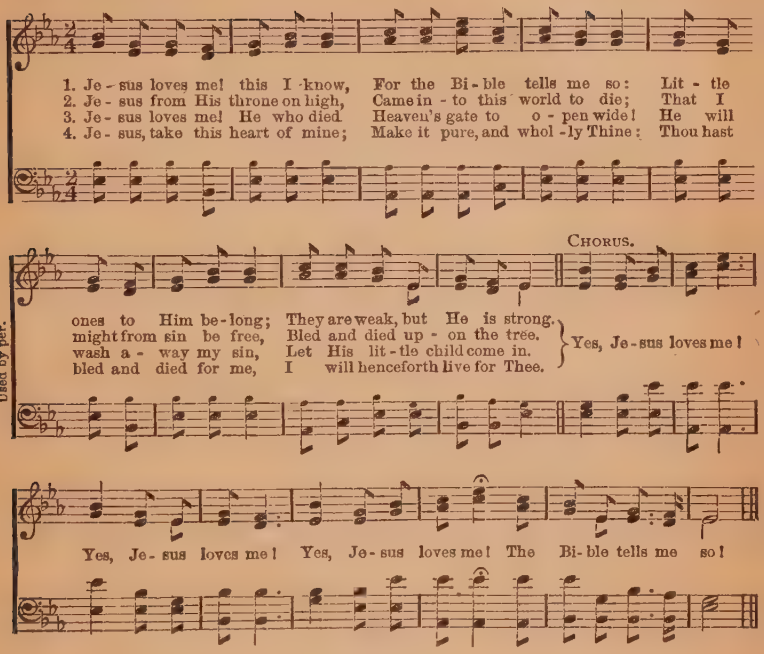
No. 724. Jesus Loves Me!

ANNA B. WARNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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No. 725.

Tune—ITALIAN HYMN. No. 715.

1 Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name—
Ye who have felt His blood,
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name—
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising His name;
To Him our songs we bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And, through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

J. Allen, alt.

No. 726.

(Tune, No. 19.)

1 My God I have found
The thrice blessed ground,
Where life and where joy, and true comfort abound.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

2 'Tis found in the blood
Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

3 He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the surety and sinner are free.

4 And though here below
'Mid sorrow and woe,
My place is in heaven with Jesus, I know.

5 And this I shall find
For such is his mind,
"He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

Rev. John Gambold

No. 727. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. (REFUGE. 7s. D.) JOS. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find: Raise the fall - en
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found–Grace to cov - er all my sin: Let the heal - ing

wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, oh my Saviour hide, Till the
not a - lone Still sup - port and comfort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
cheer the faint Heal the sick and lead the blind: Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
streams abound; Make me, keep me, pure with - in, Thou of life the Fountain art, Free - ly

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storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my defenceless head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all unrighteous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 728. Windham. L. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. DANIEL READ.

1. Stay, Thou in - sult - ed Spir - it, stay, Tho' I have done Thee such de - spite,
2. Though I have most un - faith - ful been Of all who e'er Thy grace re - ceived;
3. Yet O, the chief of sinners spare, In hon - or of my great High Priest;
4. O Lord, my wea - ry soul re - lease, Up - raise me by Thy gra - cious hand;

Cast not the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take Thine ev - er - last - ing flight.
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen, Ten thousand times Thy good - ness grieved.
Nor in Thy right - eous an - ger swear, I shall not see Thy peo - ple's rest.
Guide me in - to Thy per - fect peace, And bring me to the prom - ised land.

No. 729. All Hail the Power.

E. Perronet. (Coronation. C. M.) Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord..... of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord..... of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord..... of all.

No. 730. Tune—Coronation. C. M.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and king,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

Charles Wesley.

No. 731. Hendon. 7s.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell. C. H. A. Malan.

1. Ask ye what great thing I know That de - lights and stirs me so? What the high re - ward I win? Whose the name I glo - ry in? Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
2. What is faith's foun - dation strong! What a - wakes my lips to song? He who bore my sin - ful load, Pur - chased for me peace with God, Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
3. Who de - feats my fierc - est foes? Who con - soles my sad - dest woes? Who re - vives my faint - ing heart, Heal - ing all its hid - den smart? Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.

4 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

No. 732. Lord, Dismiss Us.

JOHN FAWCETT, D. D. (GREENVILLE. 8s. 7s. & 4.) J. J. ROSSEAU.

FINE.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

D.C.—O, re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Trav-'ling thro' this wil-der-ness.

D.C.

Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace;

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful, Ever faithful,
To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

No. 733. There is a Fountain.

Rev. WILLIAM COWPER. (COWPER. C. M) DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;

FINE.

And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

D.S.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

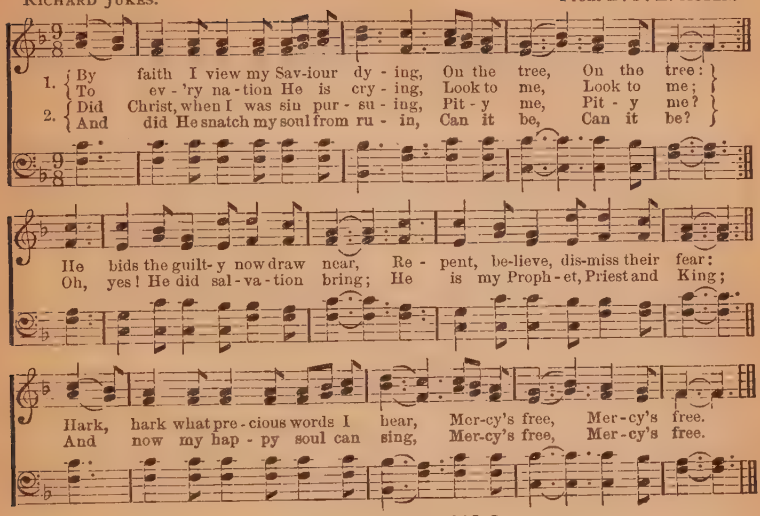
3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 734. Mercy's Free.

RICHARD JUKES. From D. F. E. AUBER.



3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes:
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, Unto me;
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove,
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

No. 735. Tune—BELMONT. C. M. No. 678.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me:—

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Charles Wesley.

No. 736. Tune—HENDON. 7s. No. 731.

1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word
‖: "As thy days thy strength shall be." :‖

2 If the sorrows of thy case,
Seem peculiar still to Thee,
God has promised needful grace
‖: "As thy days thy strength shall be." ‖

3 Days of trial, days of grief
In succession thou may'st see,
This is still thy sweet relief
‖: "As thy days thy strength shall be." :‖

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure—
‖: "As thy days thy strength shall be." ‖

Wm. F. Lloyd.

No. 737. Tune—HENDON. 7s. No. 731.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer.
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

Rev. John Newton.

No. 738. My Country, 'tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith, D.D. (America. 6s. 4s.) H. Carey.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
4. Our fa-thers' God, to thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

cres.

fa-thers died Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev-'ry mountain side, Let free-dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a-bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright, With freedom's ho-ly light, Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 739. The Lord Bless thee and Keep thee.

(Written for Mr. Moody's Schools at Northfield, Mass.)

Num. 6: 24–26. Lucy Rider Meyer.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee! The Lord make his face shine up-on thee, and be

gra-cious un-to thee: And be gra-cious un-to thee: The Lord lift up his

and give thee peace.....

countenance, his countenance up-on thee, and give thee peace.

dim......

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